

stag

ONLY 75¢

AUG.



**I'M A LOVE TEACHER AT L.A.'S
"ACADEMY OF SEX"**

True Bestselling Book Bonus

"MY LIFE WITH THE HEADHUNTERS"

A Woman Struggles For Survival Against Cannibalism
Among The World's Most Primitive People

**FIRST-NIGHT SEX TECHNIQUES
THAT WORK BEST**

MAFIA KIDNAP

A Don's Daughter Held By A Rival Mob

True STAG Exclusive

**THE MIDWEST'S
UNDERCOVER**

"PIMP PATROL"

Adventures Of A Man-Woman
Vice Squad Team

True
**NIGHT OF THE
RATTLERS**

**THE GREAT
MAKE-IT-YOURSELF
A-BOMB SCARE**

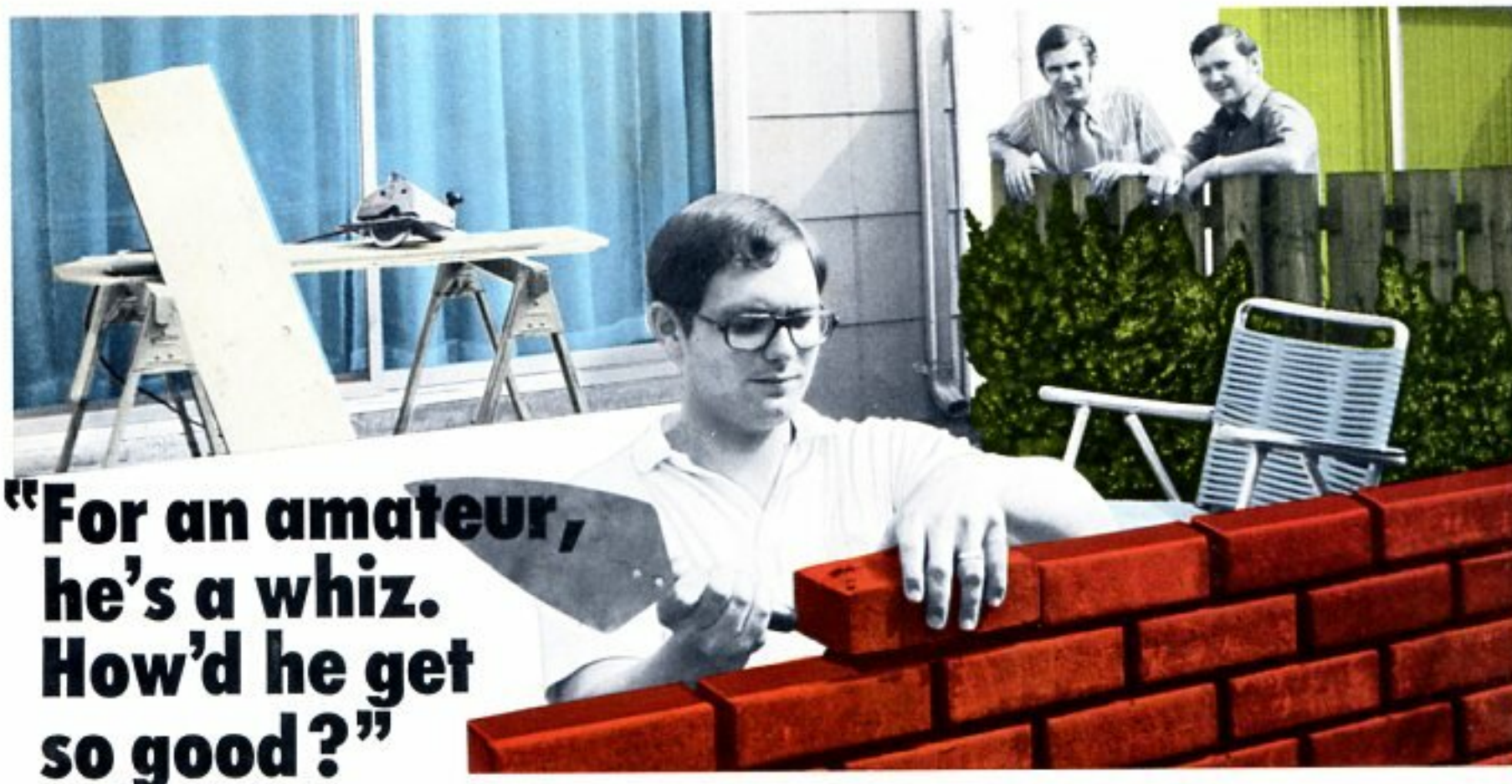
Fiction:
**THE OVER-HEATED
LANDLADY**

True
**I BOSSED THE
'SATURDAY NIGHT
SPECIALS'
TERROR GANG**

**NEW
FULL COLOR
ISSUE**

More Of August
StagMate
Martha Redford
On Page 21
(Special Color Section)

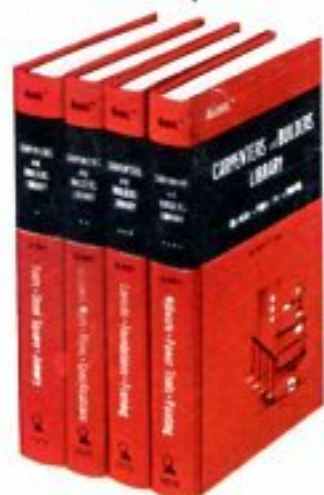




**"For an amateur,
he's a whiz.
How'd he get
so good?"**

Whatever practical skills you've been wanting to develop, Audel has comprehensive, step-by-step Guides to help you. They show you all the professional tricks of the trades

in clearly diagrammed and illustrated "how-to" steps. They can save for you, over and over. Here are four of Audel's many fields...



CARPENTERS AND BUILDERS LIBRARY

1612 pages of the latest information on modern construction in four volumes. They cover every phase of carpentry from foundations to finishing with easy-to-grasp, step-by-step instructions... all illustrated with thousands of diagrams, charts and photos. No. 23169 — 4 Volumes — \$18.50



MASONS AND BUILDERS LIBRARY

Two illustrated volumes on the science of masonry and bricklaying. Packed with how-to information and directions, rules, processes, definitions, formulas, diagrams, tables, estimating. A complete and authentic trade reference library. 752 pages. No. 23185 — 2 Volumes — \$11.25



PLUMBERS AND PIPEFITTERS LIBRARY

A valuable 3-volume guide to the principles, methods and short cuts of modern plumbing. Tools, fittings, fixtures, installation, drainage, welding and much more are all covered in these fully illustrated, easy to understand volumes. No. 23155 — 3 Volumes — \$13.50



MACHINISTS LIBRARY

Three books covering the entire field—1216 profusely illustrated pages on practical fundamentals of basic machine shop operations, setup and operation of spot machines, down-to-earth data on toolmaking procedures, layouts, jigs and fixtures, etc. ... equally valuable for beginners and experienced men alike. No. 23174—3 Volumes—\$16.95

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Send no money! We'll send you any Audel Guides for 10-day FREE EXAMINATION. If you keep them, you may use our easy payment plan. If not completely satisfied, return them for refund.



THEODORE AUDEL & CO.
Division of
Howard W. Sams & Co., Inc.
Indianapolis, Indiana 46268

SEND NO MONEY—10-day FREE EXAMINATION

Theodore Audel & Co.—Self Improvement Publishers since 1879
4300 West 62nd Street, Indianapolis, Indiana 46268

Please mail me for 10 day's FREE EXAMINATION the books I have checked at right. I agree to mail \$3 in 10 days for each set ordered and to further mail 1/3 of the purchase price 30 days later, with balance plus shipping costs to be mailed within another 30 days. I may return the books for refund if not completely satisfied.

Save shipping costs. Check here ☐ if you enclose full payment (plus sales tax, if any). We will pay postage charges. You have same return privilege.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

CM-084

☐ 23169

☐ 23185

☐ 23155

☐ 23174

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

A Correspondence Institution • 417 S. Dearborn Street, Dept. 56-015, Chicago, Illinois 60605

Please rush me, without cost or obligation, FREE booklet and full information on the field I have checked below:

ACCOUNTING

- ☐ Complete Accounting
☐ CPA Training

BUSINESS MANAGEMENT

- ☐ Management Training

REAL ESTATE

- ☐ Complete Real Estate
☐ Real Estate Sales

STENOTYPE

- ☐ Machine Shorthand

TRAFFIC & TRANSPORTATION

- ☐ Complete Training

AUTOMOTIVE MECHANICS

- ☐ Service & Repair

ELECTRONICS TECHNICIAN

- ☐ Technician Training

INTERIOR DECORATING

- ☐ Complete Training

DRAFTING

- ☐ Complete Training

COMPUTER PROGRAMMING

- ☐ Basic Training

LANGUAGE INSTRUCTION

- ☐ French ☐ Spanish

DENTAL OFFICE ASSISTANT

- ☐ Complete Training

ART TRAINING

- ☐ Complete Training

SECRETARIAL

- ☐ Complete Training

AIR CONDITIONING & REFRIGERATION

- ☐ Service & Repair

ASSOCIATE IN BUSINESS DEGREE

- ☐ Business Management
☐ Accounting

LAW COURSES

- ☐ Law for Executive Leadership
☐ Law for Police Officers

No state accepts any law home study course, including LaSalle's, as sufficient education to qualify for admission to practice law.

Mr.

Mrs.

Miss

Address

City & State

DIESEL MECHANICS

- ☐ Maintenance & Repair

MOTEL/HOTEL MANAGEMENT

- ☐ Complete Training

RESTAURANT MANAGEMENT

- ☐ Management Training

MUSIC INSTRUCTION

- ☐ Piano ☐ Guitar ☐ Organ

HIGH SCHOOL

- ☐ Diploma Program

Age

(Circle title and please print)

Apt. No.

Zip

010

13

If you had mailed this coupon a year ago, perhaps your salary would be up too!



WHY NOT MAIL IT TODAY?

Look at these pleased reports from LaSalle students. Many success stories of this kind come to us every year — from people who began their career planning by mailing the LaSalle coupon for information.

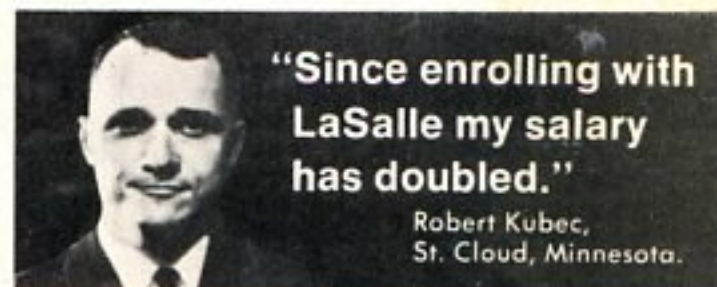
Yes, many graduates attribute their increases in income largely to their LaSalle spare-time training.

LaSalle students have one ambition in common — to get out of the ranks of the untrained and earn more money and respect in a better job. Isn't that your goal too?

Without interfering with your present work — and by devoting only a little of your spare time — you too can prepare for advancement in the field of your choice through LaSalle home study. The cost is low.

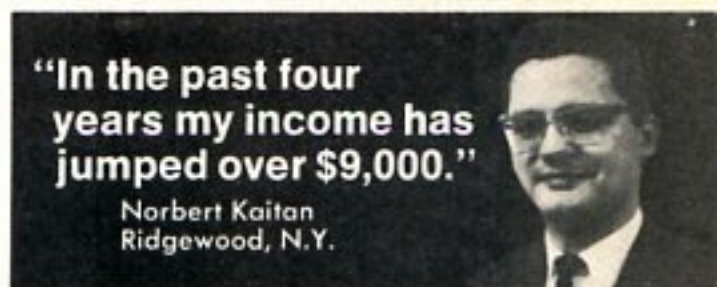
LaSalle has been a leader in home education for more than sixty years, enrolling over 2,000,000 ambitious men and women in its many courses. You study under the supervision of LaSalle's experienced faculty. Upon satisfactory completion of your study, you will receive the LaSalle diploma — a respected credential.

Check the subject you are interested in — then send the coupon above for FREE booklet. No obligation.



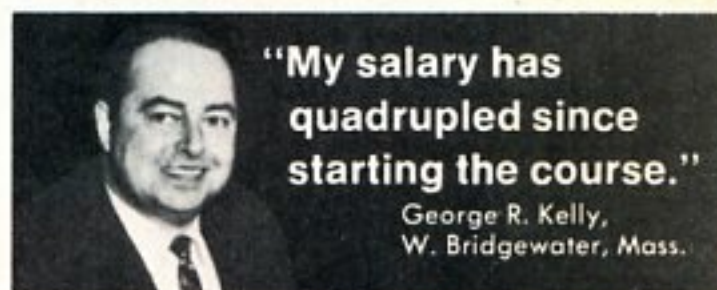
"Since enrolling with LaSalle my salary has doubled."

Robert Kubec,
St. Cloud, Minnesota.



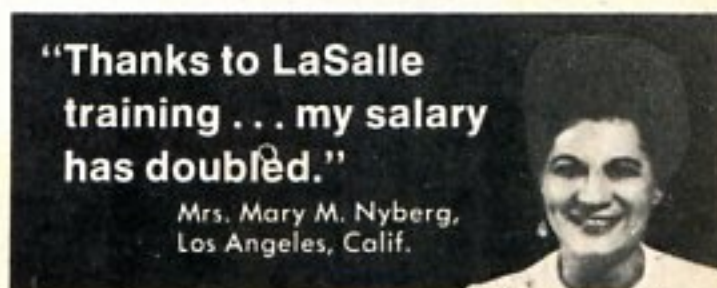
"In the past four years my income has jumped over \$9,000."

Norbert Kaitan
Ridgewood, N.Y.



"My salary has quadrupled since starting the course."

George R. Kelly,
W. Bridgewater, Mass.



"Thanks to LaSalle training ... my salary has doubled."

Mrs. Mary M. Nyberg,
Los Angeles, Calif.

© 1971 LaSalle Extension University

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

A Correspondence Institution • 417 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois 60605

stag

VOL. 25, NO. 8

AUGUST 1974

CONTENTS

editorial director
NOAH SARLAT
managing editor
HALSEY MUNSON
associate editors
VICTORIA JAHN
P. HAMMER
book editor
G. GLASSGOLD
art director
LARRY GRABER
asst. art director
IRWIN LINKER
art editor
MEL MARK
art associates
MURRAY SHAPIRO
LEW HOLLOWAY
v.p., sales
RANDY ARDISSONE

WE ARE THE MIDWEST'S LEGENDARY "PIMP PATROL" 12 ▶ To infiltrate and bust up the vicious flesh market running wide open, she had to play hooker, while I was her "daddy".

THE MAFIA STOLE MY BRIDE 14 He was between two kill-crazy Mafia factions—one had his girl; the other wanted her...



16 FIRST-NIGHT SEX TECHNIQUES THAT WORK BEST "That first time, I'll knock myself out to let him know I'm doing something I don't do with every guy who comes down the pike."

◀ 18 MY LIFE WITH THE HEADHUNTERS "Fifteen of us began the journey, only half walked out months later—wasted by malaria, starved to the point of eating our own clothing and haunted by the terrifying Dyak blood rituals."

STAGMATE NO. 1: MARTHA REDFORD 21 "It was nothing but beautiful," says Texas-born Viet Vet, Torry Wakelin, now. He's talking about the week he spent last year with model Martha Redford.

"I'M A LOVE TEACHER AT L.A.'S ACADEMY OF SEX" 28 ▶ "I get a kick out of playing 'professor' and showing a man how to master any sex technique he's interested in."



30 WHAT IF A TERRORIST HIJACKED AN A-BOMB? "With terrorist fringe groups better and better organized, it's no longer a question of whether the big rip-off is coming, but when."

◀ 34 I BOSSED INDIANAPOLIS' TERROR GANG: THE "SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIALS" War-scarred and battle-hardened, they were Viet vets explosive with an anger that cared for nothing and no one.

NIGHT OF THE RATTLERS 38 ▶ We'd spent the whole fishing trip at each other's throats until torrential rains turned the Tugaloo into a flooded-out snake-pit, forcing us to forget everything else but survival.

THE OVER-HEATED LANDLADY 40 To get to Eunice's waiting bed, he had to bypass his lusty landlady or find himself on a wild, sexual merry-go-round.



STAG is published by MAGAZINE MANAGEMENT CO., INC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 575 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y. AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. Published monthly. Copyright ©1974 by Magazine Management Co., Inc. all rights reserved 575 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Vol. 25, No. 8, August, 1974 issue. Price 75¢ per copy in U.S. and in Canada. Subscription rate \$13.00 and \$13.50 respectively for 14 issues (including annual) including postage. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and all manuscripts must be accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes. NATIONAL REPRESENTATIVES: Kaligh, Quigley & Rosen Associates, Inc. 667 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10021. 11955 Montana Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90049 and 221 No. La Salle Street, Chicago, Illinois 60601. Printed in the U.S.A. Cover girl photograph courtesy, Transworld Features Syndicate, Inc. Posed for by paid, professional models.

6—STAG CONFIDENTIAL; 8—YOU ASKED ABOUT SEX; 11—LAST LAUGHS; 26—FOR YOUR INFORMATION; 31—STAGMATE NO. 2: SILKIE TANNER; 36—STAG'S BIG PICTURE; 52—THAT'S THE LAW; 62—MAN'S WORLD MEMO.



Have you got what it takes to handle a responsible position in the great and growing hotel, motel, resort industry!

**The world is an oyster
for those who do!**

■ Opt for a career with an industry that has had over 20 years of uninterrupted growth!

No business in the entire world has grown faster or more phenomenally than the hospitality business! And projections for the future are even brighter still! From 900,000 jobs in 1950 to almost 2,000,000 in 1973! From \$2.1 billion in 1950 to \$8.5 billion in 1975—an increase of over 400%! From 35,000 units in 1950 to 66,000 in 1973! These figures are for the United States alone and do not include overseas facilities. Sources are U.S. Department of Commerce (Bureau of the Census) and The Hotel-Motel Association. *Isn't this the kind of growing industry you should grow with?*

■ Opt for a school that's been at it for over 50 years!

For over half-a-century (since 1916) Lewis Hotel-Motel School has been training men and women *at home in spare time* for exciting careers in the hospitality industry. Lewis graduates enjoy challenging, rich, rewarding careers in hotels, motels, resorts, clubs and spas in all 50 states and in a score of foreign countries! Many Lewis graduates own and operate their own hospitality facilities. Lewis has the know-how to provide you with the finest, most-recognized training of its kind. If you have the ability, aptitude and ambition to qualify, Lewis training will qualify you soonest!

■ Learn at home in spare time!

Don't give up your job! Learn in spare time, with a home study course that's the last word for procedures, systems, servicing, organization, staffing and supplying as they relate to hotel-motel-resort management and operation. Top off your home study with a week of intensive "hands on" study at our Washington, D.C. resident school! Here's where what you've absorbed at home comes together to qualify you with the knowledge and experience no untrained job applicant can match!

**LEWIS HOTEL-MOTEL SCHOOL, Dept. 9-10,
2301 Pennsylvania Ave. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20037**



A rewarding career!

The pay is good whether you specialize in BACK-OF-THE-HOUSE, FRONT-OF-THE-HOUSE or MANAGEMENT. Lewis teaches you all three! Lodgings and food are provided with some jobs. And you can't beat the environment whether you work close to home, somewhere in the U.S. or anywhere in the world!



A Challenging Career!

People handling! It's an art! And Lewis teaches it all—from reservations and front desk, to room service, dining rooms, at the pool, at the tennis courts, on the golf course, thru the check-out window! Everything related to guest comfort and satisfaction. You'll be expert at staffing, organizing, purchasing, servicing, every phase of this fascinating business!

Addendata!

The Lewis Hotel-Motel School is approved for Veterans training. It is a member of the National Home Study Council. International job referral service. Alumni association. You risk nothing when you inquire. You risk nothing to get started.

This coupon brings the facts... free!

Mail the coupon. It may be the start of something big for you. No obligation. No salesman. We think you can make up your own mind from the facts we send you.

.....
● Lewis Hotel-Motel School, Dept. 9-10,
● 2301 Pennsylvania Ave. N.W.
● Washington, D.C. 20037

● Convince me there's a place for me in the Hospitality Industry
● ...and that you can help put me there.

● Name _____ Age _____

● Address _____

● City & State _____ Zip _____
●

STAG CONFIDENTIAL....

INSIDE FOR MEN

While 65% of all women are virgins at marriage, over 90% have seen and touched a penis. Most have engaged in necking and heavy petting to the point of mutual mas-



"Technically" Virgins

turbation, with 25% admitting to having experimented with oral sex...

NEWEST INDUSTRIAL HAZARD TO BE DISCOVERED HITS MEN IN THE PLASTICS INDUSTRY. EXPOSURE TO VINYL CHLORIDE LEAVES THEM WIDE OPEN FOR RARE TYPE OF LIVER CANCER. EXTENSIVE TESTING NOW GOING ON TO CONFIRM THE STATISTICAL EVIDENCE...

The number of men earning over \$100,000 who paid no federal income tax rose from 276 in 1971 to 402 in 1972. And 99 whose incomes topped the \$200,000 mark also paid zero...

WITH FOREIGN-BASED U.S. EXECUTIVES FAIR GAME FOR TERRORIST KIDNAPING, THERE'S A MAD RUSH TO GET INSURANCE COVERAGE THAT WOULD PROTECT AGAINST POLITICAL HOSTAGE-TAKING...

Wife-swap devotees report a new twist to their mix-and-match variety of sex. Where husbands won't go along with a foursome deal, wives of the two couples involved have often worked out this arrangement: the two women will spend the night with each of the husbands separate-

ly--one night in one house, the next night in the other. Men like it because they have the women to themselves with no feeling of having to "compete" sexually...

With 150,000 elephants still roaming Kenya, and the expected danger of the herds being decimated by drought never materializing, hunters will be permitted to shoot 600 elephants a year. Of the 600, 450 will be reserved for foreign sportsmen...

OVERWEIGHT MICE LIVE HALF AS LONG AS THOSE OF NORMAL POUNDAGE, BECOME SLUGGISH, STERILE AND OFTEN DEVELOP DIABETES. IN ADDITION, THEY HAVE LITTLE OR NO SEX DRIVE. HUMANS--TAKE NOTE...

Hard-working executives are more likely to be impotent than their employees. As a result, they will play the field and enter into numerous extra-marital affairs in an effort to recapture the sexual excitement needed to stimulate them...

OUTSIDE THE LAW

RIISING CRIME RATES GIVING ADDED IMPETUS TO DRIVE TO BRING BACK CAPITAL PUNISH-



Death Penalty Sought

MENT IN ALL STATES OF THE UNION...

Shoplifters in self-service discount stores across the country walked off with a billion dollars last year--about two-and-a-half percent of annual sales --which added a whopping \$21 in price in-

(Continued on page 42)

when I planned to retire before fifty

this is the business that made it possible

a true story by John B. Haikey

Starting with borrowed money, in just eight years I gained financial security, sold out at a profit and retired.



"Not until I was forty did I make up my mind that I was going to retire before ten years had passed. I knew I couldn't do it on a salary, no matter how good. I knew I couldn't do it working for others. It was perfectly obvious to me that I had to start a business of my own. But that posed a problem. What kind of business? Most of my money was tied up. Temporarily I was broke. But, when I found the business I wanted I was able to start it on less than \$1000 of borrowed money.

"To pyramid this investment into retirement in less than ten years seems like magic, but in my opinion any man in good health who has the same ambition and drive that motivated me, could achieve such a goal. Let me give you a little history.

"I finished high school at the age of 18 and got a job as a shipping clerk. My next job was butchering at a plant that processed boneless beef. Couldn't see much future there. Next, I got a job as a Greyhound Bus Driver. The money was good. The work was pleasant, but I couldn't see it as leading to retirement. Finally I took the plunge and went into business for myself.

"I managed to raise enough money with my savings to invest in a combination motel, restaurant, grocery, and service station. It didn't take long to get my eyes opened. In order to keep that business going my wife and I worked from dawn to dusk, 20 hours a day, seven days a week. Putting in all those hours didn't match my idea of independence and it gave me no time for my favorite sport—golf! Finally we both agreed that I should look for something else.

"I found it. Not right away. I investigated a lot of businesses offered as franchises. I felt that I wanted the guidance of an experienced company—wanted to have the benefit of the plans that had brought success to others, plus the benefit of running my own business under an established name that had national recognition.

"Most of the franchises offered were too costly for me. Temporarily all my capital was frozen in the motel. But I found that the Duraclean franchise

offered me exactly what I had been looking for.

"I could start for a small amount—less than \$1000—and that amount I could borrow. I could work it as a one-man business while getting a start. No salaries to pay. I could operate from my home. No office or shop rent or other overhead. For transportation I could use the trunk of my family car. (I bought the truck later, out of profits.) But, best of all, there was no ceiling on my earnings. I could build a business as big as my ambition and energy dictated. I could put on as many men as I needed to cover any volume I could build. I could make a profit on every man working for me. And, I could build this little by little, or as fast as I wished.

"So, I started. I took the wonderful training furnished by the company. When I was ready I followed the simple plan outlined in the training. During the first period I did all the service work myself. By doing it myself, I could make much more per hour than I had ever made on a salary. Later, I would hire men, train them, pay them well, and still make an hourly profit on their time that made my idea of retirement possible—I had joined the country club and now I could play golf whenever I wished.

"What is this wonderful business? It's Duraclean. And, what is Duraclean? It's an improved, space-age process for cleaning upholstered furniture, rugs, and tacked down carpets. It not only cleans but it enlivens and sparkles up the colors. It does not wear down the fiber or drive part of the dirt into the base of the rug as machine scrubbing of carpeting does. Instead it *lifts out* the dirt by means of an absorbent dry foam.

"Furniture dealers and department stores refer their customers to the Duraclean Specialist. Insurance men say Duraclean can save them money on fire claims. Hotels, motels, specialty shops and big stores make annual contracts for keeping their carpets and furniture

fresh and clean. One Duraclean Specialist recently signed a contract for over \$40,000 a year for just one hotel.

"Well, that's the business I was able to start for less than \$1000. That's the business I built up over a period of eight years. And, that's the business I sold out at a substantial profit before I was fifty."

Would you like to taste the freedom and independence enjoyed by Mr. Haikey? You can. Let us send you the facts. Mail the coupon, and you'll receive all the details, absolutely without obligation. No salesman will ever call on you. When you receive our illustrated booklet, you'll learn how we show you STEP BY STEP how to get customers; and how to have your customers get you more customers from their recommendations.

With no obligation, we'll mail you a 24-page brochure explaining the business. Then you, and you alone, in the privacy of your home, can decide. Don't delay. Get the facts before your location is taken by someone else. Mail the coupon, now.

DURACLEAN INTERNATIONAL
4318 Duraclean Bldg., Deerfield, Ill. 60015



send
name
for
full
facts

DURACLEAN INTERNATIONAL
4318 Duraclean Building
Deerfield, Illinois 60015

WITHOUT OBLIGATION mail letter and 24-page illustrated booklet explaining how I can increase my income and family security with a Duraclean Dealership. No salesman is to call.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ & Zip _____

YOU ASKED ABOUT SEX

By HERMANN K. WOLFF, Ph.D.



1. I'm a 21-year-old housewife with a 7-month-old daughter, and I'm afraid to talk to my husband about something. As a teenager, I was in a correction home and had



sex with another woman. Now I love my husband and enjoy sex with him, but I also crave to have sex with another girl. My husband has said he hates lesbians. What can I do?

J.G., Pennsylvania

You might sound him out about three-way sex, involving him, you and another woman. If he doesn't go for it, your only choices seem to be sneaking a lesbian relationship or going without one.

2. I am 24, my girlfriend is 19. A short while after we started having intercourse regularly, she asked me to use a vibrator on her—because she can't come during normal intercourse. Is there any danger she will become dependent on the device and therefore never able to climax normally?

R.L., Ohio

Sexologists have found that a vibrator usually helps rather than hinders development of a woman's ability to climax during intercourse. By all means, use it!

3. I've been dating this girl for several months and have thought seriously about marriage. But a couple of weeks ago, something weird happened; we were having an argument, and I put her over my knee to spank her. It really turned her on, and she gave me the lay of my life. Now she keeps asking me to do it again. I can't help worrying that this is perverted and will interfere with our marital happiness. Am I right?

B.D., Wisconsin

"Perversion" is a philosophical concept, not a scientific one. If she enjoys being spanked, I know of no valid psychological reason not to spank her.

4. Are there positions that help prolong intercourse?

M.J., Connecticut

Most couples find that lying side by side or with the man on the bottom makes sex last longer. The usual "missionary position"—man on top with his legs between the woman's—usually is the worst for making the act last.

5. If you can't get a girl to have intercourse when you're alone, is it a good idea to take her to a wild party where lots of people will be carrying on?

T.P., Montana



Most girls who are reluctant alone would be even more reluctant in a crowd. But if you've tried every-

thing else, go ahead—the worst that can happen is nothing.

6. Is it possible for a man to be potent with his wife but not with any other woman? What is the explanation of this?

L.G., Vancouver

Extramarital impotence is one of the more common varieties. Most likely it's the result of guilt feelings



about infidelity or of anxiety about being unable to perform satisfactorily with the new woman.

7. I've seen ads for an artificial vagina that can be used when you can't find a girl. Are these things any good?

O.P., Mississippi

Men who have used them report that they're slightly better than manual masturbation, but certainly no substitute for the real thing.

8. Is it true a girl will enjoy sex more if you squirt champagne into her vagina beforehand?

P.T., Ohio

It's a new one on me. I'd think you'd be better off having her drink it!

9. Is there any way I can tell if my girl-

(Continued on page 56)

AIR CONDITIONING and REFRIGERATION

Big futures in air conditioning — with plenty of chances to start a business of your own! Service and installation men are in urgent demand for homes, commercial buildings, apartment houses — in food markets, industrial plants, ships and planes! Newcomers are welcomed because of the fast growth of the field and short supply of trained men to handle all the work. Send for all the facts today!

DIESEL MECHANICS

Diesel mechanics is called one of the ten best non-college careers by the U.S. Department of Labor. Trained and experienced men make upwards of \$10,000 a year for a forty-hour week. Even as an apprentice you'll be well paid and have every chance to move up into the big money! Get the training you need from LaSalle.



DRAFTING

Full set of drafting equipment supplied with LaSalle instruction.

Enjoy interesting, well-paid work among professional people. Become a draftsman. Trained draftsmen have opportunities to grow in many industries — construction, manufacturing, electronics, and many others. No drawing skills required to learn.



AUTOMOTIVE MECHANICS

The shortage of auto mechanics grows greater each year. 50,000 more are needed to service the ever-increasing number of cars and trucks on the road. Skilled mechanics earn over \$5.00 per hour (34 city survey). Even apprentices are well-paid. LaSalle prepares you for a good start. Send for free booklet.



COMPUTER PROGRAMMING

If it's a prestige job you want, prepare for a career in computer programming. All it takes to start training is a high school education and a logical mind. No technical background is required. Coupon brings you free booklet. Free sample lesson also included.



ELECTRONICS TECHNICIAN

Enjoy a well-paid future in one of today's big growth fields. Technicians needed for newest applications in communications, automation, police science, industry, business. Communications training includes preparation for getting your FCC license.



©1973 LaSalle Extension University.

Grow with the future.
Train at home for one of these

big-money careers

Send postpaid coupon below
for FREE booklet of your choice.

For over sixty years LaSalle has been helping ambitious men start new and profitable careers. We can help you too. LaSalle's practical home-study program lets you learn at your own pace. Your work is supervised by experienced instructors every step of the way and you receive individual assistance whenever you need it. Send for FREE booklet on the field of your choice. No obligation. LaSalle, 417 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois 60605.

MAIL THIS POSTAGE PAID ENVELOPE

Cut coupon along dotted lines, fill in your name and address ... fold, seal (tape, paste or staple) and mail. No stamp or envelope is necessary.

Dept. 56-016

Please rush me, without obligation, the free booklet and full information on the field I have checked below:

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Automotive Mechanics | <input type="checkbox"/> Electronics Technician |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Drafting | <input type="checkbox"/> Computer Programming |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Diesel Mechanic | <input type="checkbox"/> Air Conditioning and Refrigeration |

Name Age
(please print)

Street Apt. No.

City

State Zip

DOOR FOLD HERE ↓ (DO NOT CUT) SEAL AND MAIL TODAY — NO STAMP NEEDED.

FIRST CLASS
PERMIT NO. 27
CHICAGO, ILL.

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

No postage stamp required if mailed in the United States

Postage will be paid by

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

A Correspondence Institution

417 S. DEARBORN STREET

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60605

Frank Zane ...
looked like this
before using Weider's
Bodybuilding Sys-
tem and went on to
become "Mr. Uni-
verse".



Joe Weider

Trainer of "Mr. Amer-
ica", "Mr. Universe",
"Mr. World", and over
3,000,000 successful
pupils throughout the
world.

**BELIEVE IT OR NOT ... the
Weider Bodybuilding System
BRINGS FANTASTIC RESULTS
FAST! Here's PROOF!**



BEFORE



AFTER

Tony Golio, Bronx, N.Y. Loses 30 lbs.
of flab!



BEFORE



AFTER

Danny Wilson, Greer, S.C. puts 6" on
his arms and 7" on his chest.

BUILD YOUR WEAK, THIN BODY INTO A POWERFUL MUSCU- LAR DYNAMO... In Less Time Than You Think!

Imagine how you will look after gaining 3 Big
Inches or More on your arms, 4 wide inches on
your chest and more inches on your back,
legs and thighs!

Strength, Power and Endurance are
YOURS when you learn HOW to
build large, solid muscles
through Joe Weider's
Course, shown in his
book, "How To Build
A Strong Muscu-
lar Body," —
yours for just
twenty-five
cents!

**START to
build YOUR
BODY in
less time
than you
thought
possible!**

Send For
YOUR Copy
TODAY!



**Weider's System of
Bodybuilding pre-
pares you for feats
of strength, ath-
letics, courage,
fearlessness, con-
fidence, self-de-
fense, romance,
love and success!**

FILL OUT & MAIL COUPON NOW!

Joe Weider, Dept: 16-84F,
55 Maple St., Norwood, N.J. 07648

IT'S A DEAL! I want to build up my weak, thin body
into a Powerful Muscular Dynamo. Send me your
Book, "How To Build A Strong Muscular Body". I en-
close 25c in full payment. I am under no further
obligation; no salesman will call on me.

Name Age
Address
City
State Zip

**A copy of our Book is ready to be mailed to you as soon as your
coupon reaches us! RUSH IT TO US TODAY!**

Joe Weider—Dept: 16-84F, 55 Maple St., Norwood, N.J. 07648

LAST

LAUGHS



"Well, Sailor, we made it to land, ... what do we do first, set up some sort of distress signal?"

The starry-eyed newlyweds checked into the posh hotel. So enraptured were they by their desire for each other, that the world could have collapsed around them and they would not have noticed it. Then, at last they were behind closed doors.

"Oh, darling, darling," she sighed passionately.

"Dearest, love of my life," he panted, "how I've waited for this moment." And then—in a sea of sexual ecstasy—they consummated their marriage.

A few minutes passed, and then the groom felt a hand tapping him on the shoulder while a voice said, "Uh, excuse me buddy . . ."

"Wha—what?" the groom said dreamily, and as he looked up, he saw a crowd of people standing by. "Hey, what are all you people doing in our room?" he thundered.

"This isn't your room, buddy," the man who had tapped him on the shoulder replied. "You're in the elevator."



It was the new intern's first day in the maternity ward, and he wished to familiarize himself with the patients. "When do you expect your baby?" he asked one of the women.

"September 8."

"And how about you?" he inquired of the next woman.

"September 8," came the reply.

The woman in the next bed was sound asleep, so the intern asked the occupant of the neighboring bed, "When is this lady expecting her

baby?"

"I don't know," the woman answered. "She didn't go on the company picnic."



A retired Army officer met his former orderly on the street one day and hired him for the same job the orderly had done for him so many years in the Army. He told him that he could start exactly like he used to, by waking him up every morning at seven.

The next morning, at seven o'clock sharp, the orderly strode into the retired officer's bedroom, shook him into wakefulness, and then leaned over and spanked the officer's wife on the backside, saying to her, "All right, baby, it's back to town for you."



An attractive callgirl attended a revival meeting and was caught up in the fervor of her surroundings. "Glory, hallelujah!" she shouted, leaping to her feet. "Yesterday, I was in the arms of Satan and today, I'm with the Savior!"

Came a masculine voice from the rear: "What are you doing tomorrow?"

While attending an engagement party given by his friends, the young man boasted of his past sexual exploits. "You know," he declared, looking over the assembled guests, "I've slept with every girl here—with the exception of my sister and my fiancée."

"That's interesting," his friend replied dryly. "Between the two of us, we've had them all."



"I must insist on knowing one thing," said the groom as he lay beside his bride in the darkness of their honeymoon suite. "Am I the first man to sleep with you?"

"You will be, darling," answered his bride, "if you doze off."



In the darkness of the all-but-empty theater balcony, the couple embraced so passionately that the man's toupee slid from his head. Groping to find it in the darkness, he reached under his date's skirt.

"That's it, that's it," she gasped.

"It can't be," the fellow replied. "I part mine on the side."



"I'll flip you to see who opens."

**Undercover
Adventures
Of A Vice Squad
Man-Woman Team**

**WE ARE THE
MIDWEST'S
LEGENDARY
"PIMP
PATROL"**

as told to
HAL MOSNER



To infiltrate and bust up the vicious flesh market running

GOD WAS GOOD TO ME the night he handed me Phil Slater on a silver platter. A squad car, answering a disturbance complaint in a building where half the tenants were prostitutes, found a hooker named Doris Haley lying in a pool of blood on the floor of her apartment. Her face had been used as a punching bag; her nose was broken, some of her teeth were scattered over the rug, and her right cheekbone was fractured. She also had a broken arm.

If there was any doubt to who had worked her over, it was cleared up in the emergency room of St. Luke's hospital. Her breasts were crisscrossed with razor slashes—they were Phil Slater's signature.

Twice before he had mutilated, in the same

manner, the breasts of girls who had wanted to leave his "stable" for another pimp. The women involved were all too frightened in the end to press charges, and Slater got off. My interest in that sadistic sonuvabitch dated from that time—more than a year ago.

Doris Haley was one of Slater's girls. When she saw herself in the mirror after the stitches pulled her face back together, she became raging mad.

"Mad enough to swear out a warrant for his arrest?" the Captain asked her.

"You bet your sweet ass!"

When the Captain handed me the warrant, I could have kissed him. My partner, Kathy McDowell, did it for me.

We didn't have *(Continued on page 64)*



By the time we were called in, the whores on Peacock La. were terrified.



Behind one girl's mirror, a camera was recording everything for blackmail.



Massage parlors were the plums. "Managers" raked in 75% of all "tips."



If any prostitute refused "protection" her next john convinced her.



Some pimps held their women with sex. Driscoll bought all of his girls with dope.



A backup crew made the arrests once we'd gotten enough evidence.

wide open, she had to play hooker, while I was her "daddy."



He had started it, but he could feel Julie picking up and increasing the pace with her internal rhythm. Her breathing changed, becoming faster as her hips gyrated in wilder patterns. Almost primitive in their demands. They drove at one another with such intensity that their bodies started to clear the bed. Nails ripped at the flesh of his shoulders as she moaned with each new thrust. She arched her back and they ended in an aching pause.

Then suddenly there was the sound of shattering glass and splintering wood and they were there. Four of them. All moving closer to the bed and all carrying guns. The tall one with a nose that looked like it had come out second best in a bar fight, gestured with his revolver as he spoke.

"Get your clothes on sweetheart, we're going for a little ride."

Chuck sprang from the rumpled sheets. "Who the hell—"

The hood

(Continued on page 50)

MAFIA KIDNAP

By ERNEST T.

Art By Earl Norem

He was squeezed between two kill-crazy mafia factions—one had his girl; the other wanted her. And neither would hesitate to wipe him out if he got in their way.



As Chuck rode the big Merc block through the doors, Lo Bianca's men began blasting.

NOREM



FIRST-NIGHT SEX TECHNIQUES THAT WORK BEST

By DR. JANE CALDER

"RAY REALLY WORKED hard at pleasing me. Before we made love the first time, he massaged my clitoris for about half an hour. I practically had to pull him on top of me to get him to have intercourse.

"While making love he kept asking if it felt good, and whether I was comfortable, and would I prefer it if he moved a different way. He didn't ejaculate until 45 minutes after we started—and I think he would've held off even longer if I didn't fake orgasm. Then, a few minutes later, he started massaging my clitoris again.

"All told, we made love four times that night. I was exhausted midway through the second, but he was trying so hard to please me I couldn't bring myself to say I didn't dig what he was doing.

"I suppose many girls would give their eye teeth for a superstud like that, but I frankly can't hack the pressure of his kind of high-intensity sex. After that first night in bed, I stopped seeing him. It's a shame, because he was really a nice guy. Under

other circumstances, I could've grown to like him a lot."

The speaker is Marianne, a 23-year-old waitress. She is one of several dozen women I asked to describe "memorable" sex experiences with a new man. (An experience might qualify as "memorable" because it was good or because it was bad.)

Interestingly, my respondents' bad first-night experiences outweighed their good ones by more than three to one. Equally interesting, 84 percent of the women who had been turned off by a guy their first time in bed never slept with him again.

But most interesting of all were the reasons men displeased their partners. Predictably, the standard complaints of roughness, lack of concern for a woman's feelings, too much haste, and too little genuine affection were amply evident. But in many other cases, the reverse was true: men tried *too hard* to please, and in the process made the experience distinctly unpleasant.

What,

(Continued on page 46)

"When I give myself to a man that first time, I'll knock myself out to let him know I'm doing something with him I don't do with every guy who comes down the pike.



Ingan chief of Bawan, and me.



A witch doctor.



Typical house.



Jmy with a funeral dancer.



Jmy hauling a canoe on the Kalang River.



Doll used at witch doctor's child-healing ceremony.

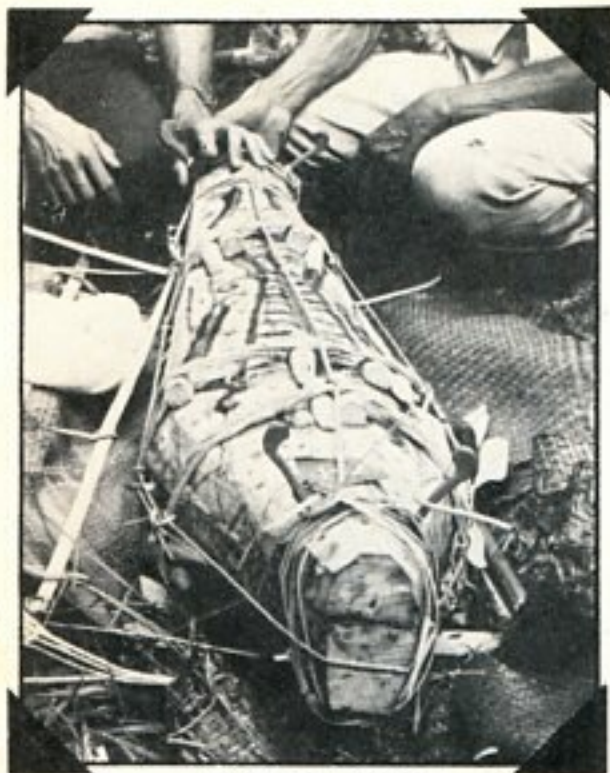


Chief Obharok and me, after our "marriage."

MY LIFE WITH

TRUE BOOK BONUS

CFLA stag 2nd sig. 19-26



A child's casket.



Tewah, Panggul's mother, and me.



Sapundu, a statue of a dead person.



Rounding up pigs for blood sacrifice.



Dyak girl with deer-head for dinner.



Sjashsam and me on the morning after our brother-sister ritual.

THE HEADHUNTERS

"Fifteen of us began the journey, only half walked out months later—wasted by malaria, starved to the point of eating our own clothing and haunted by terrifying Dyak blood rituals."

STORY STARTS ON NEXT PAGE ►

"THIS DYAK VILLAGE. We stop!"

It was the night of our third day in search of Borneo's Dyak headhunters. Panggul, our Dyak guide had been squatting on the helm of the boat for hours, his hands dangling loosely over his knees when suddenly he had stood up and yelled that he'd spotted the village.

The old engine gave a clunk and stuttered to a stop. We drifted a moment, listening to the current of the Mentaja as it tugged us downstream until we hit something soft. Panggul leaped over the side of the boat and disappeared, leaving us wondering what to do.

The mudbanks rose fifteen feet straight up on both sides of the boat, and the village of Sapiri clung like a piece of river fungus to the top of the closest bank. Camouflaged by the jungle, cemented into the jungle, the only telling that it was there

MY LIFE WITH THE HEADHUNTERS

was to see one tiny roof top jab its point through the growth.

Panggul abruptly appeared where the jungle parted a little and he cupped his hands around his mouth and yelled. "They have funeral tonight. You all invited!" And then he disappeared again.

This bit of news spirited the escort into becoming worried men. They worried themselves with their minds and they worried each other with their eyes and then they worried everyone with their clothes. They changed into full uniform, pulled on their paratrooper boots, cursed at the laces, and then slapped helmets on their heads.

All of them fixed bayonets at the ends of their rifles.

One of the soldiers forced a piece of brown cardboard against the barred window to cover the opening, and then sentried himself behind it. He peered out through the sides whenever he thought he heard something.

This soldier and one other agreed to ac-

company us into the village in civilian dress if they were permitted to hide pistols under their shirts. The remaining eight flatly refused to go.

We sat down to wait further news from Panggul. As we waited the air filled with the edge of some cutting fear, a fear of an unknown and unfamiliar thing.

Hours dragged by.

The men sat on the floor and tried not to look at each other. Some of them smoked and the others just stared ahead without seeing. I could hear the pounding of the man's heart sitting next to me, and my friend Sjam's breathing had become hard and irregular.

We had just about resigned ourselves to the very worst, when a terrifying noise broke out of the village of Sapiri, splitting the jungle air wide open. The noises sounded like natives howling and sometimes yipping until the cries turned into the shrilling screams of wild beasts. Then there was a thudding sound on the ground made from the pounding of bare feet. More cries came, wailing cries, and still more stampeding bare feet ran over the mud-packed earth, and all the while the sounds were coming closer to the boat.

The men looked at each other with wide eyes, bewildered and puzzled and a few jumped to their feet, grabbing their guns as they rose. A clenched fist shot through the window of the houseboat and the cardboard popped and collapsed. The wooden bars were sent to splinter in all directions.

Panggul's face poked itself against what was left of the window frame. His cheeks were bright red as though raw and the rims of his eyes were shot with blood streaks. There was a shiny, milky liquid on his mouth, and a few drops of it coursed their way over his chin and onto his already wet shirt. His eyelids drooped nearly half shut over his wide-set eyes, and he had great difficulty keeping his face centered in the window. He put his hands against the boat to steady himself and squeezed his eyes together apologetically.

"Please to forgive. I drunk with *tuak*." He addressed no one in particular. *Tuak* proved to be a remarkable beverage. But I was to learn that later.

When the screams finally subsided a little, Sjam whispered to Panggul that only two soldiers would be going with us into the village, and she asked if there were any dangers.

(Continued on page 88)

"I Remember Martha"

stagnate
no.1

Martha Redford






It was nothing but beautiful," says Texas-born Viet vet, Torry Wakelin, now. He's talking about the week he spent last year with model Martha Redford as a present from his local Junior Chamber of Commerce, symbolically celebrating the return of all G.I.s from Southeast Asia. "For seven days we were together. I enjoyed every minute of it; I think she did too. I mean, we didn't do anything really special. The first day, we went on a picnic and she was just like a little girl, running around barefoot and laughing at silly things. And it was strange; I'd always thought models were all too sophisticated to just plain have fun, but not Marty.





Even when we went dancing the second night. She looked super chic, but when the slow music came on, she snuggled up and it seemed like we'd been dating for years. That's one of the nicest things about her: she makes you feel no one else in the world exists for her at that moment. The next day I went out with her on a modelling assignment. I would have been fascinated anyway, but all through the shooting she kept looking over at me and making comments out of the side of her mouth. She had the place

A photograph of a woman with dark hair lying on her side on a bed with light blue sheets. She is wearing a white short-sleeved top with a lace-trimmed collar. Her right hand is raised towards her face, with her fingers near her mouth. The lighting is soft, and the overall mood is intimate and relaxed.

in stitches. To her modeling is a job she works hard at, but she takes a lot more pride in other things, like her cooking. And that's what we did on our last night together—stayed home and she fed me a fantastic home-cooked meal. You're probably wondering what happened on the 4th, 5th and 6th days Answer: things that don't belong in print. Things between Marty and me. I promised her they'd stay that way . . .

THE FIBERGLASS BUCCANEERS — No one knows when or where it actually first happened. The dark rainy night last fall on eastern Long Island is as good a pinpoint of time and place as any. . . . A darkened powerboat moved slowly into a marina where scores of good boats were awaiting haulage into winter storage. . . . Men carrying nylon tow lines leaped from her onto two 30-foot sailboats still in the water. . . . A few quick hitches. . . . A couple of chops at mooring lines with hatchets. . . . Minutes later the two sailboats were moving out onto Long Island Sound tethered behind the power vessel, some \$35,000 total just disappearing into the night.

Sailboat piracy. . . . It was, is, almost an inevitable spinoff of the Arab oil embargo then shaping up against the U.S. Someone was correctly anticipating a big demand in used sail. Some pleasure powerboats burn a gallon of fuel for every mile they travel. Sailboats burn none, except perhaps getting in and out of their berths.

The men of the Suffolk County Police Marine Division spotted the theft for what it was right away. Said one leathery sergeant: "When you have two boats stolen at once. . . . Couple that with the oil embargo everyone knew was coming. . . . Here, we knew there were going to be sailboat thefts. The only question was, when would they begin. . . ."

Multiple thefts of sailboats, obviously for resale, have since been the rule rather than the exception along the East Coast this past winter and spring. In Newport News, Virginia, the new buccaneers set what still stands as the first triple play. They carried off three twin-keel English imports on the boatyard's own trailers.

Brand new or second hand; it does not matter. As long as it is fiberglass and as long as it is sail. Indeed certain class vessels such as Pearsons and Gibsons command almost as high a price used, as they do new, even in normal times. To foul up tracing and

detection, stolen boats are trucked far from home for resale. Two pirated from New York recently turned up in the Bahamas.

"The multiple thefts can mean only one thing," says a Florida Coast Guardsman. "Someone's out there taking orders from potential buyers and then going out and stealing to fill them. We're beginning to get a smell of Mafia. . . . There's always been some theft, but this is rustling, whole herds at a time. I'm willing to bet that maybe one boat in every 30 sold this summer may be stolen goods."

100-PROOF OINK — Once upon a time there were seven little pigs. One pig was king. The other six pigs did as king pig did. For example, when king pig splashed down in the mud in the corner of his pen, the other six splashed down too, always in the same order, each one's chin covering the tail of the pig ahead, in order of social importance. The last pig, pig seven, was always out in the cold, however. No chin covered his hams.

One day the research team at the University of Missouri-Columbia served the pigs cocktails; vodka and orange juice. Pigs just love vodka and OJ.

When the king drank, everybody drank like, well, pigs. And, Holy Hamhocks, what changes took place.

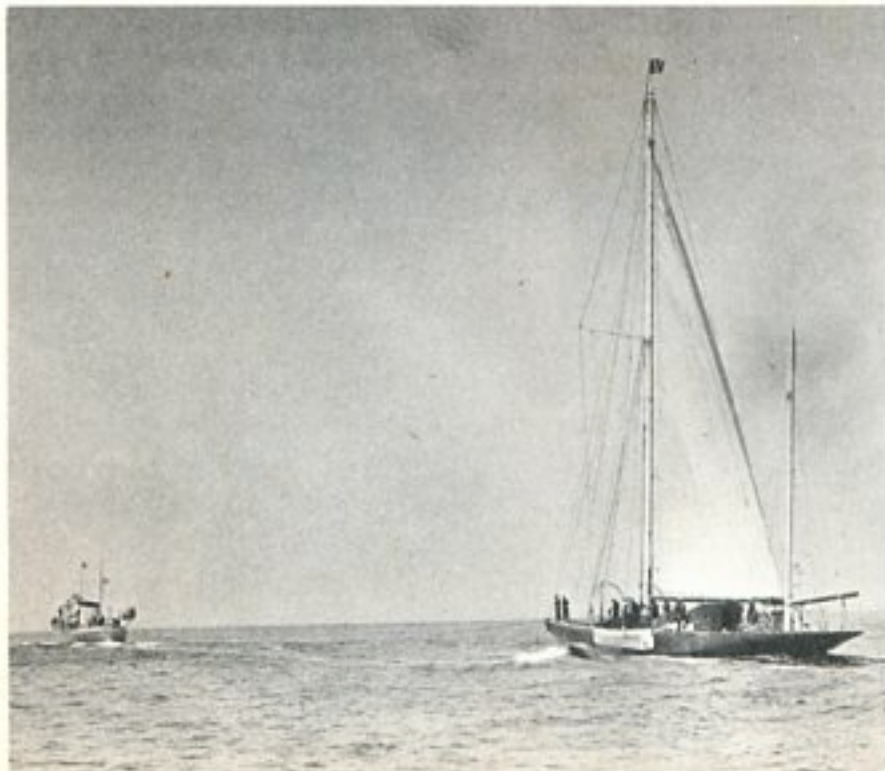
The alcohol wrecked the status porcidermis. The king belched and sat on the other pigs. Other pigs belched and sat on other pigs, all out of the original neat order. And when king pig finally rolled over and shook his fat feet at the sky, not all other pigs rolled with him. Crafty pig three, ". . . drank very little and became king pig. The king pig drank so heavily that he lost his status within 24 hours," reported biochemist Myron Tumbelson.

But quality will prevail, and once a king, always king. Came the morning after and its monumental hangovers. King pig challenged pig three. There was a snout-to-snout wrasse. King pig retook his muddy throne. And king pig has not touched a drop since.

Not so with the other pigs. Pig six became heaviest boozier of all. Said Tumbelson, "Apparently he is frustrated about his position and has resorted to drink." Pig six was too far from the top and not far enough up from the bottom to feel comfortable.

The bottom. Surprisingly, the only other non-drinker besides king pig was the pig on the bottom, pig seven. And here, once more, as above, pig mirrors man and man mirrors pig. Men low on social and economic ladders are frequently men with little or no need for drink to make things seem better. Like such men, "Number seven known he's last," said Tumbelson. "And he has accepted that."

GOOD VIBES — She was one of those tall lovely California girls with long legs up to her shoulders. You knew this because she wore nothing but a tray of phallus-shaped vibrators when she greeted you at the door of the Big Sur beach house. "Everybody



INFORMATION



take one," she said. "Get out of your clothes in the bedroom upstairs. Then join us down here in the den. Fresh batteries in bowls on the tables inside. . . ." Here she grinned wickedly. ". . . In case yours should hopefully go dead from excessive use."

Thus opened another episode in the newest thing in California group sex: The vibrator orgy.

The rules are simple and almost self-evident. Instead of using drugs or alcohol or pornographic films to turn each other on, naked people run around the house poking at each other with battery-powered vibrators, the ordinary \$1.98 novelty store kind, blue for boys and pink for girls.

There are significant differences between a vibrator orgy and other orgies, say the men and women who were at the Big Sur beach house that night. From the point of view of a Monterrey construction supervisor: "I'm usually a one-climax-a-night man. I'm drained after one go because when I go, I really go. . . . But look. With a vibrator doing the work for me, I'm in business all night long. It's like having a robot penis. I can stimulate any number of women right to the screaming brink with the vibrator then polish them off with the real me in a few seconds, without having to keep at it long enough to bring on my own climax. . . . You know what an ego trip that is, satisfying maybe six, eight women a night? . . . And then when I'm ready, I pick a woman I really dig, throw away the Goddamned vibrator and let myself go."

From the point of view of a San Francisco nurse, veteran of more than a dozen vibrator orgies: "There just aren't any male penises that can do what a vibrator does. I mean, what man can vibrate his penis a thousand times a minute? I had five going at me at once the other night. You name the part of my body. A vibrator was there. When I finally did go over the

top the straight way with one of those men, I was so nuts I almost hip thrust him over the deck railing into the ocean down there."

THE PHANTOM SNACK BAR— The thing was 40 feet long, all chrome and plastic and carrying the latest in popcorn and ice cream making hardware. It came into Da Nang on a freighter in winter 1966. There it was transferred to a coastal vessel with other cargo for the U.S. Army post exchange in Saigon. The PX beer and razor blades and candy bars got there. The snack bar did not.

Thieves. It was gone. Gone the way of so many things that winter in Vietnam: Cases of champagne dropped from ships to skin divers bubbling below. A dozen GI trucks driven from a freighter to, phhfft, vanish. A Huey helicopter, supposedly dismantled then reassembled in a garage in Saigon's Chinese ghetto (where it is said to still be today).

But unlike these things, the snack bar is not gone and not forgotten. That it was stolen by the Communists is without doubt. It has been seen often in service of Communist troops:

● The first time: During the 1968 Communist Tet Offensive, feeding Vietcong guerrillas on a back



street in Hue, a rolling field kitchen pulled by a team of six Honda motorcycles, also presumed stolen.

● Twice on pontoons on rivers lacing the Communist side of the DMZ, feeding troop concentrations along the shores.

● The phantom snack bar was reported blown up in a low level bombing raid just before the Armistice in winter 1973. This kill is unconfirmed and unlikely. The phantom has since been reported again in the field serving communist troops (a total of a dozen sightings in Cambodia and Laos), staffed by pretty girls dishing up rice and noodles and fish piping hot from the griddles.

It is said that the demand for popcorn is high—hot, with lots of butter and salt.

I'M A LOVE TEACHER AT L.A.'S "ACADEMY OF SEX"

as told to ALEX AUSTIN

"I've tried a lot of sexual surprises in my day, but I never thought I'd hear a man call me 'Professor' after he'd finished balling me."

The speaker is Marge, a twenty-year-old call girl. Together with seven other girls, she works in an establishment that advertises itself as the Ivy League Academy of Sexual Learning—only one of a growing number of such sex academies that are springing up in the Los Angeles area.

Exactly how do they operate? What "courses are offered to men who wish to further their sex-

ual educations?

According to Marge, "In our academy, we give courses in just about any kind of sex a man is interested in. Like some men ask me to show them how their wives should perform *fellatio* on them.

"I'm sort of the oral sex professor in our place. I teach other courses too. But I've a special talent, easily as good as Linda Lovelace's in 'Deep Throat'. I get a lot of new business by word-of-mouth—I hope you don't mind the pun. I throw in a few words of instruction here and there that they can pass on (Continued on page 84)

"I get a kick out of playing 'professor' and showing a man how to master any sex technique he's interested in, but my biggest thrill is giving my best students their final exams."

OPEN	HOLLYWOOD SEX CENTER	PHONE
MON. — SAT. NOON — 3 A.M. CLOSED — SUN.	UPSTAIRS SUITES B & C	

SUITE "B"	SUITE "C"
THE 2ND DOOR BACK	THE 3RD DOOR BACK
ACADEMY OF SEXUAL LEARNING LET OUR SEDUCTIVE AND ATTRACTIVE NUDE GIRLS TEACH YOU THE ART OF SEXUAL INTERCOURSE IF YOU COME ONCE YOU'LL COME AGAIN AND AGAIN. PRIVATE ROOMS ALWAYS.	THE NUDE GAME ROOM OUR BEAUTIFUL, COMPLETELY NUDE GIRLS WILL TEACH YOU THE GAME OF YOUR CHOICE IN A PRIVATE ROOM. BRING A FRIEND AND THE THREE OF YOU OR (WITH ANOTHER GIRL) THE FOUR OF YOU CAN PLAY. TRY IT. IT'S THE NEW THING.

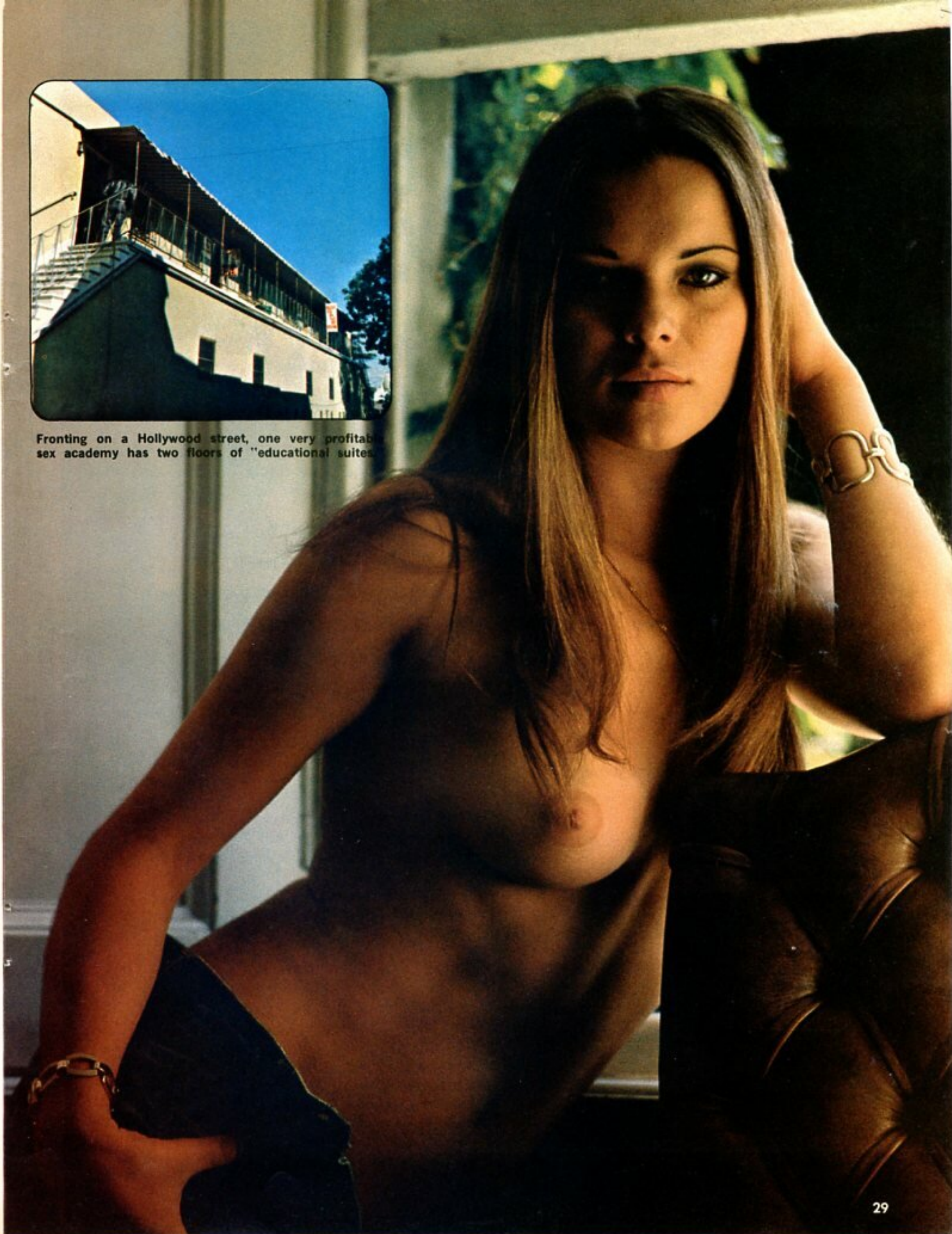


Sex center leaflet reflects the most explicit approach to sex-for-sale since the redlight districts flourished in New Orleans French Quarter.

One "school" holds its meetings in a motel which provides a heated indoor pool for its "athletic program."



Fronting on a Hollywood street, one very profitable sex academy has two floors of "educational suites."





Security at private nuclear installations is all too often dangerously haphazard.



Popular worries about radiation leaks obscure the big problem—nuclear pilfering.



A general and an admiral inspect recovered 20-megaton bomb Air Force "lost" in 1966.



Total holocaust of A-bomb would force compliance with nuclear blackmail terms.

THE GREAT MAKE-IT- YOURSELF A-BOMB SCARE

"With terrorists and fringe groups better and better organized and the numbers of stockpiled nuclear weapons mushrooming, it's no longer a question of whether the big rip-off is coming—but when."

IN OCTOBER, 1970, something terrifying happened down in the balmy, quiet city of Orlando, Florida. It started when the Chief of Police received an anonymous, handscrawled note.

The writer of the note claimed to have a hydrogen bomb in his possession, which he was going to set off unless he received a cool million bucks and safe passage out of the country. To back up his claim, the country's first nuclear blackmailer included a sketch of his 'weapon'.

As incredible as all this sounds, no one laughed. In fact, the chief got on the phone straight to Washington. High Air Force officials were consulted.

Finally the verdict: if the blackmailer had a weapon like the one
(Continued on page 80)

**ATOM-THEFT CURB
URGED IN REPORT**

Ford Fund Study Warns of
Society's Being Blackmailed
by Builder of a Bomb

By EDWARD C.
SPECIAL TO THE
WASHINGTON
The G



12-to-8 Night Shift

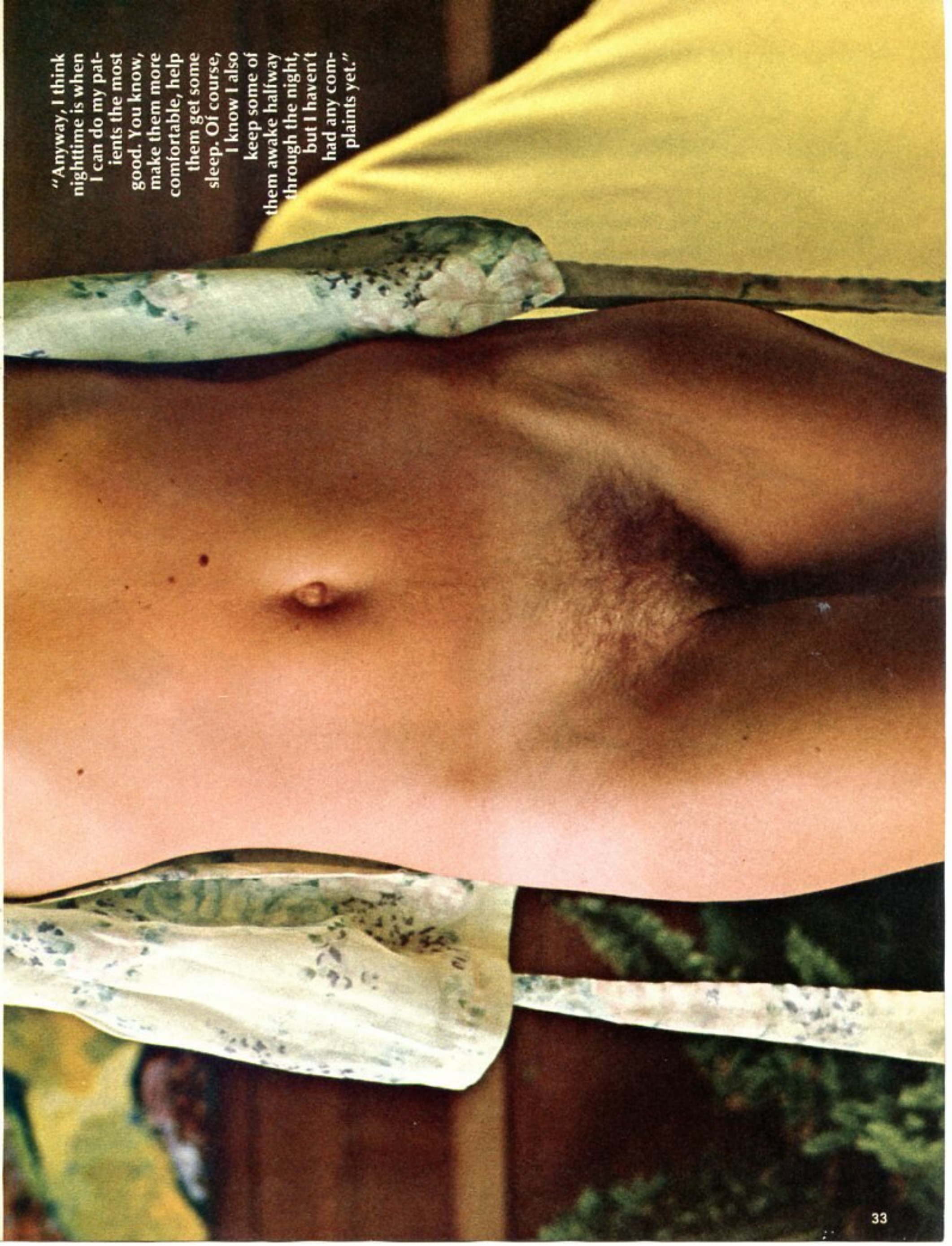


stagnate no.2

Silkie Tanner

It's not what you'd expect, is it? The name, I mean. 'Silkie Tanner' just doesn't seem to go with what I do." What Silkie Tanner does, is pull down the midnight to eight shift as a night nurse in one of L.A.'s private hospitals. The hours are her own choice. Silkie confesses to being something of a nightbird and those long, quiet late-night hours fit her after-midnight soul.

"Anyway, I think nighttime is when I can do my patients the most good. You know, make them more comfortable, help them get some sleep. Of course, I know I also keep some of them awake halfway through the night, but I haven't had any complaints yet."



By GENE WEBBER

We called him MGB. He drove this gleaming little yellow MG, model B, with wire wheels whenever he made his deliveries to our River District. MGB was really Willie Crane, a misfit high school dropout like the rest of us. Unlike the rest of us, MGB was making about a thousand a week profit for himself.

MGB was a drug pusher.

His wealth and car and obvious success also made him something of a folk hero to the local kids.

We decided to put an end to his fame and fortune in the River District that May 3, 1973. By we I mean Claw-Claw, Pig, Chauncey and me, Gene Webber. It was to our common interest to do so.

MGB was parked on Water Street on this day, waiting for his retail people to come pick up their consignments. "Hi," he said as we boxed in his

War-scarred and battle-hardened, they were Viet vets explosive with an anger that cared for nothing and no one but each other. They ruled the river district like huns until the night they went one step too far.



**I BOSSED INDIANAPOLIS'
THE "SATURDAY NIGHT**

car with our motorcycles. "If there's something you want, say it. If there's not, blow, okay? People get very nervous when they see you Saturday Night Special cats hanging around my car."

He did not look at us as he spoke. He was cool and quiet. It was important to him to come on like a cool dude pusher from Chicago.

I leaned from my saddle into his car and shut off his noisy, race-modified engine. "Hear me, Willie, and hear me good . . ."

"The name's (Continued on page 72)



When they first moved into the river district, they had to take the territory by force from the gang who had held it.



Part of a girl's initiation into the gang was to help a male member on one of the midnight hit-and-run warehouse heists.



In addition to police harassment, the Saturday Night Specials had to worry about being attacked by irate citizens.

The authorities tolerated their small larcenies, but came down hard when they stomped the one man who fought back.



TERROR GANG: SPECIALS"



Going, going, gone. There wasn't much the driver of this rig could do once his load of roofing shifted after a curve but cut it loose.



Smoke filling the room behind him, Chicago fireman makes it to window gasping for air. Photo was taken during attempt to kill fire that engulfed 2 buildings.

STAG'S BIG PICTURE

Some on-the-spot news photos pack the punch of a piledriver. See them once and you remember them for life. Those are the kind of pictures we hope to run on these pages each issue—the most dramatic pick of the thousands that pour across our desk every month.

Like Lady Godiva astride her valiant steed, this girl streaks Austin U. on shoulders of a friend.



Writhing in pain, journalist Dennis Cameron tries to put out flames on both legs and an arm. Ordeal was the result of an artillery attack in Cambodia Cameron had been covering for ABC news.





According to the movie "Teenage Sex Report", a gynecologist's life is a lot of play and not much work.

Guns drawn, San Diego police go after men who managed to take down two cops before being bagged.



THE RAIN pounding on the roof all night had almost numbed me to sleep when something in the cabin didn't feel right. It was one of those gut feelings. And in the last five years—ever since I learned I had it in Vietnam—the instinct never steered me wrong.

Getting up, I padded out to the living room and played my flashlight around the cabin. When I got it to the front door, I thought I was seeing things. There on the floor was a 'cotton'—as the local people call them—a cottonmouth moccasin! The bastard had crawled through a space under the front door and was slithering toward the bedroom where Sarah, my wife, was sleeping. Worse than that, though, was the broad, glistening band of water on the floor in front of him.

It didn't take a tidewater South Carolina native to know that track meant
(Continued on page 58)

We'd spent the whole fishing trip at each other's throats until torrential rains turned the Tugaloo into a flooded-out snakepit, forcing us to forget everything else but survival.

By DAVE CATON



Writhing and hissing in agony, the charred bodies of the snakes began to drop into the water.

NIGHT OF



THE RATTTLERS

GETTING EUNICE'S BOOBS was easy. Oh, she might bitch a little, in her way. Like when I'd reach inside her blouse and heft them in their brassiere a little, then slip the other hand around back and unhitch the strap she might say, "I swear, Roy, if I live to be a hundred I'll never understand what you men see in that. I mean, I can run my hand inside your skivvies from now until planting time and it would do as much for me as chewing stones. But the minute you grab a hold of a girl's things you begin acting like you was riding the end of a cattle prod. I swear, I can't fig-

ure that one out."

But I wouldn't be paying much attention because by then I'd be too busy running my tongue around those sweet nipples she had, first one, then the other, then back again, until she'd say, "Shoot, Roy, don't go getting me too wet or I might catch cold, hear?"

Getting Old Eunice's wazoo took a little more time. When I'd been on the boobs long enough so that my brain felt fried and my eyes felt like they was going to float clear of my head, I'd sort of drop one hand down on her leg, which would set her knees to springing like

FICTION FOR MEN

THE OVER-HEATED LANDLADY

By **ARTHUR KAPLAN**

To get to Eunice's waiting bed, he had to bypass his lusty

they was a bear trap, catching my hand between them and cutting off the blood to the fingers, but I'd act like everything was all right and continue kissing her and playing with her boobs with my free hand until after a bit her knees would relax a little and as soon as I got the feel back in my fingers I'd start moving slow and easy up her skirt until I hit honey which would usually make Eunice suck air and say something like, "Lord A'mighty, Roy, if you keep that up I'm going to have to set your safety belt, hee, hee."

"That feel good?" I'd hush into her

sweet ear.

Then she'd sort of slide about another 7/16ths onto my finger and I'd know that it was time to take her hand and guide it onto my rod.

"It's just like a hoe handle, Roy," she'd say and in a little while she would begin moaning and flipping the back of her head against the seat. But it makes me sick to confess that for four whole months of dating Eunice Osteen that was about as far as I could go because the stupid sons of bitches at Ford that put together the inside of a Mustang automobile

(Continued on page 44)



landlady or find himself on a wild, sexual merry-go-round.

STAG CONFIDENTIAL...

(Continued from page 6)

creases to every family's bill...

COPS MAY SWITCH TO USING BLIMPS FOR TRAFFIC CONTROL AND COORDINATING DISPATCHING OF PATROL CARS TO THE SCENE OF A CRIME. MINI-BLIMPS COVER LARGER AREAS, GIVE BETTER VISUAL SCRUTINY--BESIDES BEING QUIETER THAN ANY OTHER SURVEILLANCE SYSTEM NOW IN USE...

Big boom in Italy for bodyguards. Rash of kidnappings have made guys with karate training and gun licenses worth between \$25 and \$40 a day...

BIG CITY HOOKERS HAVE THROWN IN THE TOWEL. THEY HARDLY EVER WORK OUT OF LOCAL BARS AS THERE'S TOO MUCH COMPETITION FROM AMATEURS WHO ARE RARING TO GIVE IT AWAY FOR NOTHING. COPS THEY CAN HANDLE--FREEBIE SEXPOTS ARE TOO TOUGH...

A MAN'S CAR

WITH MORE MOTORCYCLES ON THE ROADS (TO BEAT HIGH PRICE OF GAS) LOOK FOR JUMP IN SUMMER DEATH RATES...

People who installed locks on their gas tanks to prevent desperadoes from siphoning out precious gas ran into a bad backlash. Either the fuel thieves broke the lock and cap completely, or they punched holes in the gas tank and let the precious stuff drip into a waiting bucket...

CHRYSLER ORDERING A GIANT RECALL TO PATCH UP A DEFECT IN ITS 1973 POLLUTION CONTROL SYSTEM...

You can thank the recent gasoline shortage for the big drop in carbon monoxide levels in most major cities...

FIGURES IN ON DEATH TOLL DURING PERIOD WHEN STATES ORDERED REDUCED SPEED LIMITS --AS MUCH AS 20% FEWER HIGHWAY ACCIDENT FATALITIES...

Reduced Speeds Down Fatalities



According to General Motors extensive tests, your car will come up with its best fuel consumption at a steady 50 mph pace...

LOOK FOR MORE ACCURATE EVALUATION OF WHAT HAPPENS TO YOUR CHEST IN A CRASH THAT SLAMS YOU AGAINST THE STEERING WHEEL. BIOENGINEERS HAVE CONSTRUCTED A STEEL "CHEST" THAT REACTS JUST AS YOURS WOULD IF IT WERE SUDDENLY THROWN FORWARD AGAINST THE STEERING COLUMN. THEY SHOULD COME UP WITH A PRETTY GOOD IDEA OF YOUR CHANCES AT ANY SPEED...

SCOOPING THE WORLD

Girls on summer vacations will make their wildest sex moves away from home. The same ones you can't get to first base with on a regular date will urge you on



When Women Are Wildest

to the most erotic sex practices once they're on their own. Many have been fantasizing all winter about wide-open lovemaking, building up a burning heat to get at it once they hit their vacation spots. They plunge in with a desperate desire to get it all out of their system before they return, and wallow in sensuality for their two-week binge. Catch one of these and you'll have the holiday bash of your life...

IF YOU'VE GOT A YEN TO SEE THE FEW PRIMITIVE TRIBES STILL UNSPOILED ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH, THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE IN WASHINGTON, D.C., CAN GIVE YOU A LIST TO CHOOSE FROM. BUT THE WAY CIVILIZATION IS ENCROACHING, YOU'LL HAVE TO MOVE FAST IF YOU WANT TO SEE THEM AS THEY WERE THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO...

It looks like the beginning of the end for firemen sliding down poles to their engines whenever an alarm rings. The first one-story firehouse is being built in N.Y.C., and it may be the first of many to come. Among other reasons for doing away with two-level stations is the growing number of injuries men sustain taking a flying leap at the pole to make their way to ground level.

AFTER STREAKING, WHAT? COEDS AT FIVE MIDWEST UNIVERSITIES HAVE COME UP WITH A NEW NUDE GIMMICK--NAKED DATING. GIRLS ARE INVITED TO THE MEN'S ROOMS, WHERE BOTH SEXES STRIP COMPLETELY, THEN SIT AROUND SIPPING THEIR SIX-PACKS. SCHOOL OFFICIALS ARE TRYING TO CATCH THEM IN ANY SEX ACT SO THEY'LL HAVE A LEGITIMATE REASON TO PULL A BUST...

Latest weapon to drive off flocks of pesty pigeons was used successfully in New City, N.Y., recently. Maintenance crews at the county courthouse--long the favorite roost of the pigeons--set out dozens of rubber snakes. The pigeons took one look at the lifelike reptiles and flew the coop...

RED WORLD

AMERICANS TOURING RUSSIA ARE COMING HOME WITH AN INTESTINAL INFECTION PICKED UP IN THE DRINKING WATER. GIARDIASIS, A DISEASE THAT CAN LAST FOR MONTHS, HAS BECOME A SERIOUS PROBLEM WITH MORE AND MORE RETURNING YANKS...

China has accused Russia of all-out espionage attacks on her territory. She points out the Soviets launched 75 espionage satellites for military purposes in 1973, five times as many as the U.S....

U.S. CONSERVATIONISTS TEED-OFF AND PLENTY WORRIED ABOUT RUSSIAN REFUSAL TO COMPLY WITH INTERNATIONAL DECISIONS FOR PROTECTING VANISHING WHALE POPULATION...

East Germany again warning about "severe reprisals" if Bonn doesn't do some-



"Wall" Breakouts Bring Warning

thing about stopping West German-engineered escapes from the Iron Curtain side of the Wall...

USING THE ENERGY CRISIS AS AN EXCUSE, SEVEN SOVIET SCIENTISTS PHONIED UP REPORTS OF AN EXPEDITION TO NORTHERN TADZHIKISTAN TO COVER A WILD SPREE OF HIGH LIVING. SCANDAL WAS PUBLICLY ADMITTED IN RUSSIA'S OFFICIAL NEWS-PAPERS...

With parking spaces tougher to find in Moscow than in New York and with car

thieves stripping the cars as fast as they can be parked, many Russians are taking to stowing their vehicles in alleys, backyards or other spots "safer" than city streets...

MEN IN UNIFORM

AT THIS WRITING, THEY'RE STILL BEING KILLED IN INDONESIA--WITH FIERCE FIGHTING



Cambodia's War--No End In Sight

RAGING IN CAMBODIA...

Viet veterans bitching, boiling mad over what they consider shabby treatment now that they're back on the home front. Among chief gripes--after lack of jobs--are Veteran's Administration run-arounds...

ACCORDING TO THE PENTAGON, MORE THAN 5,000 AIR FORCE, NAVY AND MARINE PLANES ARE "NOT OPERATIONALLY READY". REASON? SHORTAGES OF SPARE PARTS AND LONG OVERDUE MAINTENANCE...

One female Marine sergeant recently shipped out for an 18-month tour of duty. Back in the states she left her husband, who plans to remain in civilian life despite the long marital separation...

JUST RELEASED SIDELIGHT ON YANK PRISONERS OF THE NORTH VIETNAMESE: ONE NAVY COMMANDER FREED FROM HIS PRISON CAMP WAS PERMITTED TO TAKE BACK A PUPPY GIVEN HIM BY HIS VIETNAMESE GUARD. PUP WAS FROM A LITTER BORN TO THE GUARD'S DOG...

Between 1967 and 1971, 280,000 U.S. servicemen and women spent their R&R leaves in Australia...

LOOK FOR MORE JAP HOLDOUTS OF WW II TO SHOW UP OVER THE NEXT FEW YEARS, MANY PACIFIC ISLANDS ARE IDEAL FOR HARBORING AND SUSTAINING SOLDIERS WHO HEADED FOR THE HILLS WHEN THE YANKS ARRIVED...

29 years ago this month the A-bomb was dropped at Nagasaki and Hiroshima, bringing the war against Japan to an end. Three months earlier, the Germans surrendered unconditionally to end the fighting in Europe...



The Over-Heated Landlady

Continued from page 41

didn't allow for any more loving than that.

Oh, it ain't as if I didn't try. Like the night I snuck a blanket off my bed and out the house while Ella Wheat, who's the landlady, was in the cellar. When I picked Eunice up at Shapoe's Business College where she goes after work at Penney's, I said all pussy mouthed, "I got a surprise for you."

"Oh," she said turning to me, all smiles. "I just love surprises." And she reached over with her sweet lips and kissed me on the cheek about four times while I drove out to Keim's dairy where there's a dirt road they use for moving equipment that goes way back. And when I stopped the car and switched off the lights and ignition she said, "You going to show me the surprise now, Roy?"

"No m'am," I said, kissing her and reaching for her sweet boobs.

Well, I got the boobs out and went down to the old wazoo, like I told you about, and it was only when I had her holding me and she was beginning to go into her moan and flipping her head against the seat, that I whispered into her sweet ear, "Want to know the surprise now, Eunice?"

"Mmmmm."

"I snuck a blanket out of Mizz Wheat's and I'm going to spread it out next to the car and we're going to move out there and make love under the stars, just like the pioneers."

Well sir, she dropped my rod like it had just got cancer, slipped herself off of my finger and began putting her boobs back into her brassiere, just like that.

"What's the matter, Honey?" I asked. "Did I say something wrong?"

Well, when she finally turned to look at me she was pronouncing every letter in every word. "What's wrong? I'll tell you what's wrong, Mr. One Thousand Hands and One Million Fingers. What's wrong is you want me to go out there on that old blanket with you and "F" out in the open where God and my sweet dead Daddy can just look down and see us—that's what's wrong. Now I want to go home!"

Two nights later, I told Eunice I had the answer.

"Answer to what, Roy?" she asked, turning the rearview mirror her way so she could fix a spit curl.

"You know," I said. "What we're going to do tonight is to just go over and rent a room at Hemmer's Motel."

Without once taking her eyes off that friggin' mirror she said, "Burt Altroon's day clerk at Hemmer's."

"Who the hell's Burt Altroon?"

"He's a boy in my business arithmetic class and if I so much as go past Hemmer's with you once, he'll know that we've been "F"-ing and pretty soon that's all anybody in Conway Springs will be talking about."

"But Burt Altroon's day clerk. We're going to get the room now and it's night."

"Don't matter none," Miss Smartass answered still fixing her damned curl. "They got these motels wired and when Burt comes to work tomorrow morning he'd probably

see the pictures they took first thing. I heard plenty about motels from Darlene Wardell whose Aunt Essie married a man who owns one outside Tulsa. . . . Roy, why'n't we go get some barbecue tonight instead of parking somewhere and playing wet hand? It'd be a nice change. And besides, I'm getting finger sore inside."

I tried other things, too, but they all came out the same way and we'd always end up one block from Ella Wheat's boarding house where we both had rooms and I'd stop and Eunice'd get out and go home first and I'd wait ten minutes, then park the car and go in trying to look like I had just come from bowling or something like that.

Ella Wheat'd look up from the television tube and say, "Roy, I swear, coming in that front door you look just like my poor sweet Dan. How'd you like a nice cup of coffee and some datenut bread that I just fixed this afternoon?" (Dan was Ella's husband who got crushed under about 4,000 cases of canned tomatoes that dropped on top of him over at the packing plant.) So I'd sit down on the couch and she'd shut down the TV and tell me once again about poor Dan and how she missed him and that she could marry again anytime she wanted to, she being only 34, and so many men was asking her, but the only reason she didn't was because no one could come even close to being the kind of man Dan was.

When I finally *did* go upstairs, I'd pass Eunice's door and look around to see if anyone was watching, then I'd sort of rub my knuckles on it and Eunice would hiss, "Tee, hee, now you go on Roy Hebert." And I'd walk to my room which was on the other side of Ella Wheat's and fall onto my bed feeling that that part of my body from the stomach to the knees was going to explode at any minute just like one of them Saturn rockets they have.

I guess it began to show, too, because a couple of people began stopping me in the street and saying, "You feel all right, Roy?" "Maybe you should see a doctor, you ain't looking too good around the gills." One lady who used to go to high school with my cousin Frances dropped off a bottle of vinegar and molasses and told me to take one spoonful every morning when I got up and that her granddaddy did and he lived to be one hundred and one.

There was only one thing that could help me to live to be one hundred and one, but it wasn't vinegar and molasses, no sir, and it was only living two bedrooms down the hall from me but for all the good it was doing me it could be living somewhere in China.

STAG STOPPER: Look for an "instant replay" camera that will let you take your movie, wait a few minutes for it to automatically develop, then run it right off on your home film projector.

It was getting me so bad that it began affecting my work, too, and I started spoiling steel stock until my foreman came over and told me that I'd better watch what I was doing or I'd go back to oiling machines. Well, to tell you the truth I was about to give up, just tell Eunice to play with her own boobs and stick her own fingers up her damned old wazoo. Hell, there's other girls in Conway Springs. I guess the only thing that kept me stuck to Eunice is that it all seemed such a waste.

Finally, the answer came to me. It came while I was sleeping and I just sat straight up in my bed around three o'clock one morning and shook my head and could have killed myself for not thinking about it before; why didn't I just go over and ball sweet Eunice in her own room?

Hell.

"Roy Hebert, I do believe you are a sex maniac," Eunice said when I told her about it that night while we were sitting parked behind the Grove Street Elementary School, her sweet boobs in my hand. "Mizz Wheat's room is right between us and then there's Miss Watrous downstairs. What if they hear us? And, besides, my bed squeaks something awful and the door handle's loose, and you so much as touch it and it'll wake the whole house up and everyone'll know we're "F"-ing."

Just then her knees relaxed a little and I waited until the circulation came back into my fingers then I walked them nice and easy up to that sweet hair pond then dunked a couple of them and began trolling when Eunice began moaning and flipping her head against the seat I said into her ear, "This is Sunday, how about me coming to visit you Tuesday?"

"What?" she said in a little weak voice. "Oh, I don't know, Roy. I'm scared." So I just continued to work back and forth in and out until Eunice said, "Mmmmm," and I kissed her sweet ear and said, "That's fine, Baby. Now tomorrow night I'll take care of the bed and the door."

The next night, Monday, we didn't go out. I explained to Ella Wheat that Eunice had told me her bed was sloping in one direction and that I promised to fix it for her.

First I found out where the squeaks were and there were three of them. I loosened the coils a little, then rubbed the spots with superfine steel wool and put some No. 30 oil on them. Then I took the spring off and worked on the frame. I tightened the strips that held the slats, and tightened and oiled the hooks that held the sides to the foot and head boards. Then I rubbed the rust off the casters and oiled them and before I put the bed back together I rubbed candle wax on both the slats and the spring pipes and sat on them.

When I finished with that damned bed you could have held a Legion meeting on it without making any noise. And then I worked on the door, tightening the knobs, oiling the latch and the hinge pins.

I oiled the hinge pins in my door, too, that night. And when I was finished I went down to Henry's, which is the best men's store in Conway Springs, and bought myself a pair of blue nylon pajamas and a bottle of stinging good for behind my neck and my crotch because if this worked out, Eunice Osteen was going to start doing things to me that was going to turn her sweet dead daddy—and all the Osteens back to the Civil War—around in their graves.

I didn't go out at all that Tuesday night. Ella Wheat was out to the Daughters of the Eastern Star, and Miss Watrous was at a church meeting and I just sat there and watched TV though if you asked me what I was looking at I couldn't have told you.

When Eunice came in from business college she stopped by the chair and said,

"Watcha watching?" and I didn't answer but slipped my hand right up her dress and massaged her keystone.

"Roy," she said, moving a little, but not away, and looking around to see if anyone was around. Then she leaned down and kissed me and without my having to guide her hand she put it straight down on my rod.

When she got up she said, "I bought black stockings, Roy," and lifted them out of the bag.

"Who-ee," I shouted and if she hadn't started walking away I swear, I would have jumped her right there on the rug.

A little while after that, I went up, showered and shaved—even though I had shaved that morning—and put some stink-good behind my neck and around my crotch, the way I told you I would do, and it damned near burned me out of business. Then I put on my new pajamas and an almost new bathrobe that I had only worn a couple of times, combed my hair real good then went to my room where I lay on top of the covers of the bed so as not to mess anything up and rested.

I heard Mizz Watrous come in first and then a little while later Ella Wheat. I heard her go to the bathroom then move around in her own room where she turned the radio on real low. At around 9:30 she clicked it off and I just lay there hardly breathing watching the face of my clock, which shines in the dark.

At first I thought I would start moving out a little after 10 which would give Ella Wheat plenty of time to fall asleep but when 10 finally rolled around I told myself that I had better wait until 10:30 because I didn't want to spoil anything before it began. But I couldn't make 10:30 because I was too anxious and around 10:19 I got up and, using my flashlight, I checked my hair comb in the bureau mirror. I was just about to open the door when I decided that maybe I should cut my toenails so I turned the flashlight on them and cut them and then rubbed them smooth with an emery board.

I didn't wear any slippers because they would make noise, so when I stepped out of my room the floor was cold. I set a piece of scotch tape on the latch so I wouldn't click when I came back, then began to walk easy toward Eunice's room.

I walked one step at a time, toe and heel, as quiet as a shadow sliding down a greased pole and I was making good time, considering, until I was just opposite Ella Wheat's door when I put my foot down and the damned floor board creaked.

I froze right in my tracks; it was only a small squeak. Hell, I hardly heard it myself. But suddenly Ella Wheat's door flew open and I could make her out standing in the doorway, this big old rag wrapped around her head.

"That you, Roy?" she hissed, sort of sticking her head out to see better.

"Yes'm," I whispered back. "I was just going to the bathroom."

"But the bathroom's in the other direction. . . . You wearing perfume? something smells mighty good."

"I thought I saw a light downstairs," I said. "And about that smell, it's this stuff I'm using for my athlete's feet. Sorry I woke you up."

Then I turned and stomped off to the bathroom where I flushed the toilet without even using it then went back to my bed and lay on top of the covers all night cussing out these damned old houses that's got squeaky floors and nosy landladies.

"I swear," Eunice said low into the telephone when I called her during coffee break the next morning to explain what had happened. "If you can't walk 15 feet without waking up the whole house. . . . I was lay-

ing there in them black stockings so long I thought I'd freeze to death."

I managed to calm her down a little before the three minutes was up saying that it was just one of those things and that we would try again that night, was that all right with her?

"Maybe," she said and hung up.

But when she came in from business college that night there was a big smile on her face. Being that both Ella Wheat and Mizz Watrous was sitting with me watching "Gunsmoke" we didn't say anything to each other, but spring began singing right there in my underwear.

I took another shower that night and shaved again and put some stink-good just under my belly button instead of my crotch then lay down on my bed in my new pajamas. I didn't want to go to sleep but before I knew it I had dozed off and when I looked at the clock again it was 11 o'clock and I got all excited because I was late. So I got up quickly and combed my hair by flashlight and opened the door quietly and listened. There wasn't a sound so I stepped out the door and very softly, toe and heel like before, I started moving toward sweet Eunice's room making sure to miss that squeaky board by as much as I could—even if it meant I had to walk on the wall.

Well, I was almost walking on the wall and I had passed that one board that had given me trouble the night before but when I stepped on the next one there was, hell, the softest little sound you ever heard and just like that, Ella Wheat's door flew open and she was hissing, "Roy?"

"Yes'm," I said, hating the world and just about everyone in it. "I got a crick in my leg and thought that I would walk it off." Then I turned and walked back to my room and closed that damned door and flopped onto my bed and slept so hard trying to forget my miseries and I missed setting the alarm and got to work about an hour and a half late.

There was no getting to Eunice that day. She wouldn't come to the telephone during coffee break and when I called again during lunch I heard her telling the lady that answered the phone to say to whoever was calling that Miss Osteen has gone to lunch and

after that has an important meeting that will last all afternoon.

I waited for her outside Penney's when she got out of work but she said she couldn't talk to me then because she had to be in business college in ten minutes—and sneezed. I said I would drive her but she said no thanks and blew her nose in her handkerchief and said that she was coming down with a cold because of them damned black stockings and she was going to send me the hospital bills if she had to be admitted and was I prepared to pay for the funeral, too?

But I waited for her outside of business college, and though at first she didn't want to get into the car, she did after I promised that I would drive straight home and that I wouldn't go sticking my hands inside her sweater because it was brand new.

When I stopped a block from Ella Wheat's to let her out I took a hold of her wrist and said, "Tonight, Eunice?"

"Well," she said, trying to break my grip. "I don't know. I can't be wasting my life lying there on the bed in just a pair of stockings. I'm starting to get rings under my eyes waiting but I guess I can give it one last try."

That night, I was calm as I had never been calm before. I didn't waste any time watching television or listening to Ella Wheat's jokes but went straight up to my room, took a shower and shaved, put one dab of stink-good on each of the cheeks of my seat, slid into my new pajamas which were kind of wrinkled, and lay on my bed waiting for Ella Wheat and Mizz Watrous to settle down. Everything was quiet by 10:15 but I gave it another 15 minutes, waiting until the second hand touched the 12 before I got out of bed.

I was going to make it that night, I told myself, or commit suicide.

I opened the door as before, and walked out into the hall. This time I had figured out in my mind where the joists were and I had come to the conclusion that if I walked as close to the doors as possible I could make it without any squeaking.

And I did. I swear I did. I'd take an oath on a stack of bibles that as I stepped in from of Ella Wheat's door I didn't make a sound



but nonetheless the door flew open and Ella Wheat was standing there.

Naked.

I could see by the moonlight coming in her window, I could see that her hair was combed and her boobs were out and I could see her wazoo and that she was wearing high heeled shoes and nothing else.

I started to say something but she put one hand over my mouth and the other hand behind my neck and pulled me into her room. Then she turned and closed the door without a sound. I started to say something then, too, but she came up to me and put her mouth over mine and her tongue started feeling around for my tonsils and the rest of her started walking me backward toward the bed.

When we came up for air I did manage to get out, "I . . ." but she covered my mouth with her's again and took a hold of both my hands and put them up on her boobs and began rubbing her wazoo up against the bump in my bathrobe.

Well, there was nothing much that I could do then but sort of ease myself down on her bed without a sound and pull her on top of me.

We only balled twice though I could have gone more and she probably could have rode me until Christmas. But after the second time I put my pajama pants on again and when she opened her mouth to say something I just covered it with mine and I kissed each of her nipples a couple of times then walked to the door and waved before I opened it.

I closed it right after me then, but instead of turning to the left to go back to my room I turned to the right and walked into Eunice's room and them hinges was oiled so good the damned door almost worked by itself.

Eunice was lying on top of the bed in those black stockings that were held up by a pair of purple garters with little cloth flowers all around them—the kind you see in movies—and damned if I knew where she got them. She smiled when I closed the door behind me and lay there watching while I let my bathrobe and pajamas drop to the floor. Then I walked over to the bed and without any preliminaries or anything I started massaging her old wazoo until the honey was flowing out of her like a dam had broke. I climbed on her then and guided my rod in and she sucked in enough air to fill a dirigible.

Well, we went on almost without stopping until about two in the morning that first time and even Eunice whispered once that it was as good an "F"-ing as she had ever had but that didn't mean necessarily that she had ever been "F"-ed before, did I understand?

I said I did and stuck my tongue all the way into her ear until she just curled up like a shaving in a wood plane.

Well, this all happened about six months ago and it's still going on anywhere from three to six times a week because Eunice refuses to "F" on Sundays. It all seems so simple now that I look back on it, that the way to get past Ella Wheat's room in the middle of the night is to first stop in for a little while, but that's something they don't teach you in high school; you got to pick it up for yourself.

The funny thing is, though, people still stop me in the street and tell me that I don't look good and maybe I should see a doctor or take a vacation. But I tell them, fine, I'm fine, and I don't spoil steel stock any more. And I've begun taking a spoonful of that vinegar and molasses every morning that that friend of my cousin Frances gave me because if things continue going like this I sure as hell want to live to be one hundred and one.



then, do women expect from a man their first time in bed? My interviews support the following conclusions:

Sexual performance, as such, is relatively unimportant. . . . First impressions count, and many men, eager to make a good one, work hard at playing superstud. They want to give their new partner a sexual experience unlike any she's ever had—one that will make her come back time and again for more.

Actually, sexual performance itself will have very little effect on whether the average girl wants an encore. Most women are influenced much more strongly by other factors.

"I always consider the first night a sexual throw-away," says Jan, 27, a secretary in Indiana who has made love to more than 50 men since her first experience at age 14. "I know how nervous I am—despite my experience—every time I bed down with a new man. It's only understandable that men will be nervous, too."

"Naturally, I'd like every new man to give me the orgasm to end all orgasms, but I know this isn't realistic. Besides, there's plenty of time for that once I get to know the man better. The main thing I'm interested in the first night we're together is how he treats me as a *person*—how interested he is in my thoughts, feelings and ideas."

"This physical part of sex is, on the whole, much less important than the emotional part."

Adds Carole, a 22-year-old TV production assistant in Florida:

"I like my big O's as much as the next girl, but I'm not hung up about it—and I certainly don't expect it to happen the first night. If it does, of course, I won't get mad. But it's like riding the merry-go-round: you don't expect to snatch the brass ring every time."

"The most important thing to me is a man who is gentle and considerate and loving. I'm not looking for superstud. In fact, I'd much prefer a man of modest sexual abilities who is warm and compassionate and just plain nice."

Joey, 19, a college student in Texas, recalls her favorite first-night lover, a policeman who patrolled on campus.

"Dan met me after class and we went to his apartment, where he cooked dinner. I'd been in his company before, but never alone under circumstances where seduction was possible—usually there were 50 skillion people around."

"Now that I was finally alone with him, I was pretty nervous. I mean, I wasn't a virgin, but it was still kind of a high-pressure situation, as I imagine it is for most girls the first time with a guy, no matter how much experience they have."

"Dan put me at ease immediately. He broke out a couple cans of beer and handed me one, just as if I were one of his buddies. It made me feel really comfortable and at home. Then, after dinner, when we sat on the couch, he put his arm around me very casually and leaned back and started telling me about some of the problems he encountered in police work. Even though we'd known each other for only a short time, I felt almost as if I were his girlfriend."

"While we talked, we kissed and petted. But never compulsively. For more than an

First-Night Sex

Continued from page 17

hour, while Dan kissed and fondled my breasts and sucked the nipples very gently (which I adore!) he never once made an attempt to touch me *down there*. I hate it when a guy shoots straight for my pants and attacks my vagina, as though he were swatting a fly."

The biggest mistake of most men, my interviewees said, is haste. In fact, some girls get so turned off by a guy who's in a hurry that they refuse to have sex with him though they ordinarily might have planned on it. Conversely, some women who might ordinarily have said no will say yes if the right man is casual enough about it.

"I'll never forget Paul," says Sherry, 24, a social worker in Ohio. "I was introduced to him by a mutual friend, and I flipped over him immediately. When he asked me out, I thought I was going to faint. He was so good-looking!"

"But then, when we got to his apartment, he had barely closed the door before he was on top of me, grabbing for my breasts and kissing me really soulfully. It turned me off completely."

"On the way up in the elevator all I could think about was how much I wished I were in bed with him. But after he came on like gang busters, all I could think of was how I wished I were somewhere else."

Marti, also 24, is a model for a garment manufacturer.

"I'm not a prude—not by a long shot—and I don't think I'm more cautious or particular about sexual relationships than the average single female. But I do insist on getting to know the guy a little before sleeping with him."

"If I date a guy and feel that he's coming on too strong, it immediately turns me off. But if he's relaxed and loose, as though he really doesn't care whether I make love to him or not, I *want* to make love to him. Maybe that's freaky, but that's the way I am."

She adds:

"One night I had a date with Stan, an engineer. We had met that same afternoon in a diner near his construction site, and he had asked if I wanted to meet for a drink after work. I said yes, and we met at a cocktail lounge near my office."

"Well, I was very surprised to find that when Stan showed up one of his buddies was with him. The two of them sat with me and talked for a while, then Stan's buddy left and Stan took me home. When we got to my place, I asked him inside and we put on a few records. One thing led to another, and soon we were making love on the couch."

"I don't think it would have happened if Stan hadn't brought a buddy with him when he showed up at the bar. Somehow that made the whole thing much more casual and put me at ease."

"I met Eddie on my dinner hour," recalls Wendy, 22, a theater cashier in Pennsylvania. "He was having a sandwich in the coffee shop next to the theater. It was crowded, and the head waiter set us up at the same table."

"We clicked immediately. I mean—it's hard to explain—I trusted him right off. There was absolutely no bullshit about

(Continued on page 48)

Don't think of Head Start as a baldness preventative. Think of it as the best hair conditioner available. Anywhere. You'll find that a lot easier to swallow.



Until now the best hair conditioner and baldness preventative went on your head. Now it goes in your mouth.

The last thing you need about your baldness problem is a bunch of bull.

So we're gonna give it to you straight.

The Federal experts say that a majority of baldness cannot be cured. Period. Scientists say this kind of baldness is a result of heredity.

So if you have this kind, we're speaking to the other guys.

Let's be honest with ourselves. Anything you rub on, pour over, or spray in your hair to prevent premature baldness is at best temporary and at worst sheer witch doctory.

The secret actually comes from within. With the kind of proper nutrition that comes from a well balanced diet.

A steady diet of wheat germ oils, fish oils, kelp, raw vegetables, and other super foods that give hair the vitamins, minerals and protein it needs to be the healthiest are not enough. Unless you have the stomach to eat three pounds of calves' liver at a sitting.

Head Start is a vitamin and mineral compound designed to help just one part of your body. Your hair.

Go ahead. Keep taking your multiple vitamins. They have a job to do. But that job isn't Head Start's.

Head Start's job is to keep your hair from starving to death.

Unfortunately as we grow older (as we must) the tiny capillaries start to break down and the top of the head is the first place they start to go. When they break down they are no longer able to carry blood to the roots of your hair. (Fact is, the "frizzies" are one of the first signs that your hair is not only damaged.)

It's dying.

Cosvetic Laboratories developed Head Start to supplement your diet with just the vitamins and minerals (in megadoses) that major nutritionists believe are responsible for healthy hair in men and women alike. Ordinary commercial vitamin compounds will not keep your hair alive. Only Head Start has the proper vitamins and minerals in the right doses for the healthiest possible hair.

Is Head Start an effective baldness preventative?

In cases other than hereditary baldness there's nothing mysterious about balding. It occurs for the

same reason that dry, unconditioned hair does and it's not limited to men. (You'd be surprised at how many well-groomed women in couture dresses hide thinning hair beneath a wig.)

In fact, 7,000,000 women in America today suffer from a hair and scalp disorder.

A disorder that could be correctable.

After more than two years of testing, Head Start users state that Head Start can arrest balding, condition hair—and in some cases new growth has actually begun.

The catch? Just one. Like most good things for your body, including dieting, you have to do it conscientiously over a period of time.

Do yourself a favor. Start using your head. And your mouth.

You have nothing to lose but your hair by waiting. If you act now you can take advantage of our special introductory offer in the coupon below. Frankly, we're selling Head Start faster than we can make it. So send in your coupon today. Our present supply is limited.

Your satisfaction is unconditionally guaranteed.

Try Head Start for 30 days. If you feel that the results are unsatisfactory—and you be the judge—return the unused portion and we'll return your money.

New Head Start Shampoo, with enzyme treated protein, and Vitamin E helps keep your hair on the road to recovery.

It would be a shame to use a shampoo that would leave your hair dry and brittle after all that effort. Head Start Shampoo is a mild protein shampoo containing 10 conditioning ingredients plus enzyme treated protein and Vitamin E. We guarantee it to be the best protein shampoo on the market.

This offer is limited. Order as soon as possible.

Special introductory offer.

\$2.00 off on your first order of Head Start. Plus a free booklet on proper hair care.

Please send me _____ bottles of Head Start at \$7.95 (reg. \$9.95) plus 75¢ for handling. If I am not satisfied, you agree to return my money.

Head Start Shampoo.

Please send me _____ bottles of Head Start Shampoo at \$4.00 per bottle. If I am not satisfied, you agree to return my money.

CMG-A8

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Address:

**COSVETIC
LABORATORIES**

P.O. Box 7040
Atlanta, Georgia 30309

Please no C.O.D.'s



"I'm sick and tired of my Job!"



Be sure to send for your 2 FREE books today. For your convenience, we will try to have a representative call. Just follow the directions. Fold over, seal and mail... NOW!

Use this postage-free fold over coupon.

CIE Cleveland Institute of Electronics, Inc.

1776 East 17th Street, Cleveland, Ohio 44114
Accredited Member National Home Study Council

Please send me

2 FREE BOOKS

describing opportunities in ELECTRONICS and how to prepare for them.



NAME _____ (Please Print)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

Veterans and Servicemen:

☐ Check here for G.I. Bill information.

← Cut out on dotted lines. You MUST SEAL (glue, staple or tape) before mailing.

DO NOT CUT HERE

NO STAMP NEEDED

FOLD HERE

FIRST CLASS
PERMIT NO. 8685
CLEVELAND, OHIO

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

No Postage Stamp Necessary if Mailed in the United States

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY:

Cleveland Institute of Electronics, Inc.

1776 East 17th Street

Cleveland, Ohio 44114



Mafia Kidnap

Continued from page 14

nearest him closed the gap in seconds and brought the barrel of his automatic down across the side of Chuck's head. Blood spurted as he threw a punch that caught the unprepared mobster on the side of his jaw. Chuck felt blood ooze onto his fist as his second punch flattened the man's nose.

The others moved in then, grabbing him from behind and pinning his arms to his back. He tried to drive his elbow into the solar plexus of the man behind him but it was a futile attempt. He didn't have the strength. It had been squeezed out of him by the mobster whose nose he had bloodied and who was now using Chuck's head as a speed bag.

He felt the first nauseating waves of vertigo sweep over him as the hoods continued their brutal attack. He could taste blood as they let his body slump to the floor.

The last thing he saw was the four of them carrying off Julie. . . .

It was Julie he saw again when he came to; except this time she was larger than life and seemed to be hanging over him. As the haze of his unconsciousness cleared he recognized it as a life size oil painting of Julie. And standing next to the painting was Julie's father, Anselmo Vincentte.

As usual he cut a handsome figure. He wore a black pin striped suit accented by a glittering gold watch chain that hung from button hole to vest pocket. A burgundy tie with matching breast pocket handkerchief set off his white shirt and a crown of silver-grey hair completed the picture. He closed the door behind him and neared Chuck's bed.

"Julie?" Chuck's lips and throat were so parched that the word was barely audible.

Anselmo poured a glass of water for Chuck from the pitcher on the end table. Then he eased his elegant tailoring into an over-stuffed red velvet chair that overlooked the expanse of his property.

"Where the hell is Julie?" Chuck rasped as he struggled upright.

"She has been kidnapped. The men you fought with last night are holding her. They called here after they left your apartment. My men went there, found you and brought you here."

"Have you called the police? Do they want to talk with me?"

"The police will not want to talk to anyone. They do not know of the kidnapping. You are the only outsider that is involved. That is why you are in my house. I didn't want you running to the cops like a scared school boy."

"What kind of crap are you handing me Vincentte? Your daughter is kidnapped and you tell me that you don't want to call the cops—are you nuts? What the hell do you think you're going to do?"

Anselmo pressed his palms together, tolerating the question only because it had been asked by an outsider. He prayed for deliverance. The men that had beaten Chuck and abducted Julie, he explained patiently, were led by Bruno Lo Bianco—a young maverick within Anselmo's mob who had been making a play for more power. He was dissatisfied with his position in the organization and was looking to move up—fast. Anselmo had granted him some concessions but Bruno wasn't satisfied. He had

kidnapped Julie with the intention of ransoming her back to her father for the price of more mob control.

Police involvement was of course, out of the question. If they were called in, he'd have to explain that the ransom demand was part of his crime empire. The D.A. would have more than enough evidence to put him on ice for 20 years—probably permanently when the mob found out. And then there was the question of honor. The kidnapping was a personal attack. An attempt to belittle him in the eyes of other bosses. He had already been disgraced by having Julie taken from him. He had to get her back on his own to save face.

"You see, it is a question of tradition. Without tradition we would be nothing. If I were to call the police, Julie would be killed and I would be ridiculed. Driven out of the organization because I had allowed my family's honor to be disgraced. When a man is in trouble he does not beg for help—he helps himself. That is what I intend to do. My men will return Julie to me unharmed and it will be done without meeting Bruno's demands."

"Until then, you'll remain here. My men have orders. I cannot risk having you go to the cops and louse things up. You are an outsider and the safety of my daughter comes first."

"Your daughter is due to become my wife and in my eyes that makes this my fight. I don't care what you say Vincentte, I'm not going to sit here on my hands while Julie is in trouble."

"Listen you lousy son of a bitch. I told you before, I will see you dead rather than allow you to marry Julie. You are not right for her. My father was Italian, I am Italian and my grandchildren shall be one hundred percent Italian." As far as Vincentte was concerned that was the end of their conversation. He left, slamming the door behind him.

Chuck sat alone in the bed mulling over the conversation he had just had. All that

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Long before California was rocketed into the headlines by the kidnapping of Patricia Hearst there occurred a similar event in Minnesota. Though the victims were as wealthy and as powerful as Hearst, the crime was never launched into national prominence. In fact, until today it has remained buried, concealed by a shield of silence that has been in existence since the Middle Ages.

Both the kidnapped and the kidnappers were part of a powerful Mafia family that still rules in Duluth today. The story came to STAG editors via an informant who was on the scene and who related the incident to a reporter friend of his. The reporter has asked that we publish his story anonymously since he fears repercussions from the mob. The boss of the family involved has sworn an oath to kill anyone who related the story. It was probably the most embarrassing event to ever befall a Mafia family.

seemed to concern Vincentte was his honor. The fact that his daughter might already be dead didn't even enter into his mind.

It was almost unbelievable that Vincentte could be so concerned with his honor when the life of his only daughter was at stake. It was even more unbelievable that he actually expected Chuck to sit quietly on the sidelines while Julie was being held hostage. He loved her too much, had envisioned their future together too many times, to have it all taken away by a bunch of second-rate hoods. He wanted Julie as his wife and was prepared to take on the whole Mafia, if necessary, to get her. By the time Anselmo got off his well-fed butt and stopped worrying about his precious honor, she could be dead.

Standing, he started to dress. It was painful because of the bruises from the night before but it wasn't anything he couldn't bear. He checked the door and as he suspected, it was locked. His room was on the second floor and from his window he could see the huge iron gates that closed off the end of the driveway to Vincentte's estate. 'Soldiers' will tell-tale gun bulges under their stay-press jackets patrolled near the gate and house.

He started to work up an escape plan in his mind. Without a gun he would have to rely on surprise to take the guards. He didn't like the thought of killing, but knew that he would, if forced. His planning was interrupted by a ringing phone.

He lifted the dialless extension phone, heard the sound of a gruff, male voice.

"Well, Vincentte?"

"Be patient, Bruno, these things take time. You cannot expect, . . ."

Vincentte was cut short by the sound of a woman's voice. It was strained, frightened.

"Daddy . . . Daddy you have to help me. They'll kill me. They'll. . . ." The sound of a low-flying plane drowned out the rest of Julie's message.

"Now listen Vincentte. You've got a pretty little girl here and I'm sure that you don't want her hurt. She's standing in front of me now and I'm holding her hand—admiring it. You know, your girl here really does have beautiful hands. What are they worth to you?"

"What are you saying Bruno?" Anselmo's voice was laced with fear.

"Take her thumb, Vincentte. Is it worth say 25 percent of the loan shark action on the docks? Answer me quick, you bastard, otherwise my knife is going to cut that pretty little thumb off and you'll get it in the morning mail."

"Yes, yes, it's worth it. Don't hurt her. We can make a deal Bruno."

"What about her forefinger. I think it should be worth at least 40 percent of your drug business. After all, it's bigger than her thumb."

"My God, Bruno—stop it. You can have what you want. Just give me enough time to put everything in order."

"Okay, your little girl can keep her fingers. But I'm warning you. I'll give you 36 hours to come across. After that you had better start opening your mail with rubber gloves."

The phone went dead and Chuck could taste the anger rising inside of him.

The night couldn't have been better if it had been made to order. Chuck stood by the window, staring out at the moonless night. A faint glow thrown by the lights of the house outlined the parking area on the left. All of Anselmo's cars were there including a big Olds that was just right for what he had in mind.

He waited until the last light in the downstairs rooms had flickered out. His window

(Continued on page 52)

KARATE

JUDO-JIU-JITSU-SAVATE

THE TOTAL SELF-DEFENSE SYSTEM

In the shortest time you can learn the fantastic secrets of self-defense and you'll never be afraid again! This unique Home Course will reveal hundreds of fighting secrets that you can put to immediate use. Easy and exciting to learn, you'll be able to master any difficult situation. In less than 15 minutes a day, the knowledge of the World's Top Fighting Experts can be Yours!!

Regardless of your age, you can master this TOTAL SELF-DEFENSE SYSTEM! It doesn't require muscles or size to be a MASTER at self-defense, but it does require KNOW-HOW!! The knowledge of Karate has enabled small, slight men to successfully and completely protect themselves from men twice their size; in just seconds the Karate Master can completely immobilize any attacker—destroying him!

By the time you complete our course...

**YOUR HANDS AND FEET WILL HAVE
SUPER FANTASTIC POWER!!**

Your hands will have the power of an axe and you can use your elbows, knees and feet as death-dealing clubs! Karate is the most feared fighting method known to man! The open hand can deliver a single Karate blow many times more powerful than a boxing champion's punch! You'll quickly learn all the vital striking areas that will flatten the biggest and toughest assaulter...FAST!! You'll reduce any assailant to cringing helplessness, in just seconds. You'll fear no man...ever! Our TOTAL SELF-DEFENSE SYSTEM is the most DEADLY form of defense and attack ever devised.



**YOU'LL HAVE COMPLETE
SELF-DEFENSE MASTERY**

EVERYONE ADMIRES AND RESPECTS A KARATE MASTER! Once you learn the secrets of Karate and our Total Self-Defense System—you'll possess a New Self-Confidence that will generate a new you! You'll be able to Master any situation. You can actually become a destructive, fighting, self-defense power machine...in the shortest time!! You'll learn the secrets of Karate, Judo, Savate, Jui-Jitsu, Secret fighting methods, which add up to the most complete Total Self-Defense System ever!!



Regardless of your age or build...

**YOU CAN BECOME MORE
POWERFUL THAN ANY MAN!**

We'll help you to become aware of the destructive forces you already possess. We'll teach you to channel your forces so that you'll be able to disarm any attacker, whether carrying a knife, gun or chain!

- Learn the secrets of the Ancient Oriental Masters!
- Walk the streets with a New Confidence, feeling safe, knowing you can protect your loved ones.
- Learn all the vulnerable areas of the body — so that you can demolish anybody!
- Destroy any attacker in seconds, even two or three attackers at once!
- Easy to read, completely illustrated instructions — learn at home!



**FREE MAIL
TODAY**

UNIVERSAL Dept. F
Box 39303
Detroit, Mich. 48239



Shoot the 'works' to me — rush me a FREE Colorful Brochure — FREE INFORMATION about Karate & other Self-Defense Techniques. Enclosed you'll find 25¢ to help cover postage and handling.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____



THAT'S THE LAW

TO HAVE IS TO HOLD—Coming on hard times, you fall a little behind in your payments to your bank-issued charge card. Suddenly you discover that, to ensure itself of payment, your bank has paid your charge card account in full out of your checking account without your permission. Since both charge card and checking account are at the same bank, it was a simple matter of transferring the money. Can they get away with this?

Not any more, said a California court of appeals as it ruled unconstitutional a state Banker's Lien law which had made such high-handedness legal. It held that "judicial hearing before seizure of property" was a constitutional right which could not be abridged by state statute.

■ ■ ■

EMANCIPATED—Despite all your efforts, your son is a confirmed troublemaker. Finally, a few days after his 17th birthday, he moves out, finds his own place and gets a job. Several months later he becomes seriously ill, running up some large medical bills in the hospital. When he can't come up with the cash, the hospital decides to sue you for its money. Are you liable for your son's debts?

No you're not, said a Colorado court. Had he not moved out, you would be but since he is leading an adult life on his own, the law considers he is legally "emancipated" for the remainder of his minority and solely responsible for any debts he incurs.

■ ■ ■

COUNTERING—When your boss fires you from your position as a counter man for a rent-a-car agency, he gives you a lot of hokum about job performance. But later you learn you've been replaced by a very attractive young

lady who is part of your ex-company's efforts to make rentals more appealing. Can you seek redress with the claim that you've been a victim of sex discrimination in employment?

Yes you may, ruled the California Fair Employment Practice Commission and in a similar case awarded the plaintiff a substantial amount of back pay because, it said, the plaintiff lost his job "solely because of his sex."

■ ■ ■

UNDER THE GUN—Suspecting you of being a jewel thief, the police obtain a warrant to search your home. While poking about they stumble on a private cache of machineguns and bazookas you have accumulated as part of your revolutionary political plans. Although their search warrant specifies jewels and nothing else as the object of their search, can your weapons be seized regardless and you be charged with the crime of possession?

They certainly may, ruled an Illinois court. While a warrant to search for one thing does not entitle the police to look for another, machineguns and bazookas are considered contraband and their discovery falls outside the normal restrictions on a search warrant.

■ ■ ■

BIG GAMBLER—In the face of your reputation as a drinker and gambler, your girl marries you anyway, banking on being able to change your ways after the nuptials. But the job turns out to be tougher than she'd bargained for and after three years she files for divorce. Will her suit be granted?

Sorry, said a California court. She knew about your habits before she married you and since nothing has changed, the law sees no reason her marital status should do so either.

(Continued from page 50)

swung silently to one side as he pushed it open and draped his long legs over the sill. He fumbled for a moment, then his foot caught the firm grip of the rose trellis.

His descent was slow, complicated by thousands of thorns on the rose bush that bit relentlessly into his hands and face. Just above the first floor window there came a terrible loosening of wood and a stomach-souring creak as the trellis began to pull clear of its mountings.

Chuck twisted his weight to regain his balance. It was a futile act. The trellis was going down and his squirming was only speeding the process. Reaching clear of the trellis, he gripped a protruding building stone and without pausing for an instant continued swinging his body until his left hand was able to seize the drain pipe. The trellis, relieved of the extra weight swayed uncertainly and came to rest canted away from the wall at an ugly angle.

Clamping his arms around the drain pipe, he shinnied the last few feet to the ground. Checking once again to be sure that his descent had gone unnoticed, he sprinted for the parking area.

The lone guard sitting on the fender of the Olds Toronado offered no resistance. He uttered a barely audible grunt as Chuck slugged him, pulled him off the car and then slid behind the wheel.

Getting out would be more difficult. The minute he keyed the engine, Anselmo's "soldiers" would be all over the place. He prayed that he was faster.

The Olds kicked to life with a touch of the key and Chuck had it in gear and speeding down the driveway when the first lights came on. In the rear view mirror he could see men running after him from all directions. Anselmo himself stood on the porch directing his men. Shots thudded against the Olds' body.

He wheeled the heavy car through the last curve before the iron gates. The rear window crazed into thousands of glass bits as a slug passed through and buried itself in the dashboard. The guard at the gate was just beginning to raise his shotgun as the Olds' headlights flooded the iron bars, illuminating them as if they were on center stage.

An instant before the gate, Chuck ducked beneath the dash. There was the grinding sound of metal against metal and the shearing of a dozen bolts as the Olds caught the gate. The bars buckled, then exploded outward under the impact of the heavy car. The hood popped up and was thrown clear; its hinges bent beyond endurance, cracked free of their mounting bolts. The driver's side window fell away as the soldiers' shotgun roared and pelted the car. Blood flowed from the cuts in Chuck's face and left arm but he managed to keep the car on the road.

Sitting upright, he slammed the Olds around corners as if he was running in the Atlanta 500. He had put about six miles between himself and Anselmo's men when the red temperature light flickered once, then again and finally came on to stay. The gate had badly damaged the radiator and his engine was only moments away from overheating. He slid through a sharp turn in the road, stopped, then backed up, and left the now steaming Olds parked diagonally across the road. Then he slipped over the shoulder and into a drainage ditch.

Within moments a black sedan leaned heavily into the corner as its driver sped through the turn. There was a look of total disbelief on his face as his headlights picked out the wrecked Olds. He cut his wheels hard to the right and locked the brakes but it was useless. The sedan sailed into the rear

(Continued on page 54)



MILITARY MEN . . . YOUR BEST BUYS ARE AT NATIONAL Diamond Sales

... WHERE YOUR CREDIT IS GOOD!

Genuine Diamonds • 15 Day Free Trial
No Money Down • No Age Limit • No Red Tape

All orders shipped air mail insured or registered within 24 hours.



CROWN LADY \$525 Cash Price
Sparkling "prestige" set with
15 diamonds in white 14K gold.
12 monthly payments of \$48 + final
payment of \$17.11. Finance charge \$53.11.
Deferred payment price \$583.11.



NARCISSUS \$225 Cash Price
8 diamonds in intricate wedding
bands of 14K yellow gold.
11 monthly payments of \$22 + final
payment of \$9.21. Finance charge \$21.21.
Deferred payment price \$251.21.



MOON BEAM \$475 Cash Price
Large diamond; black etching in
satin finish 14K yellow gold.
12 monthly payments of \$44 + final
payment of \$10. Finance charge \$48.10.
Deferred payment price \$528.10.



TRUE MATES \$225 Cash Price
6 diamonds; 14K florentine white
or yellow gold wedding bands
11 monthly payments of \$22 + final
payment of \$9.21. Finance charge \$21.21.
Deferred payment price \$251.21.



Caprice \$300
Large diamond in 14K
florentine white gold.
10 monthly payments of \$33 + final
payment of \$7.71. Finance charge
\$25.71. Deferred payment \$330.71.



White Orchid \$350
23 diamonds sparkle in 14K
white gold setting.
11 monthly payments of \$35 + final
payment of \$2.73. Finance charge
\$32.73. Deferred payment \$387.73.



Royal Empress \$350
3 diamonds in florentine
14K white gold setting.
11 monthly payments of \$35 + final
payment of \$2.73. Finance charge
\$32.73. Deferred payment \$387.73.



Peach Blossom \$175
10 diamonds in lavish set
of 14K gold setting.
11 monthly payments of \$17 + final
payment of \$9.60. Finance charge
\$16.60. Deferred payment \$196.60.



Princess \$250
Modern 14K white gold setting
for beautiful sparkling diamonds.
11 monthly payments of \$25 + final
payment of \$3.51. Finance charge \$23.51.
Deferred payment price \$278.51.



Love Twist \$250
9 diamonds displayed in
swirl design of 14K white gold.
11 monthly payments of \$25 + final
payment of \$3.51. Finance charge \$23.51.
Deferred payment price \$278.51.

Orange Blossom \$275
15 diamonds in elegant 3 ring set
of brilliant 14K white gold.
11 monthly payments of \$27 + final
payment of \$8.82. Finance charge
\$25.82. Deferred payment price \$305.82.



Duke \$200
Large diamond man's ring
of 14K satin finish yellow gold.
10 monthly payments of \$22 + final
payment of \$2.28. Finance charge \$17.28.
Deferred payment price \$222.28.

Executive \$275
4 diamonds in heavy florentine
14K gold for the masculine touch.
11 monthly payments of \$27 + final
payment of \$8.82. Finance charge \$25.82.
Deferred payment price \$305.82.



**ORDER
TODAY!**



COUPON CLIPPED? Send order with your name, serial #, discharge date & military address to:
NATIONAL DIAMOND SALES • 401 - 15th St., Oakland, Calif. 94612
Shipping, handling, postage & insurance \$5.00 per order.
Illustrations and diamonds enlarged to show detail.

NATIONAL DIAMOND SALES 401 - 15th STREET, OAKLAND, CALIF. 94612

Please Rush: Name of Item _____ Priced at \$ _____

Ring Size: Lady's _____ Man's _____
(Use ring size indicator — average man's size: 10 — average lady's size: 6½)

I will pay \$ _____ ☐ Monthly ☐ Twice Monthly (½ of monthly payment shown)

My Name _____ Rank _____

Complete Military Address _____

APD or City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

Serial # _____ Discharge Date _____

Social Security # _____ Driver's License # _____

Your Home Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

Sweetheart or Wife's Name _____

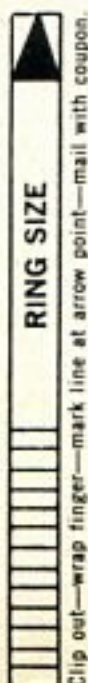
Her Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

Send Merchandise to
☐ Me ☐ Sweetheart or Wife

SIGNATURE _____

CM8-74



(Continued from page 52)

of the Olds. Like dinosaurs locked in mortal combat, the two cars wrestled, rolled over and then dissolved into a ball of bright orange flame. . . .

A mile later Chuck was on the main road into town. A salesman in a three-year-old Ford gave him a lift into Duluth. Going back to his apartment was at this point out of the question; Anselmo's men were probably crawling all over the place.

He registered under the name of Charles Gramlin in a small motel and tried to fit the pieces together. . . .

"You all know what happened tonight. I don't need to tell you what it means to have that guy on the loose." Anselmo paused for a moment to pour himself another nerve-steeling brandy.

"I want you to put all your men in the field. I want every available gun out pounding the pavement. I want that bastard found before dawn. He's got to be somewhere. Check the motels, hotels, flop joints, anywhere a guy on the run could hide. I want him back. There's a \$5,000 bonus for the man that gets him."

Anselmo's lieutenants were almost at the door when he added:

"And no gun play. I want this guy back alive."

It had been a rough night for Chuck. He tossed and turned replaying the phone conversation he had overheard, looking for a clue that would lead him to Julie. Finally, amid the haze of all that had happened something started to break through.

Seagulls. All during the ransom call Chuck heard seagulls, as if the call was coming from the wharf area. It was a slim clue but all he had. Chuck stood and started to dress.

The sound of gravel crushing under the tires of a car drew him to the motel window. Anselmo's men. Four of them in a dark blue sedan.

Chuck seized the six-drawer dresser under the mirror and dragged it in front of the door. He secured the chain and piled the mattress on top of the chest. Still buttoning his shirt he went into the bathroom and locked the door. Outside, he could hear the hoods breaking through the front. Wrapping his arm in a large bath towel he smashed through the frosted glass of the small window above the tub and vaulted over the sill. He rolled on the rough gravel, stood up and sprinted for the woods. Behind him he heard shouts as the front door finally gave way.

Working with the seagull clue, Chuck headed for the Duluth waterfront. Little had changed around the docks since he had last been there. For two years he had hauled freight off those piers and had met almost every guy who worked the docks. Some of them had become close friends. Now he hoped that one of them would be able to tag Bruno Lo Bianco for him.

The door of the Copper Hatch opened noisily as Chuck stepped from the bright sunshine into the yellow barroom glow. Petey, the morning bartender, continued wiping his glasses as he spoke with Chuck.

"Yeah, I know Bruno. Comes in a lot—though I haven't seen him in about two weeks. He's always somewhere around the docks—skimming a buck or two whenever a guy's back is turned. He thinks he's hot—real big time. Only problem is that it's all in his head. The guy's a punk, but he's got muscle."

"If you're thinking of taking them on, you'd better brace for a long battle."

Chuck threw down the remainder of his drink and walked out of the bar into the

bustle of the docks. For the rest of the day, Chuck searched the docks. He asked at bars, diners, pawn shops, anywhere there was a friendly face. And each time he had gotten the same answer: Bruno hadn't been around for about two weeks.

Chuck's mind struggled with a few clues he had as he stepped from a small eatery into the late afternoon sun. As he did, a white, customized Mark IV turned into the street. He recognized it immediately. It had been parked next to Anselmo's Olds the night before. He broke into a sprint as the car accelerated through the narrow street towards him.

He raced for the pier head where the street ended in the oily waters of Lake Superior. They were closer now, and glancing over his shoulder he could see the driver's face etched with determination as he wrestled the car through parallel lines of packing crates.

Chuck's hand found the guardrail and he vaulted it without problem. He paused for an instant on the edge, then arched through the air down towards the water. He sliced through the murky lake, going deeper with each stroke. He flipped over underwater and swam submerged to the safety of the pilings before surfacing. He clung to the barnacle-encrusted timbers until he heard the hoods get back into their car and drive out of the street.

Exhausted, he pulled himself out of the water and onto a small loading ledge to rest. That was too close. He would have to stay hidden until nightfall.

He sat on the dock, staring at the setting sun and listening as seagulls battled one another for fishermen's throwaways. The orange sky of dusk parted as a jet passed, leaving its snowy white contrail across the face of the sun. Suddenly it all made sense. The one piece that had been missing was there before him.

When he had eavesdropped on Bruno's phone call he had heard the sound of Julie's voice being drowned out by an airplane. Not a large jet, but a small private job. Add to that the cries of the seagulls and you came up with the Seaplane Marina. The only place in town where you could hear seagulls and a small plane at the same time.

The shore of Lake Superior lay blanketed with a dense, sullen mist. With no moon and with the fog increasing by the minute, the waterfront was an almost impenetrable mass of solid blackness.

Occasionally the silence was broken by the muffled chugging of a motor boat or the deep-throated blast of a steamer's whistle.

Chuck used the darkness to move from



"I think sex is too important to be left just to married people."

the docks to the marina. He bypassed the buildings bunched around the main dock and headed down shore looking for a building that he could only identify by sound; a place near enough to the marina to be in the path of approaching planes yet secluded enough to conceal a kidnap victim.

He neared an area where the shore jutted out into the lake in twin fingers. The two parallel spits of land formed a long, narrow neck of water; almost a canal into the lake. Ahead, a dark smudge of a building sat at the junction between the two banks of land. About 60 feet long, and less than half as wide, it resembled an airplane hanger. The forward third of the building hung out over the water and served as a boat garage. The rear section was aglow with lights. As he inched closer he could hear voices from inside and he recognized the lone guard as the hood who had beaten him during the kidnapping.

A length of cord pulled taut across the guard's throat and he slipped to his knees at Chuck's feet. Chuck reached under the man's coat, pulled his gun free and tucked it in his own waistband. Through the window Chuck saw four men grouped around a card table. One of them fit the descriptions he had gotten for Bruno. Double bay doors separated the card players from where twin docks pushed outward forming a berth that held a 20' cabin cruiser. Along one side, sitting on the dock, was Julie. She was bound to a roof brace and a gag cut across her mouth.

Carefully easing himself into the water, Chuck swam around the front of the building. Sliding doors reached to just below the water level and he had to dive under the surface to clear them. Coming up, he was inside the garage, his presence concealed by the hull of the cabin cruiser. He slipped to the dock where Julie sat. Pulling himself out of the water he whispered, "We're getting out of here. Be ready. As soon as the shooting starts, I want you to get to the boat. Keep low and move fast."

Julie nodded as he reached up and slit the ropes that bound her. Then he slid back into the water.

It was time for the second part of his plan. Above him, anchored to the ceiling and running the length of the building, was a rail used for moving engines and other heavy equipment. A 165 hp Mercury inboard hung from a block and chain just a few feet behind the boat. Chuck glanced from the motor to the card players who were about 40 feet away. It would be a matter of precision and inches, but the element of surprise was on his side.

Ever so slowly he slid out of the water onto the dock, halted a moment to catch his breath and gauge distance. Then he leaped straight up.

Arching through the air he caught the chains that supported the engine and released the safety latch at the same time. The heavy motor, activated by the inertia of Chuck's body, tumbled forward along the rail. Chuck pulled his gun and held on. The kidnapers turned, surprise dissolving to horror as the 600-pound motor raced towards their card table. Guns were drawn in an instant and shots smashed into the engine block.

At the last instant, just in front of the double doors that closed off the work area of the building from the garage, Chuck leaped off. The engine smashed through the doors, crushing the table and pinning one of the card players to the rear wall. The others, as soon as they realized they were being attacked by one man, struggled out of the wreckage and began firing. Chuck ran back towards Julie and the boat pausing only

(Continued on page 56)

WHERE TO PICK UP GIRLS!

910 ACTION SPOTS WHERE A GUY CAN'T HELP BUT SCORE!

If you've always suspected that somewhere out there are bars and discotheques where a guy can't miss, you're absolutely right! And now, for the first time ever, you can visit these places yourself. Yes, NOW you can experience what it's like to walk into a swinging, rocking discotheque where luscious, horny, long-haired girls outnumber men ten to one! All you need is **AMERICA'S BEST PICK UP SPOTS!** This fantastic 320 page book gives you the names and addresses of over 900 great places to pick up girls. In fact, this book makes it so incredibly easy to meet and sleep with girls, you'll wish it had been written years ago. Here are just a few of the 910 pick up spots you're going to learn all about:

- A discotheque where girls are so liberated you can often sleep with them the same night you meet them!
- A bar where girls ask you to dance if you don't ask them!
- A nude beach where hundreds of tan naked girls sit around just waiting for you to talk to them!
- A bar chock full of rich divorcees who park their yachts at a special dock in back of the bar, then come inside to get picked up!

26 SWINGING CITIES THIS BOOK COVERS SO THOROUGHLY, YOU CAN HAVE A GIRL IN EVERY PORT:

Atlanta	Detroit	New Orleans
Baltimore	Houston	Philadelphia
Berkeley	Las Vegas	Phoenix
Boston	Los Angeles	Portland
Chicago	Louisville	St. Louis
Cincinnati	Miami	San Francisco
Cleveland	Milwaukee	Seattle
Dallas	Minneapolis	Washington, D.C.
Denver	New York	

"NO MAN SHOULD VISIT ANOTHER CITY WITHOUT THIS BOOK IN HIS SUITCASE!" Steve Tuttle

Here's a book that can turn your very next business trip into the time of your life. So don't just dream of finding a great-looking sexy girl in Chicago or Dallas or New York. This trip you can actually do it. Instead of the dull, no-action places cab drivers always recommend, this book will instantly take you to the kind of bars and discotheques you've been looking for—places where you're virtually assured of meeting a pretty, friendly stewardess, or nurse, or model to talk with, dance with, and, more than likely, sleep with.

WHERE TO MEET GIRLS IN YOUR OWN NEIGHBORHOOD

Most guys don't think of their own towns as good places to pick up girls. Well, this book is going to change all that. Because it's going to show you foolproof pick up spots within five miles of your own home! You probably never thought of them as good places to pick up girls. But the fact is they're just loaded with eager women who would love nothing more than to get their hot little hands on you!

THE GIRLS ARE WAITING FOR YOU!

Don't waste one more Friday night wandering from bar to bar. Not when this fantastic book can show you where to find more long, lean, beautiful girls than you'll know what to do with. **AMERICA'S BEST PICK UP SPOTS** costs only \$7.95—less than what you could waste on drinks in a dull, no-action bar. So send for your copy this instant. Whether you're in a big city a thousand miles away from home, or in your very own neighborhood, this book will lead you straight to dozens of girls who are sitting there waiting for you at this very moment.



HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS!

GUARANTEES YOU WILL PICK UP A GIRL IN 2 WEEKS!

Here is a book that not only teaches you *exactly* how to pick up girls. It *guarantees* you will pick up girls. In fact we guarantee you will pick up and *date* at least one beautiful girl within two weeks of receiving this book. If you don't (or if you're dissatisfied with the book in any way) just return it for a complete refund. We put your refund in the mail the day we receive the book.

THE BOOK MILLIONS OF MEN HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR!

Every day you probably see dozens of beautiful, sexy girls you'd love to pick up. Girls with long lean legs and large rounded breasts. Girls with sparkling blue eyes and luxurious blond hair. The problem has always been, how do you break through that icy wall that always seems to exist between strangers? **HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS** has well over 100 answers—each one of them *absolutely fool-proof!!!* You don't have to be rich. You don't have to be good-looking. These techniques work for *all* men. All you have to do is walk up to the girl you have your eye on, use one of the incredibly simple techniques described in this book, and you will pick her up. There is simply no way she can refuse you. We **GUARANTEE IT!**

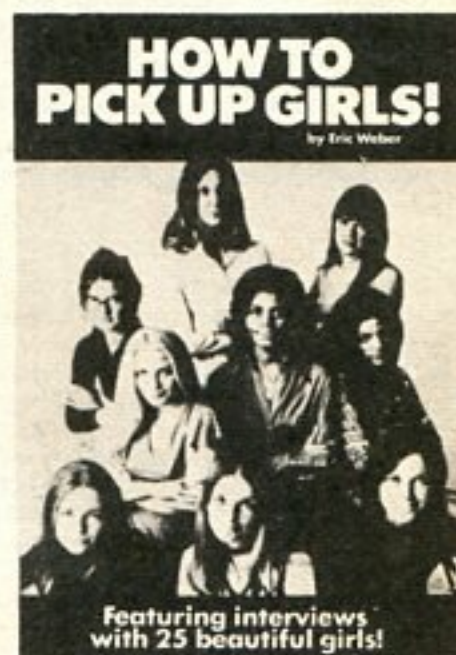
Here are just a few of the more than 100 surefire techniques you will learn and master: • **How to be sexy** • **Best places to pick up girls** • **How to make shyness work for you** • **Why a man doesn't have to be good-looking** • **How to talk dirty seductively** • **Why girls get horny** • **Fifty great opening lines** • **The greatest pick up technique in the world** • **Why women are dying to get picked up** • **How to get women to pick you up**

INTERVIEWS WITH 25 BEAUTIFUL GIRLS.

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS contains in-depth interviews with 25 beautiful girls. Girls just like the ones on the cover of this book. They tell you—in *their very own words*—exactly what it takes to pick them up. You'll learn what to say to them. Where to meet them. And how to detect those subtle little signs that mean a girl is dying for you to pick her up. Rest assured, *thousands* of girls are dying for you to pick them up. And once you know who they are the rest is incredibly easy.

PICK UP MORE GIRLS IN A MONTH THAN MOST MEN DO IN A LIFETIME.

If you don't pick up at least one beautiful girl within 14 days of receiving this book, you can return it for a complete refund. So don't delay. Get the jump on all the other guys. While they're standing on the corner watching all the girls go by, *you'll* be the one who knows how to move into action. **HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS** costs only \$7.95—less than what you'd pay for an ordinary shirt. Yet so much *more* of a help when it comes to picking up girls. In fact, if you love beautiful girls, this book is the best damn investment you can make!



Northern Valley Co Dept CMG-A8 Box 167 W.Long Br,NJ 07764

Check book you want and send \$7.95 plus 75c postage and handling:

- ☐ Rush me **AMERICA'S BEST PICK UP SPOTS** right away.
- ☐ Rush me **HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS** right away.
- ☐ **BOTH BOOKS** only \$15.25 plus 75c postage and handling.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Each book comes in a non-identifiable wrapper.

YOU ASKED ABOUT SEX

Continued from page 8



friend has had intercourse within the last 8 hours? If not within 8, is there any time limit?

C.D., Ohio

Chemical tests of swabbing from inside her vagina could detect sperm, which would indicate that intercourse had taken place within a reasonably short time—say 8-12 hours. Visual examination might also detect redness, lacerations, etc., indicating friction inside the vagina—either caused by a penis or something similarly shaped. These are the methods police doctors use to establish that a girl has been raped—though if you're merely worried about your girl cheating on you, I'm afraid they won't help you very much.

10. There is a college in our town, and some of the jerks there have been very big on this streaking thing. Do you think the girls who do this are easy lays? Would I be better off coming on to them than to ordinary chicks?

R.M., Tennessee

I know of no scientific studies on the coital habits of streakers, but my own feeling is that female streakers would fall into two groups: the genuinely uninhibited, who would be easier to get into bed, and the pseudoswingers, who use streaking as a substitute for sex. There's no harm trying, of course; but don't expect miracles.

11. If a man has been circumcized, can he still produce children?

V.Z., Indiana

Absolutely. The operation has nothing to do with fertility.

12. My husband and I have been married for 14 months. He calls me a nymphomaniac because I want sex at least once a week. Frequently weeks go by without his getting the desire. Is he abnormal for not even being aroused when I walk out of the shower nude to seduce him? Or is something wrong with me?

P.F., New Jersey

There's not necessarily anything wrong with either of you, but there's certainly something wrong with your marriage. I suggest you consult a counselor together.

13. I'm a 17-year-old male virgin. Do you think it would be advisable for me to have sex with a prostitute?

T.S., Ontario

I think it would be preferable to have sex with a girl who wants you for the same reason you want her. If your curiosity is overwhelming, by all means go ahead and hire a hooker. But don't get hung up about 17 being too old to be a virgin. Some of the happiest and sexually most fulfilled men in the world did not have first intercourse until they were out of their teens.

14. Is there any physical or psychological danger in masturbating every day?

V.D., Rhode Island

No.

15. Is it true that a man's sex life is all downhill after age 18?

C.B., New York

Most authorities consider 16 to 18 the peak years for being able to ejaculate quickly and getting another erection shortly afterward. But experience and knowledge of techniques, along with psychological factors, usually make sex much more satisfying as you get older.

16. So many sex manuals advise experimenting with way-out things, but my wife and I are perfectly happy as we are. Would there be any value in our trying this stuff?

L.J., Texas

The very fact that you've written me about this makes me wonder if you're quite as happy as you say. If sexual experimentation turns you off, by all means don't experiment. But if you're curious, give it a try—you may be very pleasantly surprised.

17. A girl and I had sex about 10 times. Now she claims I made her pregnant. We didn't use contraceptives, but I took my penis out of her before climaxing. Could I have made her pregnant anyway?

N.M., Washington

Yes. Some sperm cells can enter the vagina before you feel the powerful sensations of orgasm.

18. What is "erotolalia"? I've read this word in books, but can't find it in the dictionary.

R.W., California

Erotolalia is sexual pleasure associated with saying or hearing a sex partner use words like "fuck," "cock," "prick," etc.

SPECIAL NOTE: Several months ago, I wrote about penile splints for impotent men. I've been deluged with requests for more information, including the name of a physician who will perform the operation.

Regarded as major surgery, the operation costs \$500 to \$2,000. Aftercare may run another \$1,000. A few physicians will reduce their fee if you are short of funds, but most will simply turn you away.

In any case, physicians will almost never perform the operation unless your impotence is total (i.e., you never get an erection under any circumstances) and related to physical injury or disease. In other cases, psychotherapy is the preferred treatment.

If you want help for impotence, don't seek a splint implant until you've explored other possibilities. Read "The Layman's Explanation of Human Sexual Inadequacy," by Dr. Paul J. Gillette (Award Books, 235 East 45 St., New York, N.Y. 10017) for basic information. If this doesn't help, consult a physician—preferably a urologist—who specializes in such problems.

If this doesn't help, then—and only then—should you consider an implant. In this case, send me a stamped self-addressed envelope and I'll send you the name of a physician who performs the operation.

(Continued from page 54)

long enough to hit the switch that electronically operated the forward bay doors. He heard a motor start and saw the doors slowly beginning to separate, revealing the lake.

Scrambling into the boat, he pressed the starter and the motor coughed to life. He looked through the small windshield at the doors that were still opening. From behind him came shouts as the remaining kidnappers cleared the doors. They would be on him in seconds and the bay doors were only partly opened.

Chancing it, he pushed the throttle wide open and the boat shot forward. Securing lines ripped free as the boat ploughed through the half-open doors, shearing fishing poles and running lights. It continued forward, the sound of splintering wood filling the night.

Chuck wheeled the boat towards open water as the hoods broke free and started firing. He winced as one of the slugs found its mark. Tearing shirt fabric and muscle it dug a path along the top of his shoulder. Other shots pounded into the boat's dash, sending up small explosions of wood and plastic shards as gauges disintegrated.

They had travelled about 600 yards when

STAG STOPPER: Here's a government press release from Swaziland: "Stop indulging in the foreign practice of committing ritual murders with the wrong belief that parts of the human body can increase agricultural production."

he noticed the boat slowing and getting sluggish. He cut the throttle, threw the engine into neutral and pushed open the cabin door. Debris floated in hip-deep water that was rising higher as the lake rushed through a gaping hole in the bow. The garage doors had done more damage than he'd realized.

He grabbed Julie and the two of them stepped into the icy waters of the lake as it poured over the gunwhales.

The swim to shore was a long one. Arms and legs cramped and nearly useless after hours of being tightly bound, Julie could only float. With his last reserves of strength and a shoulder that was fast becoming numb and useless, Chuck dragged them both towards a crumbling jetty—about 1,000 yards from the building where Julie had been kept prisoner.

In the distance, coming from the direction of the garage, Chuck heard shouts and a volley of shots. Then he saw five men leave the marina and began moving along the waterfront.

He held Julie closer as Anselmo's soldiers neared, guns cradled in their arms.

Chuck's wound had been bandaged and both of them were enjoying the comfort of dry clothes and hot coffee as they sat in the kitchen of Anselmo's house. Anselmo walked into the room, his face expressionless. He studied Julie and Chuck for a moment before he spoke:

"My men tell me that you gave them a pretty hard time. They say they had to chase you all over Duluth. They also say that you took on Bruno and his mob single-handed, and that you hardly left anything for them to do. It takes quite a man to do a job better than my guys.

"I almost hate to say it, but you're a damn brave man. A brave man is welcome in my home."

Anselmo smiled as he extended his hand towards Chuck.



Train on NTS equipment for jobs like these:

NTS Home Training gives you new skills for exciting careers.

Jobs open up for technicians with down-to-earth training. Opportunities and pay are excellent! The Electronics field is booming! The Automotive industry is already gigantic with more than 95 million cars. Opportunities have never been better in the Home Appliance field. And the Air Condi-

tioning, Refrigeration and Heating industries will increase rapidly in the next few years. There are many exciting careers waiting for the highly skilled technician. With NTS Home Training and valuable NTS equipment, that skilled technician could be you!

Electronics Division

Become skilled in color TV & Radio Servicing, Computer Electronics, Automation/Industrial Electronics, Audio Electronics, or Electronic Communications by training on solid-state equipment. Build 315 sq. in. Color TV with Digital Varactor Diode Tuning; B&W TV; AM/FM Stereo Receiver and Speakers; Compu-Trainer; FET Volt-Ohmmeter; Electronic Tube & Transistor Tester; Oscilloscope; Color Bar Generator; Transceiver and more. Send today for new color catalog and details on all 12 courses.



NTS/GR2000
Solid-State
Color TV

Mechanics Division

Earn top pay in America's most important industry. Four courses cover all new developments in Auto, Truck and Diesel Mechanics and include big 109-piece Socket Wrench and Tool Set, Performance Kit and other professional diagnostic equipment. Plus bonus "hot shop" lessons. Send today for catalog and complete details.



Air Conditioning/Refrigeration/Heating Division

NTS Training will prepare you for great opportunities in this expanding industry. Equipment includes Hermetic Unit Analyzer; Leak Detector-Soldering Kit; Charging - Testing - Purging Manifold Set with dispensing and piercing valves. Plus Socket-Wrench, Open-End Wrench, Tube Bender Sets, and much more. Choose from three outstanding courses. Check the coupon and receive free color catalog.

Home Appliance Division

You can be professionally servicing ranges, washing machines, dryers, and other household appliances. And you can start your own business as you train! You'll use the exclusive NTS Circuit Trainer to increase your experience in appliance circuitry. The Motor Speed Control Kit gives you valuable experience with solid-state circuits. Also included is professional 4-in-1 Appliance Tester that performs many troubleshooting tasks, and hand tools.

Classroom Training at Los Angeles

You can take classroom training at Los Angeles in sunny Southern California. NTS occupies a city block with over a million dollars in training facilities. Check box in coupon.

Approved For Veteran Training

Accredited Member: National Association of Trade and Technical Schools: National Home Study Council.



**SEND FOR
FREE CATALOG
AND LESSON
SAMPLE →**



NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
Technical-Trade Training Since 1905
Resident and Home Study Schools
4000 So. Figueroa St.,
Los Angeles, Calif. 90037

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS

Resident and Home Study Schools/Technical-Trade Training Since 1905
4000 So. Figueroa St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90037

Please rush FREE CATALOG and SAMPLE LESSON for course checked below. No obligation. No salesman will call.

Electronics Division

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Master Course in Color TV Servicing | <input type="checkbox"/> Master Course in Electronic Technology |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Color TV Servicing (for Qualified Technicians) | <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Electronics |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Master Course in B&W TV & Radio Servicing | <input type="checkbox"/> Computer Electronics |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Practical TV & Radio Servicing | <input type="checkbox"/> Basic Electronics |
| <input type="checkbox"/> FCC License Course | <input type="checkbox"/> Audio Electronics Servicing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Master Course in Electronic Communications | <input type="checkbox"/> Audio Technology for Qualified Technicians |

Air Conditioning/Refrigeration/Heating Division

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Master Course in Air Conditioning, Refrigeration & Heating | <input type="checkbox"/> Air Conditioning & Heating |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Refrigeration |

Mechanics Division

- | | |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Master Course in Auto, Truck & Diesel Mechanics | <input type="checkbox"/> Truck, Heavy Duty & Diesel Mechanics |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Automotive Mechanics | <input type="checkbox"/> Engine Tune-up & Electricity |

Home Appliance Division

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Home Appliance Master Technician's Course | <input type="checkbox"/> Home Appliances Servicing |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Handyman Appliance Repair |

Name _____ Age _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

- ☐ Check here if interested in veteran training under new G. I. Bill.
☐ Check if interested ONLY in classroom training at Los Angeles.

Dept. 207-064



Night Of The Rattlers

Continued from page 38

another snake was already in the cabin somewhere. The track would make him easy to follow, but the first thing I had to do was stop that cotton by the door.

It was going to be hard, I knew. A cotton is a mean snake . . . worse than a rattler even. He'll fight back instead of crawling away, or just coiling into a pile. And the one there on the floor was no exception.

As soon as he felt me out there, he came forward, head about six inches off the floor. In the beam of light I could see his white, cottony mouth and those tiny eyes set back in his head. Like a dog's or coon's eyes, they glowed with a greenish fire.

The only thing close at hand was a whiskey bottle, so I grabbed it up and threw it, which made more noise than I wanted. It stopped the snake however.

Stunned and surprised, it rolled back into a coil and *hunkered*. When a 'cotton' hunkers, he tucks his head down inside the coils of his body so it's almost impossible to hurt him unless you've got a gun . . . which I didn't.

With that other snake crawling around in the cabin somewhere, there was no time to play games with the snake, like dangling something in front of him to make him strike. So I grabbed a stick of firewood and the plastic cloth Sarah had spread on the table. Holding the flashlight handle in my teeth, I closed in, knowing damn well that as soon as I was within a snake-length radius of him, I'd be in his strike zone.

About four feet away, I held the table cloth out and started to throw it over the snake, hoping to use that to pin him down while I worked on his head with that stick of firewood. The s.o.b. struck before I could pin him though, and damn near hit me in the leg. Sprawled out beside me he was helpless, so I swung and clipped him in the back of the head. The blow broke his skull, but that didn't stop his body from rolling and twisting spasmodically like a sliced worm all over the kitchen.

He finally knocked a chair over against the stove, upsetting a pot that rattled to the floor hard enough to wake Sarah up in the next room. She didn't call out . . . 'What's going on?' . . . or 'What's happening?'

She screamed bloody murder . . .

The whole mess started about a week before when Sarah and I decided to take a summer vacation in South Carolina's Tugaloo Swamp. The river—also named Tugaloo—that flows through that swamp has some of the finest crappie fishing in the state. She and I both love fishing and, believe me, we needed to do something together for a while instead of yank at one another.

The problem was partly my job. Tooling around the country in a big semi is no way to hold a marriage together, especially with all the distractions that are cropping up around truck stops these days.

Before Mark was born, about 10 months ago, Sarah used to go with me on the road. A tough woman, on the outside anyway, she had her license and even helped me drive. She also kept me out of those roadside joints where a woman will lay a quickie on you in a hurry.

After Mark was born, though, Sarah had

to stay home, which meant we were seeing each other only a day or so each week. Then she found that damn bra under the mattress of my cab sleeper. That did it.

She packed up, went home to her mom and said she was *never* coming back. The only way I could entice her home was with a promise that we'd go to Felder's Island for a week. I also swore I'd stay out of those roadside joints. I meant it too, incidentally, because a woman like Sarah—tough and tender at the same time—is hard to come by, especially when all that's packed into a body that had men begging when I married her.

Well, everything went so-so in the beginning. A local guide, Sam Perkins, hauled us up the Tugaloo and dropped us on a lonely bend about a quarter mile from his cabin. It was hot as hell, and Sam had scared Sarah half out of her wits coming up the river by spinning some tale about rattlesnakes crawling in the daytime, which usually meant a flood was coming.

Sam was, so to speak, right as rain, because that same afternoon the bottom dropped out of the sky. We didn't wet a line either, so by nightfall the static inside the cabin was about as bad as the static jumping around in the clouds. I must have been reminded a hundred times about that bra when both of us finally quit hollering long enough to look around and notice that the Tugaloo was over its banks.

By the next morning it was flowing less than 500 feet from the cabin. And strange things were happening out there in the rain. With water spilling over into the swamp, wildlife—including snakes—had to go somewhere. Being the cabin was built on a knoll, that 'somewhere' was the clearing right outside.

Standing on the porch that afternoon before I saw that first cottonmouth get inside, Sarah and I counted eight deer in the clearing, 20 rabbits, 16 raccoons and about a hundred snakes, mostly cottons and rattlers. A poacher standing in the doorway could have made a fortune.

Listening to the rain pounding on the tin roof that night, we didn't fight a bit. About midnight Sarah got up, though, and went to bed . . . *her* bed. Mine was out in the kitchen, because sleeping together was something we hadn't gotten around to for about two weeks. In case you were wondering, that's why I was in the living room with a crazy cotton bouncing around on the floor when Sarah started screaming.

I knew right away what she was screaming about. Grabbing a gas lantern off the table, I made tracks for the bedroom, grabbing the woodstove's poker on my way.

It took a minute for me to take in the situation.

First, there was the window Sarah had left open. Draped across the sill was a big diamondback rattler. On the bed below the window was another one, lying across her legs.

Luckily, she had sense enough not to move, because there was something else in the room she hadn't seen. Sprawled across the headboard behind her was the biggest cotton I'd ever seen. He had to be six . . . maybe seven feet long. And his ugly head was a scant two feet from her head.

A load of venom to that part of the body

spelled almost certain death.

"Don't move Sarah," I whispered, glancing down at her rigid face.

Her eyes were wide as saucers and her teeth were gritted. Like I say, she's a tough woman when she has to be. She had seen my eyes take in the cotton behind her, and she still didn't move.

Easing forward, I circled the bed until the big snake across the headboard was faced the other way. It was too risky to hit him because he might roll down on top of Sarah and either bite her, or scare her so much she jumped and got the rattlers after her.

I decided to use an old trick I had heard about but never seen: grab the cotton by the tail and yank!

I eased up on him, pulled and the snake slipped off the headboard. But there I was with six . . . seven . . . feet of death in my hands.

According to the joker who told me about popping a snake, the next step was to jerk it like a whip, which would have broken its neck. But the trick didn't work. He was just too heavy and strong for that. Instead of popping, he doubled up in the middle and wrapping around my arm like a roadside quickie around a trucker's waist.

A little surprised at being slung around, the snake didn't bite at first, giving me time to grab it just behind the neck and squeeze. The old story about snakes stinking is true, or at least it was about that one. So close to my face, the odor was sickening . . . terrifying.

Holding it as tight as I could, I yanked the monster loose and swung at the wall to crush its head. Its head caved in all right, but the tail went wild. By the time I hurled his carcass in a corner, my face and arms were red with welts.

Turning back to the bed, I saw that the rattler in the window was lowering himself to the bed.

"Hang on, Sarah," I whispered reassuringly, waiting for the right moment.

When both of the snakes were sprawled across her legs, I reached carefully for the top of the covers and threw them back. Wrapped in the blankets that way, the snakes were harmless.

Sarah leapt out of the bed while I held on to the wad of tossing covers. When she was in the hall, I rolled the mass of covers into a corner and backed up until we were both standing in the doorway.

It wasn't hard to figure what was happening. Out there in the dark, the Tugaloo was rising steadily, right up to the door step. The snakes that had fled to the clearing for refuge were now fleeing to the cabin itself. If the water didn't go down soon . . . or if Sam didn't show up with his boat . . . we were in for a real nightmare.

It was obvious we had to make one room snakeproof somehow, and the best bet seemed to be the kitchen. Luckily, the door to that room was one of those swinging jobs that closed by itself, because the living room, which lay between us and the kitchen, was already loaded with snakes. Over on the sofa, a big cotton coiled neatly on a blouse Sarah had left there the night before. Sprawled across the coffee table was another one, its ugly head lying in the middle of a game of checkers we had started but never finished. Holding the lantern up, I saw even more of them moving restlessly along the far wall.

"Come on. In the kitchen," I rasped, taking Sarah's hand.

It was ice cold, and I could feel her fingers trembling. She grabbed my hand like a vise, and for a second, I had some kind of crazy, inappropriate sex feeling.

About halfway to the door, things got

(Continued on page 60)

THE EASIEST MONEY YOU'LL EVER MAKE...BELIEVE IT OR NOT! IT'S TRUE

"I MADE \$35,000 IN JUST 1 DAY AT HOME IN BED WITH THE FLU"

By simply putting my successful money method
in action I'm making thousands of dollars
every week whether I work or not...

I WILL QUICKLY TEACH ANY MAN OR WOMAN
MY PROVEN "EASY MONEY SECRET" OF
STARTING FROM SCRATCH AND MAKING A
FORTUNE PRACTICALLY OVERNIGHT!

OFFICIAL PROOF OF RESULTS CERTIFIED NOTORIZED AND DOCUMENTED LEGAL SWORN AFFIDAVIT:

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

As the Accountant for Unique Ideas, Inc., Mr. Ernie Tucker,
Pres., I attest to the fact that he earned Thirty Five Thousand
Dollars in a single day and presently averages in the thousands
every week.

Personally I've always found him to be both a Successful and Honest Man.
I Certify that all of these statements are true.

Certified Public Accountant's Name Available upon Request.

Bank Reference: Chelsea National Bank

825 Seventh Ave.

New York, N.Y. 10019

Notary Public

Harry Shalita Dec. 3

1973

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS

YOU DON'T NEED MONEY TO MAKE MONEY

Obviously you were not born rich so
what? 85% of the men and women who
are rich today started with very little
money and had only average education,
so why not be honest with yourself and
stop using lame excuses, stand up and
face the fact that the only real
difference between you and thousands
of rich Americans is that they
discovered the right moves to make and
you did not!

YOU GET RICH MAKING "THE RIGHT MOVES"

I've proven this to be true despite the
fact that I was born poor and barely
squeaked through high school. I still
made a fortune in just a short period by
making the right moves and I'll show
you exactly how I did it.

But why am I so anxious to reveal to
you my secret money making method?
Surely there's more to it than because I
enjoy helping others share in the rich
good life as I have but frankly I expect
to profit at least two hundred thousand
dollars, maybe more, from the
publishing of these ads in nationally
famous magazines and newspapers.

STOP WASTING PRECIOUS YEARS

I should know, I wasted more good
years than I care to remember, before I
finally discovered the secret of making
money. I stayed up to my neck in debt,
bounced around from one eight hour
dead end job to another. Just working,
waiting and wishing for a great fortune
to fall in my lap. I got married, became
a proud father at a young age. I worked
in a toy factory for a short time and
peddled cosmetics from door to door,
but everything I tried my hands at failed
because I didn't know the right moves
to make. This only happened to me
twelve years ago. No doubt there are
millions who are suffering this
agonizing torment now.

REVEALING: THE RICH MAN'S SECRET MONEY MAKING METHOD

It's true that most rich persons keep

their money making secrets to
themselves, seldom sharing it with
others, but fortunately I met several
unusually fair minded rich men who
were so impressed with my ambition to
get rich that they agreed to teach me
the secret money making techniques
that their many years of making
millions had taught them, providing I
would virtually work for them at least
one year. I eagerly jumped at the
opportunity to gain this valuable
knowledge and said yes to their
generous proposition. So for one year I
listened and watched very closely, until
I learned from A to Z how these
financial wizards made thousands of
dollars every single day. I'll always be
most grateful to these men for teaching
me their fast and easy money making
secrets. It didn't even matter that I was
practically penniless when I first put
these methods into action.

SUDDENLY IT STARTED MAKING MONEY FOR ME

At first it was unbelievable ... I paid
off all my bills and my wealth
continued to multiply. Huge sums of
cash poured in so fast that I was forced
to employ a full time bookkeeper and
retain a corporation attorney, account-
ant and tax expert to help manage my
prosperous financial affairs.

We had investments, property,
stocks, money in the bank and can
afford most anything we want. My
family and I enjoyed our wealth and
success. We were very proud of our
accomplishments and it was our secret
of making the right easy moves that
made it all happen.

THIS IS YOUR CHANCE DON'T BLOW IT

It's a better chance than I had. If
you're really serious I'm willing to share
my secret. Surely I can afford to give it
to you free of charge, but I won't, why
should I give you something for
nothing? Instead I'm going to ask you
to send me ten dollars for sharing my
secret. What's more, I want you to
know that I intend to make a fair profit

from the information I mail you, why
not? If I can show you how to make
more money than you ever made in
your life why should you care if I make
a profit? Remember what I'm giving you
for only ten dollars cost me 12 years to
master. Even more important you get
certified and documented proof beyond
the slightest doubt that my method can
make a fortune, this is why I can offer
you the strongest legally binding
guarantee possible!! A guarantee so
incredible that you'll probably think it
sounds too good to be true.

UNUSUAL \$1000 GUARANTEE

This is a legal and binding
guarantee from me to you. The
information I'll send you can
actually put thousands of dollars
in your pocket. But this is my
pledge to you, after just 10 days
if you don't agree my secret
method is worth at least \$1000.00
in cash to you (one hundred
times the ten dollars you pay)
send it back and I'll rush a full
refund, including your 10¢ post-
age. You take absolutely no-risk
—not even the price of a stamp.

GET READY TO GET RICH

Every single day my method can
bring you more cash. You'll never again
need to borrow, budget or ask anyone
for credit. You'll be proudly indepen-
dent. You can enjoy those luxuries
you've always dreamed about, but
never could afford. Sound impossible?
But it's not, you only need a serious
belief in my proven method, very small
capital and enough ambition to give it a
try. Remember "nothing ventured
nothing gained" and there's absolutely
no way you can lose.

JOIN THOUSANDS WHO ENJOY THE RICH GOOD LIFE:

Ed K. says: "I never earned over one
hundred dollars a week in my life until I

made 2 thousand dollars the first
month using your money making
method. I'm glad I took a chance."
Sincerely, Ed K., N.Y. You can easily
learn what I taught him and now his
money worries are over, so why not
take advantage of this rewarding
opportunity. Any news of good fortune
travels fast, already thousands of just
average men and women have
benefited from my concept, you will
too. But I will not promise you'll make
as much money as fast as I have, yet,
it's possible you'll make a lot more
even faster.

YOU CAN LIVE HIGH ON THE HOG AND DO LESS WORK...

I'll show you how to stop breaking
your back to make ends meet and start
using your head to get easy riches. If
you're seriously fed up with being
treated like a hard working stiff while
others enjoy the rich good life, then
don't pass up this opportunity—you
risk absolutely nothing—not even the
price of a stamp.

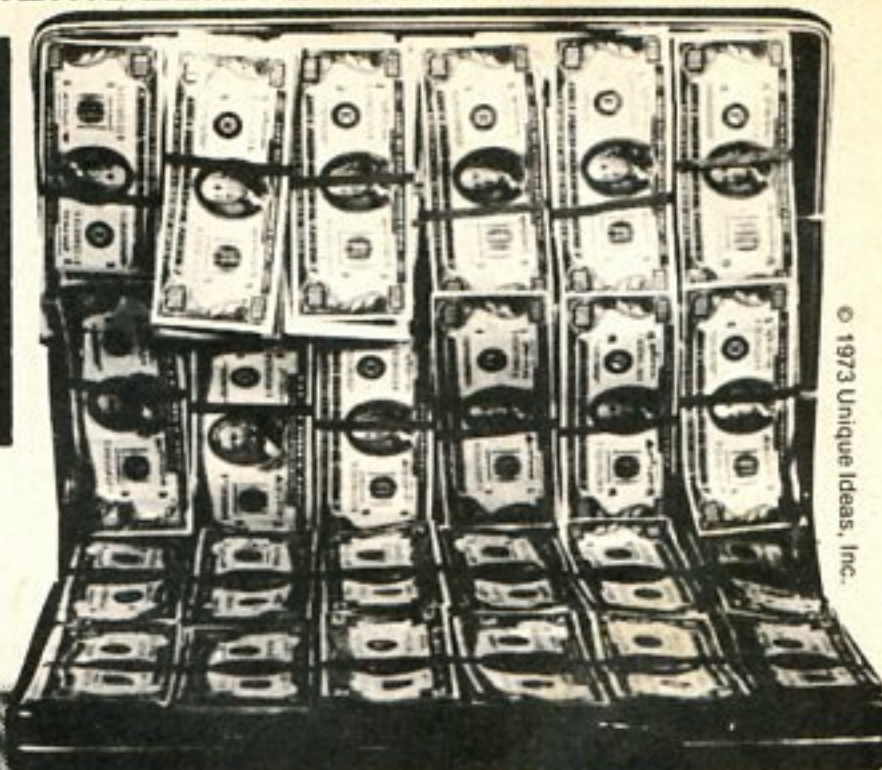
MAKE THE RIGHT MOVE NOW

RUSH ORDER COUPON

Ernie Tucker, Pres.
Unique Ideas, Inc. Dept. CMGJ-2,
1674 Broadway
New York, N.Y. 10019

Yes count me in on your \$1000
guarantee offer. I enclose \$10.
Rush your proven easy money
method. I understand that it has
been officially certified, notori-
zied and documented. If I don't
agree it can actually put \$1000 or
more in my pocket within 10 days
I can return it for a full refund,
including my 10¢ postage. There
is no risk on my part.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....
State..... Zip.....



© 1973 Unique Ideas, Inc.

My briefcase
crammed with
thousands of dollars to be deposited in my bank.

AN HONEST NO NONSENSE WAY TO RICHES IT ACTUALLY WORKS FOR YOU

No equipment to buy or lease, no hustling
your friends to buy junk merchandise and no
books or correspondence course required.

DEFINITELY NOT A CON GAME, FRANCHISE,
INVESTMENT SCHEME OR GIMMICK

(Continued from page 58)

complicated. Lying in a chair, within striking distance of the doorway, was another 'cotton'. I'd have to kill him before we could get through.

"Wait here," I said, releasing Sarah's hand and giving her the lantern to hold.

With the poker lying back there in the bedroom, the only handy thing to fight with was the leather belt I wore, the kind with a heavy 'Big Mac' buckle on one end. Loosening it and pulling it through the loops, I crept forward letting the buckle dangle down.

After swinging once to the right of the chair in order to get the distance, I came around again and slammed the heavy buckle down on the snake, damn near cutting him in two. Bucking like a horse, it rolled off the chair and bounced around on the floor. The belt caught in the snake's body, and before I knew what had happened, the snake and belt were all wadded up into a writhing tangle.

Looking around, I saw how much I needed that belt, too. Sarah had backed up a few paces until her head was about a foot from the mantle. She hadn't noticed that a cotton had crawled up there . . . a mean one.

By the time I saw him, he was drawn back into a knot, and his head was swaying slightly on his neck. A 'cotton', just like a rattler, doesn't rely on his eyes to see what he's after, but on a special heat-seeking mechanism built into its head. The mechanism is so accurate and complicated the U.S. Air Force studied it to make those Sidewinder Missiles that fly up the tail pipe of enemy planes. That cotton on the mantle then was more or less sharpening his aim by rocking his head back and forth.

Desperately, I wheeled and threw my arm in between Sarah and the snake, knowing what would happen . . .

He nailed me on the elbow just like I expected. But much faster. I barely knew I'd been hit until it was all over and a hot pain began screaming up my elbow all the way to my shoulder.

The cottonmouth withdrew behind a pillow on the chair and we made tracks for the kitchen before he decided to strike again and slammed the door.

Flopping down on the table, I let Sarah go to work on the bite. She rummaged in the knapsack and came out with a snakebite kit. Inside the rubber kit was a blade which she dipped in the small container of alcohol.

"Tell me if it hurts, honey," she said.

Dizzy and all, the word 'honey' leapt out at me like a ghost. That was better than all those other things she had been calling me. A hell of a lot better.

When she had cut an X-shaped wound on the bite and then put the rubber suction cap on it, I rolled to a sitting position and grabbed her with my one good arm.

"Don't talk," she protested. "Keep quiet and . . . Oh, Honey. I'm scared. I want us to get out of here alive. That's all that matters."

Okay, I told myself. Everything's hunky dorey again. At least we'd go out happy if worse came to worse.

Looking out the window, I saw that was just what had happened. There was enough light by then to see that the Tugaloo had risen even higher during the night. Brown, swirling water was lapping around the foundation of the cabin and to top things off a young bear was swimming toward the cabin, obviously looking for a place to ride out the flood. In less crazy circumstances, I'd have felt sorry for the animal, watching it buck the current and then wade up to the window. Then he began clawing at the frame. He no sooner busted through, though, than a big cottonmouth hit him in the face.

It was a gruesome sight, that cotton hang-

ing from his nose and a half dozen others striking his body because he had disrupted their efforts to get onto the house. Bellowing in rage and pain, he sank back into the swirling, muddy waters to find a more hospitable refuge. Immediately, snakes tried to fill the gaping hole in the window. It was incredible. There were snakes all along the side of the cabin and it was all I could do to keep them beaten back while I wedged a canvas pack into the opening.

We had only a moment of calm before our situation got worse, though.

Water had been eating at the foundation of the cabin all night and the ominous creaks and groans under the floor told us we'd soon be floating with the rushing current.

It began when everything in the kitchen began to move. First, the big wooden table in the center of the room began to slide slowly toward the front wall. Then pots and pans got dumped out of the cupboard. The chimney of the wood stove fell and a cloud of soot boiled up, adding to the confusion. The stove itself tipped up on its side finally, fell over and began to slide on its side.

Scrambling to my feet, I jerked Sarah out of the way of the falling stove and boosted her toward one of the rafters overhead. Using the table, I climbed up behind her, afraid to see what had happened when the stove smacked into the wall.

It was worse than I thought. The stove put a hole through the door and a wave of snakes poured into the kitchen, their scales scraping over the pile of broken furniture and kitchen utensils.

Reaching up, I poked a hole in the beaver board ceiling and wrenched out the roof planking. Then I pushed until the nails holding a section of tin roofing gave way. I pulled through onto the roof and hauled Sarah up behind me.

"Hang on!" I yelled, looking out over the terrifying expanse of water. We were floating straight toward the swamp when the cabin caught on something and began to tilt again. With water pushing at it from behind, it felt this time as if it were going to roll all the way over.

Finally, when one end of the roof was all the way down in the water, we stopped tilting and hung there in the current, bobbing like a giant cork.

"We'll make it, honey," I yelled, patting Sarah on the closest thing available, which happened to be her butt.

She smiled a little and for a minute, it began to feel like we were going to make it. With the rain stopped, the water would have to go down eventually. And Sam was bound to be on his way.

Then the cabin settled another foot and an incredible mass of snakes boiled up from under the eaves. They headed straight for an end of the roof that hung low in the

water.

Twenty, then more, of the cottonmouths and rattlers slithered up on the roof. At first, they hung back along the waterline, but then, as more and more snakes crawled up, the braver ones inched on up the roof.

In the confusion of getting up on the roof, I took no weapons, not even a stick of firewood. It would have taken a machine gun to keep them all back anyway. For a moment it crossed my mind that we would have to jump even though there was almost no chance we'd be able to stay afloat in that wild current raging through the swamp.

Then something caught my eye. Among the debris sweeping down toward the cabin was a 50-gallon barrel, riding low and heavy in the water. Gasoline.

The poison in my system by then was a throbbing ache in my head, and it was all I could do to keep from vomiting. With Sarah holding my legs, however, I managed to lean out into the current and grab the drum by the rim. Hugging it like a bear, I rocked it up on the roof and lay there, gasping.

The bung on top was rusty, but with a little effort it finally came loose. The barrel on its side, I sloshed about a gallon or so down the roof so it would run under the snakes, which by then were spawled everywhere. After waiting for the fumes to blow away, I struck a waterproof match and covered my face.

The gas on the roof shot into flame. Down in the water, where most of the snakes were, a rainbow pool of gas went off like a small bomb. When the black smoke blew away, the water was churning with twisting, dying snakes.

Sarah rolled up my sleeve, and I could see where the poison had traced an ugly red line all the way up my arm.

The sun had gone down in a blood-red tangle of clouds. The rain was over, but the approaching dark would make the roof a nightmare. Even with a full moon it would be difficult to spot a snake crawling up the roof.

Sarah came over and felt my forehead, then took off her blouse to cover me. I was about to nod off when we both heard a small motor sputtering in the distance. Momentarily, a voice rang out, commanding us to be still.

Sam, the old coot, son of a bitch . . . the gol' darned tobacco-chewing, bowlegged son of a wart hog . . . Half crazy with poison, I called him all sorts of things in my head. He had made it through, high water and all.

"Hol' it Miz Thomas. You too, Hank. Got somethin' needs doin' here," he croaked mysteriously.

Looking up, I saw the problem. Sarah and I had been so busy sighting the snakes on the roof we didn't notice that a big cottonmouth had slithered down a limb right over us.

"Come on, Sam. You old . . ."

Before I could call him any more names, he cut loose with that deer gun of his. The slug blew the cotton's head wide open. Bits of flesh and bone splattered my foot. The snake fell and hit the water with a satisfying plop.

When we hit the dock an hour later, Sam packed us into his hunting truck and whizzed off to the hospital. It was the next morning before I came to with a bottle of something running through a needle into my arm.

A little later, a herd of reporters came in asking me how I felt . . . what my reaction was to the experience . . . that sort of thing. One of the reporters was Sam's oldest kid, so I told 'em all to go to hell but him. That's how he got the story.

But even he had to wait a while, because Sarah and I had something to do before we talked to anybody.

COMING UP NEXT MONTH

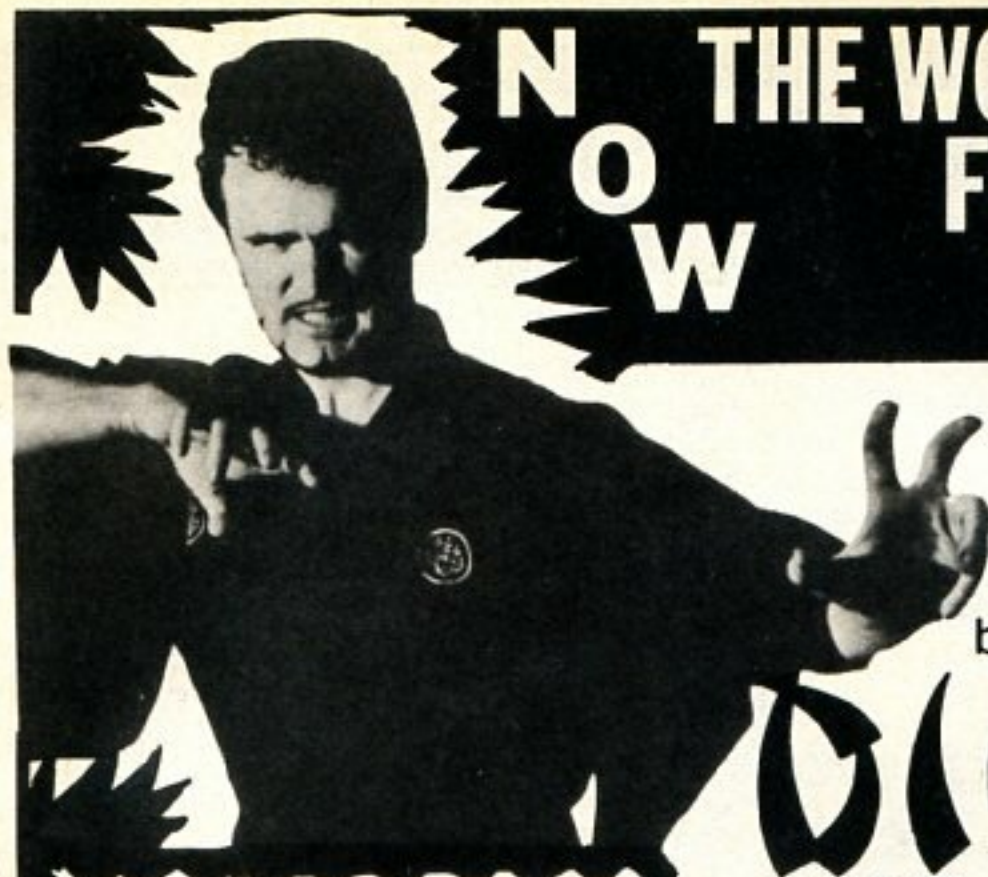
My Life With The Happy Hooker—

A wild-as-they-come sexual romp between two super-lovers: Xaviera Hollander and Larry—the man who lived with her. **They Lived On Human Flesh**—One of the most dramatic survival epics ever told. A true adventure of men forced to feed on their own to stay alive.

1,000 New Techniques From The Kung Fu Sex Manual—Guaranteed to improve any man's love action. Don't miss these plus many more packed into the upcoming issue.

**IN SEPTEMBER STAG
ON SALE JULY 25TH**

NOW THE WORLD'S DEADLIEST FIGHTING SECRETS CAN BE YOURS...



THE SUPREME GRAND MASTER OF THE
BLACK DRAGON FIGHTING SOCIETY
brings you the forbidden secrets of

DIM MAK

"The Death Touch"
in this exclusive book!

"THE DEADLIEST MAN ALIVE!"

Bringing to you these forbidden and secret fighting arts is the Supreme Grand Master of all the fighting arts — Count Dante who won the World overall Fighting Arts championship (Master & Expert Divisions) after defeating the top Judo, Boxing, Wrestling, Karate, Gung Fu, Aikido, etc. masters in 'Death Matches'. On Aug. 1, 1967 the World Federation of Fighting Arts crowned the Count — "The World's Deadliest Fighting Master."



THIS BOOK CAN SAVE YOUR LIFE

The FORBIDDEN and SECRET training manual of the BLACK DRAGON FIGHTING SOCIETY has never before been available to anyone outside of the Society. Recent attempts for regular publication and public exposure have been rejected as the contents were considered HORRIFYINGLY DANGEROUS and BRUTALLY VICIOUS.

Yes, this is the DEADLIEST and most TERRIFYING fighting art known to man — and WITHOUT EQUAL. Its MAIMING, MUTILATING, DISFIGURING, PARALYZING and CRIPPLING techniques are known by only a few people in the world. An expert at DIM MAK could easily kill many Judo, Karate, Aikido and Gung Fu experts at one time with only finger tip pressure using his murderous POISON HAND WEAPONS. Instructing you step by step thru each move in this manual is now other than COUNT DANTE — THE DEADLIEST MAN WHO EVER LIVED.

BLACK DRAGON FIGHTING SOCIETY

The BLACK DRAGON FIGHTING SOCIETY is the WORLD'S DEADLIEST FIGHTING ORGANIZATION which has included in its closed membership the top fighting experts of the DREADED CHINESE TONG SOCIETY — the oriental, and more vicious counterpart of the Mafia. Its members, who are the world's top Masters in the oriental fistic and grappling arts, train in the most SECRET and FORBIDDEN aspects of the DEADLY Chinese fighting arts of GUNG FU, TAI CHI CHUAN, CHUAN-FA, KEMPO, HSING YI, PA-KUA, SHAOLIN BOXING and DIM MAK.

Until recently the forbidden training secrets of the society have been closely guarded by the members who were sworn to secrecy and joined together thru their initiation ceremony of blood. Breaking of the oath to secrecy meant death by torture to the offender.

Now for the first time their FORBIDDEN SECRETS OF TERROR can be shared with you.

BREAK A BRICK

Included in the manual is a GUARANTEED method of brick and board breaking enabling anyone to break a brick or board after only minutes of training. THIS IS NO EXAGGERATION. THERE IS NO TRICK OR GIMMICK. There is nothing to be held in the hand, or any hand brace needed; and no special stunt bricks or boards are needed. This is the same method that many famous Karate Masters use.

POISON HAND

Considered by many as evil and cruel; the lethally savage ripping, tearing, slashing, clawing and gouging techniques which comprise

the POISON HAND ARSENAL are used to attack (by strike, touch or pressure) the nerve centers, pressure points, major blood vessels and vital organs of the body. You will learn the original 77 "POISON HAND" techniques of ancient China in actual photographs showing them in application. These are not photos of drawings, but actual photos of COUNT DANTE applying these torturing techniques which are meant to maim, disfigure, cripple or kill and have been used by oriental terrorists and assassins to MURDER!

OUR \$10,000 GUARANTEE

We cannot guarantee to make you a Fighting Arts Master or even an expert, as this is up to you; but we can make a \$10,000 GUARANTEE that this book is DEADLIER than any other book, manual or course ever printed anywhere, at any cost and that it was, as mentioned before, refused for past publication due to its extremely FEROCIOUS nature. We also guarantee that the "WORLD'S DEADLIEST FIGHTING SECRETS" contains the most SECRET and FORBIDDEN attack and defense methods ever devised by man and that the DIM MAK and POISON HAND techniques are completely authentic and the WORLD'S DEADLIEST FIGHTING FORMS. Last we guarantee that you can break a real, authentic brick or board WITH NO GIMMICK — just your hand, using our method AFTER ONLY MINUTES OF TRAINING. If you are not satisfied; return the book in good condition and you will receive a refund. MAIL COUPON NOW! AIR MAIL REACHES US OVERNIGHT.



FREE

BLACK DRAGON FIGHTING SOCIETY MEMBERSHIP

as a special bonus for ordering early!
Your own authentic identification card will be rushed to you absolutely free!

MAIL GUARANTEED NO-RISK COUPON NOW!

BLACK DRAGON FIGHTING SOCIETY, Dept. A-84,
P. O. Box 09118, Chicago, Ill. 60609

Rush my copy of "The World's Deadliest Fighting Secrets" in plain wrapper immediately. I enclose full payment of \$4.98 and there will be nothing to pay on delivery. If for any reason I am not satisfied, I may return the book in 7 days for a full refund. I pledge never to use the deadly techniques of the manual as an aggressor (only to defend myself) and will never abuse the trust placed in me.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

As a special bonus for those ordering early an authentic I. D. card (silver thermographed on black) of the Black Dragon Fighting Society will be sent — while they last.



MAN'S WORLD MEMO

WHERE GIRLS HAVE THEIR FIRST SEX—"I couldn't believe I was finally doing it," admitted Anna L., a Pittsburgh secretary. "My boy friend and I were home alone, and I went upstairs to take a quick bath. Next thing I knew, he had come into the bathroom, stripped down to his skin and was standing over the tub, looking at me. Somehow, the sight of him all aroused broke down the last barrier. Before I realized it, he had slipped into the tub with me and we both went crazy." This was one of 1,000 tape-recorded memories in which girls all across the country were asked to tell where they had indulged in intercourse for the first time. Over 70% had their first full experience in bed—usually in their own homes—with a motel running a close second. Next most popular sex scene was the automobile, followed by a secluded clearing in a field or woods. But among the more unusual 150 "first sex" spots recorded by the girls were these: a basement pool table, the bottom of a canoe, inside a linen closet in a hospital (she was a nurse), the lavatory on a transcontinental plane (she was a stewardess), on a cemetery tombstone, standing up on a N.Y. subway train and inside the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D.C.



GAS CRISIS RIP-OFF—You may be one of those sucked in by the slickest con job born in the middle of



the recent gasoline shortage. If you were, you probably remembering pulling your car into a long line at a service station that was pumping gas. As you sat there sweating out your turn, you were approached by a leather-jacketed worker who made his way down the row of cars. "Here's your receipt for \$3 worth of gas—that's all we're selling today. To save time, pay me now, then hand this receipt to the man at the pump when you get there." It sounded so reasonable, you shelled out the money, took the receipt, and kept inching your way up to the tanks. The rub was that once you got there, the attendant looked at you like you were nuts. "Look, bud," he said, "I don't know nothing about your receipt. You didn't pay me, and until you do, you get no gas." As for the guy who collected your \$3—he kept going down the line picking up the cash, then disappearing once he hit the tail end.

HOUSEWIVES WHO PERFORM ORAL SEX WITH EACH OTHER

—They are not lesbians, yet in any community these women will seek each other out. They are women who need a certain amount of oral sex performed on them, but who are either too embarrassed to suggest it to their husbands, or whose husbands just don't dig it. To supplement their sexual needs, these women hunt others like themselves, get together

on weekday afternoons for oral sex parties. In almost all cases, the attachments are not lasting love affairs—merely an erotic romp in an area they can't share with their spouses. Usually the women will indulge in manual foreplay until they are aroused enough to take care of each other orally. In almost every instance, once the husband agrees to indulge in this type of sex act with her, the woman immediately stops all woman-to-woman activities.

CALL GIRL NUDIST COLONY

A group of 25 top call girls have chipped in and bought a complete nudist colony setup in a secluded area of Pennsylvania. For the months of July and August, they will staff the place, devoting their summer to catering to a select list of customers. Men who are invited pay a flat fee—

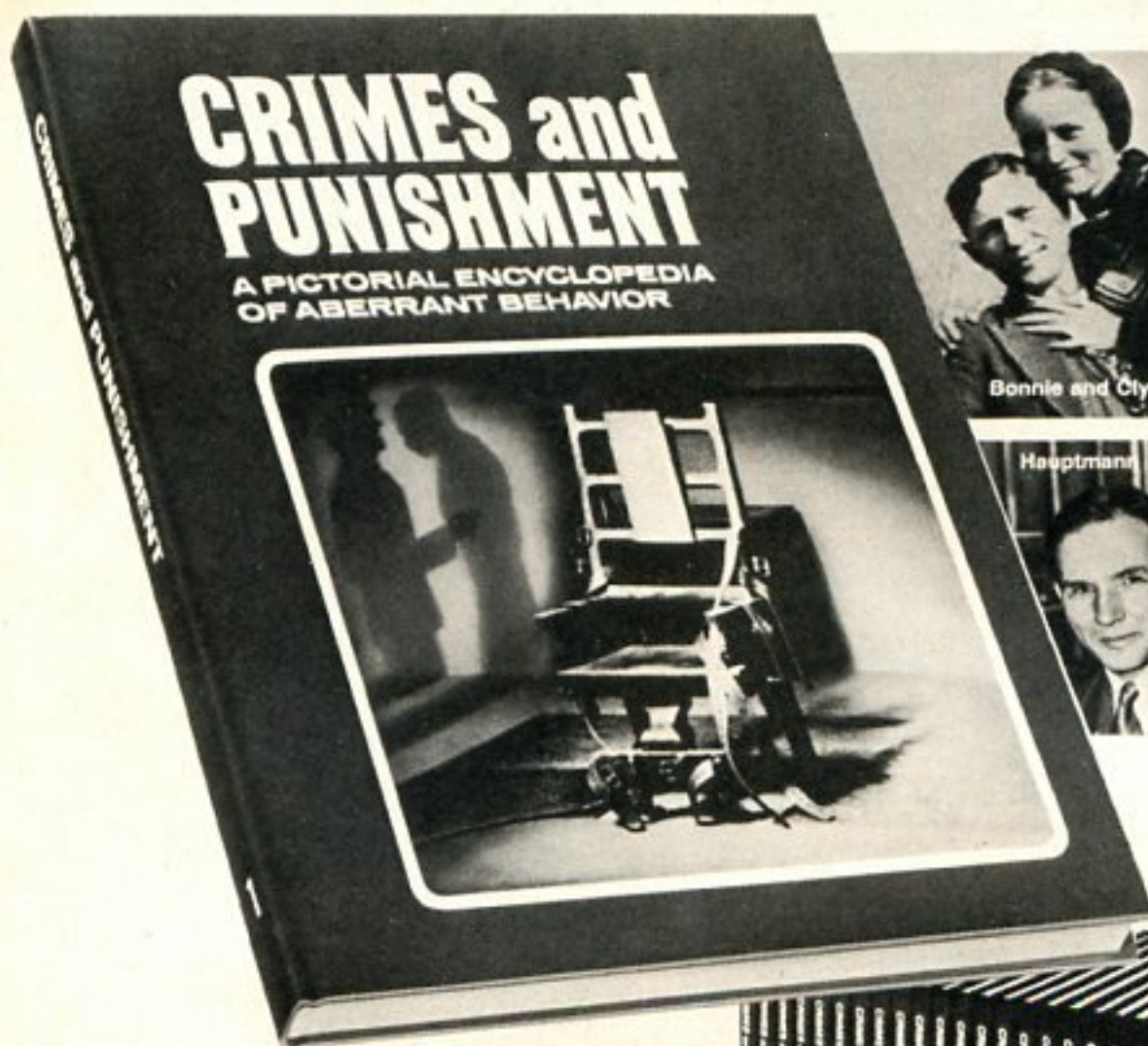


on a daily, weekly or monthly basis—for the following: full recreational facilities such as swimming boating, all outdoor games; room and three meals a day; sex at any time of the day or night with any available girl. This is not a low cost vacation but single swingers feel if they ever are going to bust their budgets, this is the way to do it. Look for a further report in STAG on how the first call girl nudist colony made it over the summer.

One of the Most Shocking and
Candid Books Ever Written is Vol.1 of
CRIMES and PUNISHMENT

YOURS FREE!

A \$3.98 VALUE!



144 glossy pages . . . over
100 incredible photographs
Measures A BIG 8½" x 10¾"

The FIRST Pictorial Encyclopedia of Aberrant Behavior

*A startling look at the world through the eyes of
rapists, mass murderers, kidnapers, con men and the
super-cops who bring them to justice!*

Now, through a unique and reasonably priced new 20-volume series, you can learn about crime from the inside—from the grifters, perverts and hit-men, as well as from the police, lawyers and scientists who have dedicated their lives to justice. And the first extraordinary volume is yours FREE of charge!

CRIMES AND PUNISHMENT is a vital social document of unprecedented importance. Each volume is so much more compelling than anything you have ever read about crime before that you will want to read every book from cover to cover. However, you are not obligated to purchase any volume. You may cancel your subscription at any time just by writing to us.

The distinguished editors of this encyclopedia have compiled a wealth of information—much of which is published here for the first time. You'll read the true accounts of the most notorious crimes of all—the Sharon Tate murder case, the Lindbergh kidnapping, the axing of Leon Trotsky, the sadistic crimes of mass murderer Peter Kurten. All in all there are nearly 3000 gripping pages, more than 2000 incredible photographs.

Each volume highlights the great crimes, the great trials, the history of criminology, and includes an encyclopedic section which is part of a comprehensive 20-volume "A" to "Z" of crime. Throughout, the emphasis is on you . . . how you are affected by crime . . . what you can do to protect yourself . . . how science and the law work to preserve your life and liberty.

Complete and return the Free Book Certificate on the opposite page to receive your FREE copy of volume 1. It may very well prove to be the most fascinating book you have ever read on any subject!

**NO OBLIGATION TO BUY
ANY BOOKS AT ANY TIME**



Bonnie and Clyde



Charles Manson



John Dillinger



Hauptmann



The Ku Klux Klan

HERE ARE SOME OF THE ASTONISHING ENTRIES IN YOUR FREE VOLUME . . .

The Granite Woman And The Putty Man
Brady And Hindley—The Murderers Of The Moors
Bluebeard
Lady-killer Neville Heath
The Lindbergh Kidnapping
The Peugeot Kidnapping
The Beginnings Of Criminology
Ex-Criminals As Detectives
Fingerprinting
Blood Tests And Ballistics
The Birdman Of Alcatraz
Eugene Aram—18th Century Scholar-Murderer
The Assassination Of President Lincoln
The Real Bonnie And Clyde
AVAILABLE ONLY BY MAIL!

Send No Money—Detach And Mail This Coupon Today!

FREE BOOK CERTIFICATE

MAIL TO: **LS** THE SYMPHONETTE PRESS
A Service of Longines-Wittnauer, Inc.
6 Commercial Street
Hicksville, New York 11801

YES! Send me Volume 1 of the 20-volume CRIMES AND PUNISHMENT encyclopedia as a FREE gift, with no obligation to buy anything.

As a subscriber I will be notified in advance of all future shipments, and I may reject any shipment or cancel my subscription, simply by notifying you before the shipment date on the invoice accompanying my advance shipment notice. If I am not completely delighted with any volume after 10-day FREE examination, I may return it at your expense and owe nothing.

If you do not hear from me after I have received my FREE volume, I understand that you will send Volume 2 the next month, Volume 3 the following month, and the remaining volumes the month after that. I will be billed only for those volumes I decide to keep, at the rate of one volume per month at the low price of \$3.98 per volume, plus shipping, processing and applicable sales tax. I may cancel at any time by writing to you.

☐ Mr.
☐ Mrs.
☐ Miss (please print clearly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____

215



"Pimp Patrol"

Continued from page 13

to search all over town for Slater: We knew where we'd find him—on "Peacock Lane."

"Peacock Lane" is a three-block stretch where the Macs hang out. It's sort of like the Stock Exchange of the prostitution trade, where people in the sex business flock every night to catch up on the latest gossip, compare notes, swap information.

Saturday night, pimps were overflowing the sidewalks, strutting up and down dressed to kill. I was cruising in a blue Dodge, Kathy beside me, searching for Slater. After an hour of surveillance, she spotted him entering Woody's Oasis.

"He's not going to be easy," she observed as I pulled up to the curb. "He's with Jimmy Denver."

Denver was an ex-heavyweight boxer who served as Slater's bodyguard. An old man at thirty, his brains were scrambled from too many punches in the ring, and he had a temper as unstable as nitro. I told Kathy to call for a backup team, in case there was trouble.

"Don't get yourself killed on our last day," she said.

Right. I had forgotten that this was our last day on the vice squad. After my two-week vacation, I would be transferred to homicide, while Kathy was assigned to head up the new rape division that was being formed. I gave her a peck on the cheek, stepped into the street.

Woody's was packed wall to wall, the bartenders scurrying back and forth like rats trapped in the hold of a sinking ship. Conversation had become shouts as the customers struggled to be heard above the jukebox blaring out a Motown song.

It took a few seconds for my eyes to become accustomed to the dim light. Then I recognized Slater and Denver sitting alone in one of the back booths. I shouldered my way to their table and joined them. They seemed surprised to see me. Denver whisked his hands under the table, but not before I caught a glimpse of his battered knuckles.

"Hurt yourself, Big Man?"

He squirmed, but only a little. "You know how it goes. Still do a little on the heavy bag in the gym."

"That bag have a picture of Doris Haley on it?" I was talking to Denver, but my eyes were on Slater.

The pimp pouted and looked up at the ceiling. "Yeah. Heard somebody did a job on her. That guy ought to get put away."

It took the warrant from my coat pocket, put it on the table, and slid it to him. "This paper says you did it."

The pimp and his bodyguard exchanged looks. Slater took off his wide-brimmed hat, mopped his forehead with a napkin, and fingered the hat band. "She came at me with a knife. Denver had to stop her from killing me. It was self-defence. Denver's my witness."

That was when I slugged him. Not because I was angry but because of what his fingers were doing. They were feeling behind the hat band—a pimp's favorite hiding place for the single-edged razor blade each one carries.

Blood spurted from his mouth and splattered my raincoat. I reached across, grabbed his blue satin shirt and yanked down. His nose crunched as it made contact with the formica table top.

Denver's lumbering brain was slow to

react, but when it did, he was like a wounded bear. He shot a right at me, which I was only partially able to dodge because I was still sitting. His fist grazed the side of my head and set my ears ringing. He reared up to follow through. I jammed the table into his midsection, jumped to my feet and went for my .38. I had it halfway out of the holster when I stopped. There were too many spectators, and an accidental shooting of an innocent bystander—even if he was a pimp—would look crummy on my record.

The delay gave Denver enough time to catch his second wind. He grabbed the table like it was cardboard, hoisted it above his head and hurled it at me. I ducked, then straightened to meet his charge.

Now I know what a naked bullfighter feels like when he's facing an enraged animal. I swung, putting every ounce of my 170 pounds behind a shot to Denver's solar plexus and it bounced off after meeting muscle the consistency of a truck tire. Denver then reached his massive arms for me, ignoring the blows I connected to his face, and gathered me to him pinning my arms to my sides.

He squeezed.

It was like being trapped in a human metal press. I felt my rib cage slowly giving way and tried battering him with my forehead. If he felt it, it didn't make him loosen his grip.

I sank my teeth into the flesh on the side of his face and bit for all I was worth. He yelled, and dropped me to the floor.

I started backing for the door, praying that the support team that Kathy'd requested over the radio would arrive there before Denver got to me again.

I never did make it. The solid press of on-lookers in the bar blocked my way.

Denver closed for the kill. He threw two jabs my way. I managed to block them, but each blow sent shocks of pain up my arms. He crouched and came in and it was then I decided to use my gun, and the hell with a stray bullet hitting one of the customers.

One of them shouted, "Kill the Pig."



Denver!", and the others threw in their own comments. Denver took his attention off me for a second and stopped in the middle of his shuffle to acknowledge his admirers. It was all I needed. Making like a place-kicker on a football team, my shoe sank into his groin. He groined, roared, doubled over and wretched. I swiped up a beer bottle from one of the tables and shattered it over his scalp. He went down.

Slowly the macs filtered out of Peacock. The show was over and in a couple of minutes the place would be crawling with cops. Kathy came in and dabbed at in my eyebrow with a vodka-soaked bar rag. I alternately cursed the stinging, and the backup team that was taking it's own sweet time arriving.

Kathy was always making apologies for the force. "It's Saturday night. You know how traffic is."

I mumbled something about what they could do with Saturday night. Kathy said she'd rather do it with me.

I looked at my watch. It was almost 12:30 A.M. I'd been officially off duty—and off the vice squad—for nearly a half hour. I pinched the vodka bottle out of her hand, raised it to the ceiling, toasted, "Here's to the 'Pimp Patrol!' There'll never be another one like it!", tilted the bottle to my lips and drank a quarter of its contents.

Kathy laughed, kissed my cheek and whispered, "Thanks, Ed. It's been three years I'll never forget." There were tears in her eyes. There were tears in mine, also. Those bastards at City Hall were breaking up a partnership that, from the moment it was born, was inevitably destined to be called "Pimp Patrol." It was a title Kathy and I wore with pride.

If ever a partnership had a crazy reason for being formed, it was the "Pimp Patrol." It's date of birth was February, 1971. I had been working Narcotics, and had just passed my Sergeant's exam. When the Captain called me into his office, I was expecting congratulations. Instead, he ordered me to appear at the Deputy Mayor's office in an hour. "Don't ask questions. You'll find out why when you get there." His parting goodbye didn't exactly put me at ease. He sounded like he was bidding farewell to a lamb being led to the slaughter.

The patrol car that deposited me at City Hall dropped me right in the middle of a picket line. Neither the driver, nor I, moved from our seats. We sat in our places, stunned beyond believability. More than 100 prostitutes, bearing signs reading, "Save Us From The Pimps", "Hooker Power", and the one that really got me, "An Honest Minute's Pay For An Honest Minute's Lay!", were pacing the front of the building. The cops on picket-line duty looked dumbfounded.

The Deputy Mayor was standing with his back to me, staring out the window and down at the marching whores, when I entered. He motioned me to a chair, and collapsed into his own behind a desk. Deep worry lines creased his young features. I felt that the demonstration outside had something to do with his harassed condition. I also felt that it had something to do with me being there.

"Miss McDowell's here." An intercom broke the silence that hung heavy in the air.

"Send her in," the Deputy Mayor muttered.

And I got my first glimpse at my future partner, although I didn't know just then. She was tall, and even the severe policewoman's uniform she was wearing couldn't hide a truly dynamite body. She brushed away a strand of black hair which fell across her eyes, and inspected me. I was hoping I'd

(Continued on page 66)



MUSTANG - \$110
Emerald cut synthetic Birthstone
2 diamonds. 10k yellow gold
\$10 Twice Monthly
11 pmts. \$10 ea.
FOR 5½ MOS.



**MAN'S 2 DIAMONDS
ZODIAC RING - \$120**
10k yellow gold with Black
Enamel. Give birth date
\$10 Twice Monthly
12 pmts. \$10 ea.
FOR 6 MOS.



ADVENTURE - \$180
Massive two-tone gold setting
for fiery solitaire. 14k
\$15 Twice Monthly
12 pmts. \$15 ea.
FOR 6 MOS.



GEMINI - \$165
Diamond solitaire with
initial. 14k gold.
\$15 Twice Monthly.
11 pmts. \$15 ea.
5½ Months To Pay



CHAMPION - \$130
Jet Onyx with diamond and
initial. 10k yellow gold
\$10 Twice Monthly
13 pmts. \$10 ea.
FOR 6½ MOS.



CAPRICORN - \$240
7 diamonds with Linde Synthetic
Star sapphire. Red or Blue 14k
\$20 Twice Monthly
12 pmts. \$20 ea.
FOR 6 MOS.

EMBLEM RINGS FOR ALL SERVICES

Vietnam Army and Marines
Navv - Marines - Air Force
Army - Army Airborne -
Heavy 10k gold.



\$180
\$15 Twice Monthly
SYNTHETIC FACETED BIRTHSTONE
12 pmts. \$15 ea. FOR 6 MOS.



\$210
\$15 Twice Monthly
DIAMOND in 10k white gold plate
14 pmts. \$15 ea. FOR 7 MOS.



\$210
\$15 Twice Monthly
DIAMOND on synthetic Birthstone
14 pmts. \$15 ea.
FOR 7 MOS.



\$320
\$20 Twice Monthly
6½ Ct. LINDE Synthetic Star.
Red, Mint Green,
Blue, Black, Purple
16 pmts. \$20 ea. FOR 8 MOS.



AVENGER - \$300
6 blazing diamonds in lightning
bolt design. 10k yellow gold.
\$20 Twice Monthly
15 pmts. \$20 ea.
FOR 7½ MOS.

MARK JEWELERS

9041 WEST PICO BOULEVARD, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90035

30 Years Service To Military Personnel

SEND NO MONEY 15 DAY APPROVAL

100% GUARANTEE

NO INTEREST—NO EXTRA CHARGES

CASH PRICE AND DEFERRED PAYMENT PRICE ARE THE SAME



YOUNG LOVERS - \$150
6 diamonds in sculptured
14k heart design.
\$10 Twice Monthly
15 pmts. \$10 ea.
FOR 7½ MOS.



DIVINE LOVE - \$280
Diamond solitaire with fitted
14k. wedding band.
\$20 Twice Monthly
14 pmts. \$20 ea.
FOR 7 MOS.



ANITA - \$360
Marquise diamond with 4 diamond
wedding band 14k
\$20 Twice Monthly
18 pmts. \$20 ea.
FOR 9 MOS.



LOVE'S GLORY - \$225
17 sparkling diamond cluster
for bridal beauty. 14k
\$15 Twice Monthly
15 pmts. \$15 ea.
FOR 7½ MOS.



HEAVENLY LOVE - \$400
12 fiery diamonds. Lovely swirl
14k gold design.
\$20 Twice Monthly
20 pmts. \$20 ea.
FOR 10 MOS.



LOHENGRIN
\$120 ea. 14k
6 diamonds in each.
\$10 Twice Monthly
12 pmts. \$10 ea.
FOR 6 MOS.



HONEYMOON
- \$90 ea.
Extra rich and heavy
looking. 14k
\$10 Twice Monthly
9 pmts. \$10 ea.
FOR 4½ MOS.



PARADISE - \$260
11 diamonds in trio of
14k gold rings
\$20 Twice Monthly
13 pmts. \$20 ea.
FOR 6½ MOS.



NOCTURNE - \$280
17 diamonds in lovely 14k gold
settings.
\$20 Twice Monthly
14 pmts. \$20 ea.
FOR 7 MOS.



HEARTHROB
\$60
Diamond set
in 14k white
gold sculptured
heart pendant
\$5 Twice Monthly
12 pmts. \$5 ea.
FOR 6 MOS.



MELINDA
- \$80
Diamond or Ruby
in center of cross.
14k nugget gold.
\$10 Twice Monthly
8 pmts. \$10 ea.
FOR 4 MOS.

Full color catalog on request

illustrations slightly enlarged to show detail

MARK JEWELERS — 9041 W. Pico Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90035

Send me (item) _____ Price \$ _____

For Zodiacs give birth date

☐ Yellow (HERS) _____ BIRTHDAY _____

☐ White Size (HIS) _____ Color of Stone _____ Initial _____

PRINT NAME _____ RANK _____

MILITARY ADDRESS _____
(Full unit or squadron)

APO or CITY _____ ZIP _____

ENLISTMENT ENDS _____ CM-8

SOCIAL SECURITY NO. _____

HOME ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

SIGNATURE _____

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED—otherwise return merchandise by insured mail
Merchandise shown in white or yellow gold unless otherwise indicated.

15
14
13
12
11
10
9
8
7
6
5
4
3
2
1
Average Ladies'—6 Men's—9
RING SIZE

pass her examination.

The Deputy Mayor cleared his throat. "Ed Cooke . . . Sergeant Cooke . . . I'd like to introduce policewoman Kathy McDowell. From now on, you're going to be partners in a rather unprecedented experiment."

I found my voice. "If it's got anything to do with those stupid whores outside, I'm resigning from the experiment."

Kathy bolted out of her chair. "They're not stupid! And they don't deserve being spoken about like animals! They're human beings. They're asking the police department for help, and they are going to get it! Listen to what I have to say. Afterwards, if you want to leave, you can. But at least give me a chance to explain."

In spite of the March of the Harlots downstairs, their story was not a funny one. Although most of the prostitutes who toil for pimps do so willingly—out of some deep-seated masochism, or love—many are forced to shell over all of their earnings out of naked fear. The girls have threats of beatings, mutilation, or exposure to their parents back home hanging over their heads. "If only someone from the police department could reach them, talk to them, assure them of protection, we could get them to testify against these pimps in court."

I was beginning to get the gist of Kathy's brainchild. "Only a john, or another prostitute can do that."

Kathy waved me off. "You don't understand. Up till now, the girls wouldn't cooperate because all the undercover work has been directed at the prostitutes, themselves—not the pimps! We've got to convince the girls that our aim is not to put them but the pimps out of business. Only then can we get the evidence we need to get rid of the really badass dudes."

I looked at the man who called the meeting. "Is that what the Mayor really wants; to get rid of the pimps?"

He assured me it was. But there was an added reason for the Mayor's concern. Many officials high up in his administration, and "respectable" community and business leaders who, at one time or another had visited certain prostitutes, were being blackmailed by their pimps.

"And of course, you'll want us to destroy any evidence about their . . . ah . . . indiscretions we might find."

The Deputy Mayor looked uncomfortable. Something told me there was a good chance we'd find his picture among the evidence.

What could I say? My city beckoned to me. My sense of chivalry demanded it of me. Sir Ed Cooke was going to mount his gallant steed and sally forth to do battle with the pimps of the street.

Only one question remained to be answered. "Why me?"

The Deputy Mayor pulled a file from his desk. "Your record. You graduated in the top five percent at the Academy. You've got brains and you can talk. Add to that your undercover experience in Narcotics, posing as a junkie and I'd say you were tailor-made. Also because of your undercover work, you've never appeared in court, so nobody will recognize you as a cop."

We went through a one-week cram course about the pimp racket at the vice squad, and were sent out on our own. Our method of operation was simple. Kathy would dress up like a prostitute and hang out where they hung out—usually in uptown bars. She'd keep her ears open, and listen to the girls' conversation. It was only a matter of time before one of them started talking about her pimp, and the others would pick up on the subject.

Most of the girls were genuinely in love with their guys, and would do anything for

them. But once in a while she'd hear that So-And-So was keeping So-And-So in line with muscle. "God, you should have seen her last night. If my man ever did that to my face, I'd kill him."

Kathy would relay the information to me; where I'd find the prostitute, and who her pimp was. Then I'd go into my john act. Like the first time.

I was told that Blowtorch's pimp was really roughing her up. A week before he'd sent her to the hospital, and the day she got out he pushed her onto the street.

I put on my stockbroker's suit, and wandered into the Party-Time Lounge where she worked. Kathy had supplied me with her description, but even so, I'd have recognized her the minute I came in. Flaming red hair flowing over her shoulders, she was sitting on a bar stool, and slid over to the one next to mine as soon as I ordered a drink. She smiled and got down to business right away.

"You've never been here before, have you?" she asked.

I shook my head and sipped my martini. "Usually I'm on the commuter train at this time. But the wife and kids are visiting her mother, so . . ."

" . . . so you're looking for a good time. You won't find it here."

"I bet I'll find it in your apartment. . . ."

She smiled.

Her apartment was in a luxury high-rise in one of the better neighborhoods. Surprisingly, it was very expensively furnished. While I made myself comfortable on the sofa, she mixed me a drink.

While I was waiting for it, a couple came out of one of two bedrooms. He was middle-aged, and was putting the finishing touches to his tie knot. She was petite, very cute, and was wearing a dress whose neckline plunged almost to her navel.

Still sticking to my first-time-as-a john act, I shifted nervously on the cushions as Blowtorch introduced me. He must have been a regular, for he never showed signs of being embarrassed. They left immediately; he probably for home and the wife, she for the nearest pickup bar. (This is how most pimps are able to afford such an apartment and furnishings. Blowtorch's had six girls working for him. The place was a 24-hour bordello, with two girls working 8-hour shifts. He must have been taking in a fortune).

Now that we were alone, Blowtorch slipped next to me. Her mouth found mine and as her tongue played with the inside of my mouth, her free hand found my zipper, undid it, and slowly started to work on me.



This girl was really a pro. She knew all the tricks of making men come in a hurry. And the faster she did it, the quicker the turnover. The quicker the turnover, the more money she made.

I got up and led her to one of the bedrooms. Everything about it was built for sex. The ceiling and three walls surrounding the bed were mirrored. On the opposite wall was a huge oil painting depicting a Roman orgy—for inspiration.

I sat on the edge of the mattress, and peeled down her dress, kissing every inch of her. She moaned, and flung herself on top of me, tearing at my clothes. I rolled over and covered her body with mine and she guided me into her. Her moistness told me she wasn't faking her passion.

Afterwards, we lay back on the limp sheets. I cuddled her tenderly, kissed the nape of her neck, then rolled her over to get at her back. That's when I saw them: She had tried to cover the black-and-blue marks with body makeup, but our lovemaking had rubbed most of it away. I touched one of the bruises gingerly. She winced.

"Who the hell did that?"

"Some john who got a little rough," she lied.

I didn't want to force the issue. I let it ride, and promised her I'd see her the next night. I left \$25 on her dresser.

I saw Blowtorch every night for a week, as a paying customer. She began trusting me, confiding to me. Her story was a typical one. Her real name was Joan and she had come to the city from a small town in Ohio, hoping to make it as a model. She'd landed a few jobs, but not enough to make ends meet. Out of desperation, she answered an ad in an underground paper for a part in a porno movie. The money was more than she'd seen in over a year.

The "producer" told her how she could make more: turning tricks. Not that he put it that way at first. Then it was the old line about " . . . I have some friends. . . ."

The first week, everything went fine. After that, it was all downhill, with the pimp taking a bigger and bigger cut of her earnings. When Joan threatened to quit, he produced a batch of photographs which he promised to send to her folks if she left him. Her father, who had a heart condition, would certainly die if he saw them. Joan was hooked.

A month before I met her, Joan's parents were killed in an auto crash. The pimp's hold over her was broken. Her parents, however, died penniless. She had no place to go. She had no money to get out on her own. When she tried hoarding her tips so she could save enough to get out of town, the pimp discovered it, and beat her. It was that beating which sent her to the hospital. He promised her there was more to come, if she tried to run away. He'd find her and mark her face for life so no man would ever look at her again. The poor girl was frightened out of her wits.

It was after I had gotten all the facts, that I revealed myself to her as a cop. "Press charges, give testimony," I urged her. "I swear, he'll never touch you again."

I called Kathy for added persuasion. That did the trick. My partner was able to convince Joan that it was the pimp, not her, we were after. The D.A. promised Joan immunity from prosecution. The pimp got five years for violating Joan's civil rights, procuring, and assault.

The stiffest sentence ever meted out to a pimp we collared, was life, with no hope for parole. For added to the procuring conviction, was dope pushing, enslavement, impairing the morals of minors, attempted murder, and assaulting a police officer with

(Continued on page 68)

"I lost 3 inches off my waist...15 pounds of excess weight and shaped up - in 14 Days!"

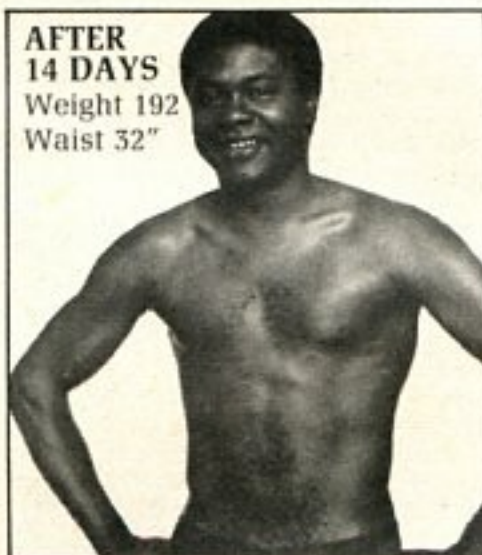
The results have shocked and surprised all my friends and family!"

"One 5-minute exercise, twice daily, lying on my back, without giving up the foods I love...Did It!"



BEFORE
Weight 207
Waist 35"

Willie, age 30, overweight, 207 lbs., with a 35" waist, was tired, lacked confidence, before starting Plan.



AFTER 14 DAYS
Weight 192
Waist 32"

AFTER 14 INCREDIBLE DAYS —
Shaped up, vigorous and looking years younger—Fast Enough!



PHOTOS GUARANTEED UNRETOUCHED

Here's Willie's Story in His Own Words:

"I lost this weight without giving up the foods I like. I followed simple instructions that came with the Body Shaper. The results of this program have not only reduced my weight and measurements, but also increased my confidence and given me a new feeling of vitality. My present weight is the least I have weighed since I was sixteen years of age. The results have shocked and surprised all of my friends and family."

YOU TOO CAN SEE AND FEEL RESULTS — IN JUST 3 DAYS!

WHAT IS THIS INGENIOUS PLAN?

The Weider "5" Minute Body Shaper plan is based on doing ONE CONTINUOUS RHYTHMIC CO-ORDINATED EXERCISE while still eating the foods you like. That's all you do! This one five-minute exercise is designed to attack the Waist and Hips (where fat accumulates quickest, giving your body a flabby, weak and distorted look) — as well as burn off excess body fat fast by speeding up your metabolism, burning up stored calories and releasing excess water—while reshaping your chest, abdomen, firming up your legs and arms — your total body!

It's safer than strenuous workouts, beats the time consumption and dangers of gym workouts...or any other vigorous sport.

The unit weighs about 16 oz. and fits any wallet-sized case. You can carry it and use it wherever there's floor space — anytime. Even while watching television.

WHAT COMES OFF IN 14 DAYS?

Individual results vary, but during an average 14 day period, you can expect to lose up to four inches from your waistline and up to ten pounds off your present weight. It strengthens your heart and lungs, increases stamina and endurance, improves your digestive function and general health. IT TOUGHENS YOU UP. For a "5-Minute Exerciser" — it sure does a lot!

WHAT SATISFIED CUSTOMERS SAY:

"I lost 18 lbs. and 4½" off my waist in 14 days," R. Mathews • "I lost 13 lbs. and 4" off my waist in 14 days," M. Harvey • "I lost 15 lbs. and 2½" off my waist in 14 days," P. Boyd • "I lost 10½ lbs. and 3" off my waist in 14 days," M. Pearson • "I lost 15 lbs. and 5" off my waist in 14 days," L. Heathcock • "I lost 11 lbs. and 4½" off my waist in 14 days," R. Peetrich • "I lost 13 lbs. and 2½" off my waist in 14 days," R. Vaderity • "I lost 9 lbs. and 3" off my waist in 14 days," J.

Patent Pending. Copyright Joe Weider, 1974

Miniford • "I lost 14 lbs. and 3½" off my waist in 14 days," M. Reed.

Results vary depending on how much overweight you are and how much time you give to the Plan. These pupils have given from 5 to 15 minutes twice daily to our one simple exercise, lying on their backs in comfort, some while watching TV—so their impressive results naturally vary. The above sampling of our hundreds of thousands of students proves that you, too, can make sensational gains. Results are guaranteed!

WHAT THE EXPERTS SAY:

Medical Doctors, Chiropractors, Osteopaths, Athletic Coaches...agree it's the most successful Waistline-Weight Reducer and Shaping Up Plan ever invented!

*EXPOSING EFFORTLESS EXERCISERS

Reader's Digest (Sept. 1971), New York Times and Good Housekeeping, among others, exposed sauna wraps, inflated belts, weighted belts and effortless exercisers as frauds. Scientific researchers, medical and fitness experts all agree...there is only one way to firm, shape and trim up your body... you must work the inches off!

MONEY BACK OFFER

Because this isn't a "gimmick" plan — and you have been fooled in the past by "effortless exercisers" — I make you this UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE: "GET IT OFF FAST" — and see measurable and firming results in three days or return the exerciser for a full 100% refund! Proven

'5' MINUTE BODY SHAPER

We Care About The Shape You're In — DON'T YOU?

IN CANADA: "5" Minute Body Shaper Plan, 2875 Bates Road, Montreal, Quebec.

results are already verified. The guarantee is in writing. Now, can you think of a reason for not ordering your "5-Minute Total Body Shaper?"

FREE TRIAL OFFER

See your exciting new body begin to take shape in 3 days or every penny back!

SEND TODAY

Weight just 16 oz.

SEND TODAY Complete Kit Only \$9.95

JOSEPH WEIDER Dept. AB/T,
"5" MINUTE BODY SHAPER PLAN
21100 Erwin St., Woodland Hills, Ca. 91364

I want to get into condition and shape up! Prove it to me at your expense that in just 3 days I can feel great all over, and start seeing my figure shaping up or every penny back. Rush me the "5" Minute Total Body Shaper and Slimming Course that does it—in plain wrapper!

☐ I enclose \$9.95 for the above, plus \$1.00 for shipping and handling. ☐ SAVE! Order TWO for only \$17.95 plus \$1.00 for shipping and handling. (No C.O.D.'s please). Enclosed is ☐ check or ☐ money order for \$..... California residents add 5% sales tax.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....
STATE.....ZIP.....
(Please print clearly)

FREE FACTS
mail coupon

on how to become a
GAME WARDEN
Gov't Hunter • Forestry
Aid • Fish-Wildlife Mgr.
or Technician Type
Positions that require
less formal education*

**APPROVED
G.I.
VETERANS**

• PROTECT
FORESTS &
WILDLIFE
• ARREST
VIOLATORS

Don't be chained to office
desk, store counter or fac-
tory machine. Easy home-
study plan prepares you
now for outdoor man's
dream job in Forestry &
Wildlife Conservation and
Ecology. Get the facts.
Live the life you love.
Mail coupon today!

Badges shown are simulated.

**OPPORTUNITIES
IN YOUR STATE?**
Although we do not guarantee
employment, we show you how
to seek out opportunities coast-
to-coast. Conservation
employers can be very selective
as they receive more applica-
tions than there are jobs.
Since education and training re-
quirements vary from state to state, certain
job titles may not be available to those
without college training or job experi-
ence. Our graduates are working right
now in outdoor positions in almost every
state.

HEALTHFUL OUTDOOR LIFE Hard
muscles, bronzed skin and vibrant good
health are extra rewards of outdoor
living. Sleep under pines. Catch break-
fast from icy streams. Feel and look
like a million!

Thrills & Adventure
Many Forestry and Wildlife
men hunt mountain lions —
parachute from planes to
help marooned animals or
save life of injured campers
— protect forests — arrest
game violators. Adventure
public service, good pay.
Rush coupon today!

Accredited Member
Nat'l Home Study Council.

FREE! 3 GUIDES!
Each jam-packed with exciting
Conservation Career Facts! Rush
coupon today!

VACATION JOBS FOR STUDENTS
No experience or preparation needed
for vacation jobs in Parks, Forests, Va-
cation Resorts. Many accepting Appli-
cations now. Rush coupon today!

**ALL 3
FREE
MAIL
COUPON**

North American School of Conservation, Dept. LC064,
(A Correspondence Institution) 4500 Campus Drive,
University Plaza, Newport Beach, California 92663
Rush 28-page Fact Book on exciting Conservation Career, "JOBS FOR
SPORTSMEN — How & Where to Get Them" & 3-mo. subscription to
"Conservation Topics" — ALL FREE!

NAME _____ AGE _____
STREET _____
TOWN _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
☐ CHECK HERE FOR INFORMATION ON G.I. BENEFITS

SECOND CHANCE FOR HIGH SCHOOL DROPOUTS

A high school diploma means a lot today
— in prestige and IN CASH! It can be
your key to:

- More prestige
- A better job, higher pay
- Greater social opportunities

U.S. government figures show the aver-
age high school graduate earns \$94,000
more in a lifetime than the person who
didn't finish high school.

← BOTH FREE
If you're over 17,
clip coupon below
for Wayne's booklet
on how to finish high
school at home, plus
Government booklet
with advice for drop-
outs. There's no
obligation. Mail to-
day.

WAYNE SCHOOL A leader in home study
417 S. Dearborn, Dept. 56-017, Chicago, Ill. 60605

Rush FREE booklet on finishing high school
at home, also free Government booklet. No
obligation, of course.

Print
Name _____ Age _____
Address _____ Apt. No. _____
☒ City &
☒ State _____ Zip _____

(Continued from page 66)

a deadly weapon. The recipient of the sen-
tence was Ken Driscoll, and a meaner, more
vicious pimp never walked the street.

As usual, Kathy first got word of Dris-
coll's racket in a bar. Some prostitutes were
complaining about some of their clients
being drawn away to a house where only
teen-agers were used. "Jesus, those kids will
do anything a john asks for! Stuff even I
wouldn't touch with a ten-foot pole. There's
only one way that bastard Driscoll can get
those teeny-boppers to do what they do:
He's hooking 'em on dope."

It took almost a month before Kathy was
able to reconstruct the way Driscoll operat-
ed.

He hung out at the out-of-town bus termi-
nal all day, keeping an eye on the arrivals
gate. Because of the relatively cheap fares
that the lines charge, most runaway
teenagers use them to flee to the city. When
Driscoll spotted a good-looking girl, he man-
aged to meet her, bought her a welcome
meal, and offered her the use of his pad
until she found a place of her own. His man-
ner was smooth, designed to win the com-
plete trust of the girl. Nine out of ten times,
she took up his offer of help.

Once in his place, Driscoll slipped sleep-
ing pills into the girl's drink. While she was
out, he administered doses of heroin in in-
creasing amounts. For more than a week the
girl was kept under sedation until she was
addicted. Afterwards, there was only one
way to feed her habit: By hooking for Dris-
coll.

When the Captain heard the story, he al-
most hit the roof. "Nail the son of a bitch,"
he growled. "Nail him hard." Since all of
the girls depended on Driscoll for their daily
doses, we knew there was no chance of any
of them testifying against him. To get him,
we had to catch him in the act of adminis-
tering a shot.

"How do you think you'd look as a
pimp?" the Captain asked me.

The next day, "Bad Ass" Cooke showed
up at the bus terminal, dressed to kill. A
beautiful, sweet, young runaway got off a
bus. Driscoll and I made straight for her. I
got to her first.

The pimp shot a menacing look at me and
sulked away. I took the girl into a coffee
shop, bought her a Coke, thanked her and
put her into a cab. She was a very young-
looking policewoman.

The day after that, the same scene was
repeated, with a different policewoman.
And the day after that, and the day after
that. Driscoll was getting competition, and
he didn't like it.

At the end of the week, he approached me
at the waiting gate. "Hey, man. No use the
two of us cutting each other's throat."

I gave him a look that told him I wasn't
interested in what he had to say. But Dris-
coll was a persistent bastard. And he was a
fantastic salesman. No wonder so many girls
had fallen for his spiel. In an hour, I had
him convinced that I was ready to throw in
with him. "But I gotta see your set up,
man."

He took me to a three-story house in a
working-class section of town. We entered a
sitting room off the front entrance. A half
dozen kids, none of them over 17, were
lounging around in bras and panties. Each
had the far-off look of a person high on
drugs. I'd seen the look before, when I
worked narcotics.

Driscoll explained his operation. It was
just as Kathy had told me.

The following day, I delivered my con-
tribution to the partnership to the house.
Driscoll was pleased. Her name was Irene,
and she was a fantastic-looking girl who had
"just stepped off" the bus from out of town.
Driscoll made her a drink. I mixed my own,

then sat next to Irene. I told her about all
the exciting things she'll find in the city,
then got up, put my arm around Driscoll's
shoulders and drew him aside.

"When are you going to shoot her up?"

"As soon as she nods. I put enough drops
in her drink to send her to sleep in . . ." he
glanced at his watch, ". . . about 10 min-
utes."

She'd drop off, alright, but not to dream-
land. She was another undercover policewo-
man, and we'd planned beforehand that
she'd switch her drink with mine when I
diverted Driscoll's attention.

We turned back to Irene. She was a great
actress. Her head nodded, as she started to
drift off. Her eyelids drooped, then opened,
then drooped again. Finally, the glass
dropped from her hand and she plopped her
head on my shoulder.

Driscoll smiled. He picked her up and
carried her to a bedroom. I followed. With
his back to me, he laid her on the bed, and
prepared to inject into Irene's arm. I pho-
tographed the whole procedure with a mini-
ature camera which I had kept in my pock-
et. When the syringe was only inches from
Irene's skin, I knocked it from his hand and
announced that he was under arrest. Irene
sat up. Driscoll swung around to face me. I
showed him the camera.

"You got everything?" he asked.

I nodded.

Driscoll rammed his elbow into my gut. I
fell against the door post and banged the
back of my head. Then he ran for the stair-
case, bounded up the steps. I raced after
him, and gained the second landing just as
the door at the far end of the hallway
slammed. I tried the knob. It was locked.
Shots rang out. The wood in front of my
face splintered as bullets passed through,
each one missing me by inches. I threw my-
self against the near wall.

From inside the room, I heard the sound
of a window being opened, then more shots.
Irene was covering the back. We had Driscoll
trapped.

I kicked at the lock. It gave way, and the
door swung open. Two more shots passed
from the room, the bullets imbedding in the
opposite wall of the hallway. I dove into the
room, landed on the floor and rolled to the
side. Then I froze. Driscoll hadn't fired, as I
anticipated he would. He waited till I was
inside, and had me squarely in his sights.
"Don't move, cop. I'd hate to kill you.
You're my out." He turned to the window
and shouted down to Irene, "I've got your
friend here! Back off or I'll drop him!"

I got to my feet slowly, my arms stretched
out to show him I wasn't armed. Now, one
of my hands was above a dresser. I moved it
back more, swiping a bottle of aftershave lo-
tion off the top, and threw myself in the op-
posite direction. His instincts reacted natu-
rally. He shot at the first sound—the bottle
falling to the floor. He corrected his mis-
take, but he had spent his last bullet.

Then I went at him, the image of those
doped-up teenagers I had seen the day be-
fore fresh in my mind. I must have rained a
dozen punches on his face before Irene
yelled for me to lay off.

In a safe in the room we found more than
100 pictures of men caught in the act with
the teenage hookers. And my hunch about
the Deputy Mayor was right: His pho-
tograph was among them. Besides running a
whorehouse, Driscoll was blackmailing half
the leaders of the city. We turned the evi-
dence over to the D.A. But by the time Dris-
coll's case went to court, the extortion
charges had been dropped because the pho-
tographs were missing. It wasn't very hard
to figure out what had happened to them.

If the Driscoll assignment was our most

(Continued on page 70)



under-wired

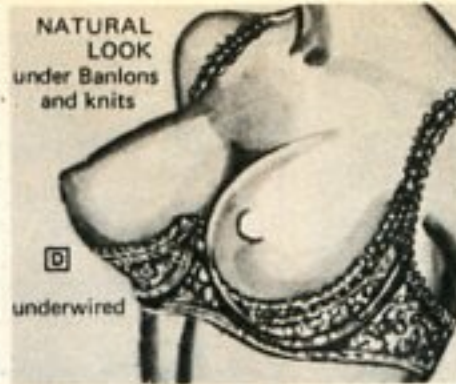
SHEER SHIMMERING SEE-THROUGH

B



crotchless panty-hose

C



NATURAL LOOK under Banlons and knits

D

underwired



sheer

E



out-out panty

F

GET A LITTLE extra

THE FREDERICK'S OF HOLLYWOOD WAY!

GET **frederick's** CATALOG **FREE**

HUNDREDS MORE LIKE THESE!

FREE* with purchase—or send only \$2.00 for six issues, \$3.00 for 2-year, twelve issue subscription.

Allure! Sex-Appeal!

- HUNDREDS of DRESSES long, short, mini!
- BRAS—every style! Even D, DD!
- SPORTSWEAR! JUMPSUITS!
- EVERY kind of body shirt!
- LINGERIE—gorgeous!
- SIN-upus slinks!
- 6 INCH HEEL SHOES!
- AND LOTS MORE!



G



H

J

Love IT UP

NEW!

WILD WEEKENDER KIT!

OUR 3 "HOTTEST" LOVERS' GOODIES!

1. Make It easy
2. Hot Licks
3. Come Too

Here's EVERYTHING you want and need to make the going together super great! Get away from it all...forget your cares and woes and LOVE it up with the enticing lubricant, the tantalizing hot feeling massage lotion, the wild and wanton nerve stimulant lotion like no other!

#5-9402 2 sets \$9.50/1 set \$5



K

SHIMMER SHOWER
Sheer, shimmering Antron Spandex fabric shows through see-throughs. Soft FRONT-HOOKING Bandeau has underwired pre-shaped cups! Glowing Golden Nude, Shining Black or Sparkling Silver Blue. 32 to 38 B or C cups \$8.50 34 to 38 D cups \$9.50
A #4-5234

GLOW-ONS
The sensationally glistening sheer FRENCH CUT bikini panties specially designed to match our Bra Style #4-5234. In matching colors: Glowing Golden Nude, Shining Black or Sparkling Silver Blue. Small, Medium and Large.
B #4-5254 \$5.50

NO CROTCH PANTY HOSE
Sheer, non-run Cantrace panty hose made especially for us with opaque top, crotchless styling and sheer, sexy legs! Black, Coffee and Nude for all the newest fashions! One size fits all.
C #3-4316 2 for \$6.99/\$4 pair

NATURAL NIPPLES
Lets everything show naturally under Banlons and knits! Underwired Nylon lace half-cups lift the breasts. Ribbon trim on adjustable straps. White with Blue trim, Black with Red trim. 32 to 38 B, 34 to 38 C cups.
D #4-5150 \$8

NICE 'N SPICY
Sheerly feminine baby doll has tempting V-neck. Ruffled, bust-out front. Sinfully sheer Nylon with elastic cuffs and matching bikini. Hot Pink or Black. Small, Medium and Large.
E #3-4859 \$8

PEEKABOO!
You'll see a lot of her! Cutout bra. Panty has triangular crotch cutout. Hot Pink Nylon with Black lace. All Black, Red with Black lace. One size fits all.
F #3-4831 \$12

MIGHTY MITE
This brief, brief panty has no crotch at all! High cut legs leave little to the imagination. Elastic waist...lace and more lace trim. White, Black or Red Nylon. Small 5, Medium 6, Large 7.
G #3-4475 3 for \$8.50/\$3 each

THE SMACKER
Super sexy G-string shows her you're all man! Suggestive, ripe red lips spotlight! Soft but supportive 100% Nylon with elasticized waist. Black or White with Red lips. One size accommodates all.
H #5-9399 2 for \$9.50/\$5 each

MAN ALIVE!
Dare to bare it! The LEAST makes much of the MOST in this wet-look. Black or White Nylon G-string for guys. Better than a centerfold! One size fits all.
J #5-9322 2 for \$6.75/\$3.50 each

SHOW PIECES!
Sheer Nylon sleep set has a halter bra cut out to bare the nipples. Heart-shaped lace frames open crotch bikini. Blue or Red with Black lace trim or All Black. One size fits all.
K #3-4863 \$8

TURN HIM ON
to ruffles...rimmed around the scooped neck...flipping up the hemline. Empire waistline is elasticized for UPLIFT. Luscious sleeper in Nylon tricot. Violet, Pink and Blue. Small, Medium and Large.
L #3-4693 \$9



L

FREDERICK'S OF HOLLYWOOD Dept. 1308
6610 Hollywood Boulevard
Hollywood, California 90028 ©1974

Please send the following styles (order by # Style Number):

Style No.	Qty	Size	1st color	2nd color	Price

☐ I enclose \$_____ ☐ Check ☐ M.O.
Add 85c shipping charge for each item.
☐ C.O.D. orders must include \$2 deposit on each item.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Not ordering right now—BUT RUSH ME YOUR CATALOG
I enclose ☐ \$2 for six issues ☐ \$3 for twelve issues

money back guarantee

SAMPLE LESSON
Opportunity Report
Big Profits in Upholstery

FREE

1. Sample Lesson
2. Opportunity Report
3. Career Booklet

to Men & WOMEN
looking for TOP PAY,
STEADY INCOME,
SECURITY as an

UPHOLSTERER

M.U.I. TRAINS YOU AT HOME, SPARE TIME

Check newspaper ads, you'll find demand for trained furniture upholsterers is now FANTASTIC! Not only that, but with M.U.I. training you can start by re-doing or "recycling" your own furniture and save HUNDREDS on both labor and fabric. Wonderful hobby too for men and women of all ages. Clean, dignified occupation, no educational minimums. Thousands have earned welcome extra cash in a corner of a room or garage in this satisfying BIG PAY field!

Mail coupon for Sample Lesson, Career Booklet and Opportunity Report — ALL THREE FREE. No salesman will call.



Coupon brings
SAMPLE LESSON,
CAREER BOOK,
OPPORTUNITY
REPORT all 3
FREE!

MODERN UPHOLSTERY INSTITUTE / division of
Career & Craft Training, International
1205 W. Barkley, Dept. HCFM, Box 899, Orange, Calif. 92669

YES! I would like full information.

Name _____ Age _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

TATTOO REMOVING
WITH THE TATEX METHOD
The Chemical "Do-It-Yourself" Kit

WITHOUT PAIN, NEEDLES OR UGLY SCARS

The **TATEX METHOD** will remove any tattoo, regardless of age! Use safely in your home. **ASK FOR FREE FOLDER NO. C**

ATLANTA COMPANY
907 BEACHPOINT PROMENADE
FAIRPORT BEACH-PICKERING, ONTARIO

LEARN MEAT CUTTING

Train quickly in 8 short weeks at Toledo for a bright future with security in the vital meat business. Big pay, full-time jobs—**HAVE A PROFITABLE MARKET OF YOUR OWN!** Time payment plan available. Diploma given. Job help. Thousands of successful graduates. **OUR 51st YEAR!** Send NOW for big new illustrated FREE catalog. No obligation. G.I. approved. **NATIONAL SCHOOL OF MEAT CUTTING** No. 91977 Dept. E21, Toledo, Ohio 43604

\$ Get out of Debt. \$

We'll help you today ☐ One Payment — one place ☐ Bad credit no problem
☐ Applications accepted up to \$10,000.00 ☐ Not a loan company

Send your name and address to nearest office and we'll rush additional information and confidential application to you.

American Financial Services
Dept. J
329 W. Camelback/Phoenix, Az. 85013
316 Lee Avenue/Lafayette, La. 70501

(Continued from page 68)

satisfying one, the "Great Pimp War" was our most dangerous. Kathy and I were caught in the middle, and it almost cost us our lives.

The first skirmishes of the "Great Pimp War" occurred in late 1973. The unconscious body of Lyle Garner, one of the pimps who treated his girls with some respect, was found in a dark alley. He had been beaten to almost an inch of his life. He couldn't identify his assailants. All he knew was that he'd left one of his girl's apartment after picking up his "loan". Someone clobbered him from behind, and the next thing he knew he was in a hospital bed. His wallet was gone. At first we put it down to a simple mugging.

The next night another pimp was found stomped. And the night after that, another. All used their powers of persuasion or their incredible sexual abilities to hold onto their girls. In each instance, their girls began working for new pimps while the old ones were laid up.

As I explained before, we never entered a case unless it was the girls who were in danger. And sure enough, one of the prostitutes showed up in a mess. She told us that while her man was recuperating, a guy tried to recruit her into his stable. She turned him down. That night, a john suddenly turned vicious on her, took a strap to her back and beat her raw. The next morning, the recruiter made an appearance. "See what happens to hookers who don't have a guy like me around for protection? A hooker needs protection. Now, at my place you'll find all the protection you want."

It was easy to see what was happening. What we didn't know was who was doing it.

Kathy found out. One evening she entered a well-known prostitute lounge. She must have spent extra time doing herself up that night, because she looked absolutely stunning. Naturally she was approached by several men—none of them the ones we were looking for—because she turned each down. At last she was approached by our fish. He gave her the same spiel he'd given the other—about joining his stable, about giving her all the protection she needed.

"But I've got all the protection I need," she said, and pointed to where I was sitting at the bar. I smiled and lifted my glass to him. He got up and left.

The next few nights Kathy looked like the busiest hooker in town. She'd frequent the same bar, meet a man, leave with him, and return 15 minutes later, only to be picked up by another john before she had a chance to finish her drink. Fifteen minutes later, she showed up again, and the whole act was repeated. (The customers, of course, were members of the vice squad.) In all, it seemed that she was turning at least a dozen tricks every six hours.

To make it even more convincing, she'd hand me \$100 each time she reappeared. The recruiter took all of this in, and I knew his mouth was watering. He'd do anything to land her. The bait was set.

It didn't take them long to contact me. A voice over the phone in the hotel room where I had checked in said that someone wanted to meet me. I told him to go to hell.

"Check at the front desk. There's an envelope waiting for you."

I followed instructions. In the envelope was one half of a \$1,000-bill. I returned to my room. The phone rang, and the same voice said, "Well, are you prepared to meet us, now?"

I assured him I was. He told me where to meet him and I relayed the information to the captain.

It was such an obvious set up, it was an insult to my intelligence that they thought I'd fallen for it. A man was standing in front of

a bar. Next to the bar was an alleyway. I walked up to him. "You want to see me?"

"Yeah. We've got business to talk over."

"C'mon then." I made a move toward the open door of the lounge.

"Not here. My place. It's just up the block." He took my elbow and guided me away.

His grip tightened as we approached the alleyway. At it's mouth, I grabbed him, yanked him around in front of me and shoved him into the dark passage. A pipe appeared out of the shadows and smashed scalp and bone with a sickening crunch.

I pulled my gun and shouted, "Police! Come out with your hands up!"

Seconds passed. A revolver levitated out of the blackness. Then, "Okay, okay. Don't shoot!"

I edged away, stepped off the curb, keeping the gun trained on the alleyway. The dim outline of a man began to emerge, slowly.

To my right I heard the squeal of tires turning the corner and a car bore straight for me. A shot rang out. Gravel from the pavement spewed up at my feet. I pulled the trigger once, saw the windshield of the car splatter, then the auto was upon me. The fender took me on the hip and hurtled me to the sidewalk. I got up dazed.

The car screeched to a stop, made a U-turn, and came at me again. I dove behind a garbage can and a fusillade of bullets slammed into it. The car stopped again, four men jumped out and ran my way, guns drawn. They must have thought I was already hit, because none of them fired. It was a terrific opportunity.

I got off two clear shots, got someone in the belly and ducked around the corner and into "ambush alley."

I felt my way gingerly along the side wall of the building, retreating deeper into the gloom. My foot scraped a piece of metal on the floor. It made a clanging noise. I threw myself sideways, as a round of bullets searched for the sound.

I snapped off two shots, aiming just below the muzzle flashes.

Sirens wailed in the distance. A curse was blurted out, then footsteps pounded away. A car engine started up, then roared as the driver tried to escape.

I ran to the opening of the alley, and peered down the street. A patrol car and a Chevy met at the corner at the same time. The Chevy crashed into the black-and-white, veered to the left, jumped the curb and slammed into a brick wall.

From the other end of the street, two more police cars barreled past me, pulled up beside the wreck, uniforms pouring out. Then they were at every door of the Chevy trying to drag the guy inside, out of each of those four doors. They also dragged off the recruiter, who was out with severe pipe damage. In court, he testified against Organization muscle who'd tried to take over the vice action in the city. I, too, was called to the stand, as was Kathy.

But our cover was blown, our usefulness as undercover police people was over.

We stayed on at the vice squad until March 23, of this year, mostly training other "Pimp Patrol" teams. By then, we had proven the value of employing teams like us. As a result of our efforts, we had put more than 500 unsavory pimps out of business, broken up dozens of blackmail rings, returned hundreds of runaway girls to their parents before they could be snatched up by pimps who prey the bus and train terminals, and in general, made the city safe for any prostitute who wanted "An Honest Minute's Pay For An Honest Minute's Lay," as well as for the johns who are willing to pay them for it.

Leading Automotive Expert Reveals:

How To Squeeze up to 32 Miles From Each Gallon of Gas!—

by making these few simple adjustments in your car!

Yes, Proven by Detroit Engineers . . . Proven by Indianapolis Test-Drivers . . .

without investing a single penny in fad gimmicks, or gadgets...in less than 5 minutes time, with barely more than a screwdriver, you can squeeze up to 6—10—EVEN 12 MORE MILES of driving from each gallon of gas—no matter whether you're driving a Volkswagen or a Cadillac*! Think of it! Up to 22—26—EVEN 30 MILES OR MORE PER GALLON...even on cars over 100,000 miles old.*

by Ed Almquist, Member, Society Automotive Engineers

If you've just about had it with the gasoline shortage—if you're sick and tired of outrageous gasoline prices—then let me open your eyes to some vital facts discovered by automotive engineers about your car's engine. Little known secrets that can give you up to 60% MORE GAS MILEAGE THAN YOU ARE GETTING TODAY! Yes, anywhere from 6 to 12 MORE MILES PER GALLON...just by making a few simple changes in the engine of your car. Changes so ridiculously easy, you can often make them in just 5 minutes flat, even if you never looked under the hood of a car in your entire life.

Here's What These Engineers Discovered About Your Car

After years of testing, automotive experts generally agree that out of every 10 gallons of gas fed into the average engine IT ACTUALLY WASTES ALMOST 7: that not one drop of these wasted gallons goes to move your wheels an inch. That this waste gasoline is burned up to overcome unnecessary friction...that is never even fully exploded or burned inside the cylinders, but instead, goes "streaming" out of the exhaust pipe—TOTALLY WASTED! And that's only the beginning.

These men also discovered that the kind of spark plugs you use and the way they're set to fire can make an incredible difference of up to 37% in this gasoline waste! That by simply changing to a different type of oil costing no more than your present oil...you reduce engine friction to such an extent you automatically increase gasoline mileage by an additional 2 to 5 miles per gallon. These engineers discovered that by simply making a single adjustment to one tiny screw on your carburetor, that takes but a few minutes, they could add still another 2 to 4 miles per gallon.

And that by moving the timing mechanism ahead (once you're shown how, it's so easy a child can do it)...they were able to boost mileage output by another 2 to 7 miles per gallon. Yes, simple changes...easy-as-pie adjustments that add up to 8, 10, even 12 MORE MILES PER GALLON from the very car you're driving today. And that's not all.

Cuts Gasoline Costs To As Little As 2c A Mile!

Because not only did these men prove that these little-known secrets make a day-to-night difference in gasoline economy...but even more important...because your engine operates more smoothly and more efficiently...you help prevent major repairs...while you drive an automobile that gives you surging power...small-car economy...for as much as 70,000...80,000...even 100,000 miles OR MORE! Does all this sound almost too good to be true? Then read the amazing "Prove-It-Yourself" section above...and see with your own eyes how these dream-mileage figures can be yours in just minutes following these experts' advice.

Save Up To 50% On Your Car—This Year Alone!

But this is just the beginning. What you see below are only 3 of 250 improvements developed by these high-mileage experts...by Indianapolis test-drivers...by engineers in Detroit laboratories.

Now suppose you could have these same men who developed these secrets at your elbow 24 hours a day. Suppose that these experts showed you a simple 2-minute adjustment to your spark plugs that added as much as 2 to 3 miles per gallon...plus an easy trick with your tires that added as much as 4 more miles per gallon...plus a way that you could make one single adjustment in your engine and get up to 40 FREE GALLONS OF DRIVING in just the next 90 days alone.

Yes, and suppose these experts gave you the secret of adding as much as 10,000 to 20,000 miles to the life of your tires...plus how with just a few turns of a screwdriver in just a couple of minutes you can easily double the number of miles you can drive without changing your oil. Why, even a simple trick that prevents your radiator from over-heating even in the worst traffic jams.

Imagine Doubling Your Gas Mileage In Less Than 5 Minutes Time

This is exactly what a brand-new

ALREADY PROVEN ON HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF CARS!

Yes, right now on the road there are literally thousands and thousands of cars delivering the incredible mileage figures you see described on this page. These cars are not special models—they carry no special equipment. They are stock model cars, driven by everyday drivers like yourself. Drivers who never dreamed it was possible to squeeze so many extra miles out of each gallon of gas—until they were shown how by this man:



Mr. Ed Almquist, Member, Society of Automotive Engineers, holder of 8 U.S. Gov't. patents, author and consultant—who now takes the wraps off the little-known secrets of the trade that can easily boost gasoline mileage up to 12 MILES PER GALLON—save you hundreds of dollars a year on your car—all with just a few simple changes in your engine. Changes so easy to make even a child can do them. Best of all—you can prove these gas-saving "secrets" yourself...on your own car just one week from today—without risking a penny! See no-risk trial offer below.

book, "How to Get up to 30-32 Miles A Gallon—And More!"* does for you. This book is guaranteed to save you up to 50% of your present oil bills...up to 90% of your present repair bills...up to 60% of your present fuel bills...PLUS add up to 3 to 5 years to the life of your car, or you pay nothing!

Twice The Mileage—Half The Gas!

Here are dozens of gas-saving and car-saving tricks that can save you \$200 to \$300 in gas bills—this year alone! How to adjust your exhaust system and get up to 15% more power and mileage...how to convert an engine for cold-weather driving in just 60 seconds and save 2 winter-wasted miles per gallon...how to do the same for summer and beat mileage-sapping heat...how to get up to a "free" 20 miles every time you buy a tankful—how to get lightning acceleration and still get high gas mileage...how to go up hills without wasting gas...how to insert a special piece of metal that costs but 10¢ in your oil crankcase and get still more miles per gallon...even a complete section on adjusting your car to get premium performance from regular gas!

Here's how to get up to 20% to 30% more power without spending a penny...how to automatically prevent your front and back windows from fogging up during winter...how to instantly get out of snow or sand—without a tow...how to make anti-freeze last for 3 FULL YEARS—and get faster winter warm-ups to boot!...even how to prevent 95% of all major car repairs without leaving your driver's seat.

Get new car performance for as much as 100,000 miles or more, often WITHOUT EVER CHANGING A SINGLE EXPENSIVE PART...OR EVER MAKING A MAJOR REPAIR!

Best of all, each of these little-known secrets, tips and adjustments are so easy to do...that even if you have never looked at a car engine before in your life...even if right this minute you don't know the difference between the distributor cap and the oil tank cap...you can make each and every one of these money-saving, gas-saving adjustments using nothing more than a screwdriver or a pair of pliers.

Prove It Yourself—Entirely At Our Risk

If you'd like to get gasoline mileage like you never thought possible...up to 8, even 12 more miles per gallon...then send today for your trial copy of "HOW TO GET UP TO 30-32 MILES A GALLON...AND MORE". The price—only \$3.95. Why, you'll save more than that in just one week on gasoline alone.

Examine this book for 30 days. If you do not prove to yourself within that time that every "inside secret" in this amazing one-volume library works wonders on your car...and miracles in your pocketbook...that never in your life have you achieved such incredible gasoline economy, if it does not save you at least 5 times its low, low price these very first 30 days alone...simply return for a full refund. You have tried it entirely at our expense, you have not risked a single penny. So act TODAY!

PROVE IT YOURSELF

The following "inside-secrets" of my new book can easily mean savings of about 3 to 4 more miles per gallon—PLUS add up to 40,000 miles to the life of your spark plugs—PLUS convert your present car battery into one that can last the life of your car, one that should never fail you again. All in all these professional shortcuts to SUPER MILEAGE, SUPER ECONOMY DRIVING may mean savings of anywhere from \$35 to \$50 in the next 90 days alone.

Here's All You Do:

1. How To Beat The Number One 1. Gas Thief . . . In just 60 seconds . . . by turning a screw! Your carburetor mixes gas with air and then feeds it to your engine. Most cars have the mixture set too rich and idle too fast. Here's how to correct this and save up to 15% on gas waste in practically all cars. Let your engine idle until it's warm. Now, raise the hood and locate the idling screw on your carburetor. (See picture below, arrow A.) Turn screw to right until engine sputters or roughens. Then, turn screw one half turn to left. THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT! (Also, what you have just done helps in reducing your idling speed so you don't waste gas while you are standing still.)



Now start your engine again. Notice that it turns over more quietly...that you start easier...that you seem to have more silent, almost effortless power, when idling and on the straightaway. Clock your gas mileage against your former figure. The difference will absolutely amaze you.

2. The 10c "Manicure" That 2. Makes Spark Plugs Last Up To 20,000 to 40,000 Miles! Who says you have to change your plugs every 8,000 to 10,000 miles? Maybe it's good propaganda for the spark plug companies...but not for your pocketbook. If you'd like to get up to 40,000 miles from a set of plugs...just do what the pros do. After each

10,000 miles of driving, remove your spark plugs. Then—without using a single complicated tool—just an emery board or nail file—scrape and file the dirty electrode points of each plug until they are clean. NOW—take a tiny dab of nail polish remover—and swab each spark plug tip. That's all there is to it. No hocus-pocus. No mumbo-jumbo. And certainly no need for long years of technical training to perform this little bit of money-saving magic. It's so easy anyone can do it. YET, thanks to this little-known professional secret—you extend spark plug life up to 40,000 miles...and you save yourself up to \$80 you'd needlessly spend on unrequired spark plug replacements, over the life of your car.

3. Make Your Battery Last the 3. Life of Your Car . . . for Mere Pennies. Ever see that white corrosive material on the terminals of your car battery? It's called sulphation and it's often one of the main reasons your battery eventually goes dead, so your car won't start. But if you clean the terminals and tape a penny to the side of each terminal you automatically prevent sulphation from forming on your battery. Instead it forms on the pennies. The results—for a cost of two cents and an investment of 30 seconds, you have converted your present car battery into a super power-plant—one that will start INSTANTLY in summer heat or winter cold, usually for as long as you own your car. And you won't be forced to purchase a new battery every couple of years.

*Naturally gas savings vary from driver to driver, car to car.

KENBAR SALES, Dept. C5,
227 East 45th Street, New York, N.Y. 10017

Yes, rush me my copy of "HOW TO GET UP TO 30-32 MILES A GALLON...AND MORE" immediately, for which I enclose \$3.95. I must get more miles per gallon than I've ever gotten in my life—at least up to 60% more...or I will return the book anytime within 30 days for a full money back refund. In other words, this book must save me hundreds of dollars a year on my fuel bills PLUS give me more power, better performance and even extend the life of my car—or it costs me nothing.

I enclose \$3.95 (plus 25c to cover postage and handling costs) in ☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order

Name

Address

City State Zip

THIS SAMPLE LESSON AND CAREER BOOKLET

Free

TO PEOPLE WHO WANT A BIG-PAY FUTURE AS AN

Accountant

LaSalle will train you in your spare time

The demand for trained accountants far exceeds the supply. Salaries are at an all-time high. Accounting-trained men often move up to big positions in business. LaSalle's experienced instructors prepare you in your spare time at home. You work with actual accounting problems, acquire practical experience for the major tasks you will handle in business. LaSalle is proud of the many letters from graduates reporting increased earnings largely as a result of their study. Mail coupon for free sample lesson that demonstrates LaSalle's practical method. Opportunities booklet also sent free. No obligation.

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

A Correspondence Institution

417 S. Dearborn Street, Dept. 56-018, Chicago, Illinois 60605

YES, I want your free sample lesson and career booklet, without obligation.

Print Name.....Age.....

Address.....Apt. No.....

City & State.....Zip.....

SLIM INCHES AWAY IN THE AMAZING NEW BODY TAPER-TRIM SHIRT

Puts power in your sex appeal as it reshapes you to more manly "tapered" proportions!

- SMOOTHES TORSO
- BUILDS CHEST
- STRAIGHTENS BACK
- SLIMS ABDOMEN
- CINCHES WAIST
- FLATTENS BULGES

Extra-light, extra-comfortable long line undershirt puts power net LYCRA SPANDEX & NYLON to work providing firm, smooth control from chest to lower abdomen. Smooths out bulges and trims you with unprecedented built-in slimming-power. Worn as an undershirt, it works to keep you in shape. Completely machine washable. White only.

INSTANTLY HOLDS \$7.99 STOMACH IN!



FROM THIS... TO THIS...

10 Day MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
Purchase Price Refundable if not 100% Satisfied.

R. S. SALES, Dept. 9457,
6311 Yucca St., Hollywood, Calif. 90028

My chest is _____ inches. (Exhale & measure chest.)
SIZES: ☐ S (34-36), ☐ Med. (38-40), ☐ Lg. (42-44),
☐ XL (46-48), ☐ 2X (50-52) Add 50c per order post-
age & handling. Total Enclosed \$ _____ Calif.
residents add 5% tax. For COD enclose \$2.00 deposit.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____



"Saturday Night Specials"

Continued from page 35

MGB to you," he said, interrupting. "And get your Goddamned hands off my car before I break them for you"

Now I interrupted.

" Willie, the next time you sell even one lid of good old harmless grass here in River, I am going to roll your cute little car over with you underneath and set it on fire"

To his credit, he did not flinch. "You can suck my you-know-what," he said.

"Roll it over on him now," I said.

We came off our cycles like cavalymen from their horses. Willie tried to vault out. His own seat belts trapped him. We began rocking his car on its springs. On the fifth tilt it lifted on two wheels, then turned turtle.

"Ch-Christ, but his le-le-luh-leg's sticking ow-out," Claw-Claw said. Claw-Claw's real name is Claude. Claude Joyner. He has stuttered fiercely since childhood. He pronounces his own name in a manner that reflects the impediment. Claw-Claw. The rest of us addressed him in that way. "It m-must be duh-damned near p-p-pinchd off, caught like th-that"

It must have been. Who cared? In fact, his leg was broken under the weight of his car.

MGB was lucky at that.

When we left him there squirming for his hero-worshipping junkie kids to see, we did not burn him.

It would be admirable to be able to say that our MGB police action was rooted in altruism and good.

There was some of that behind it. I personally have no use for drugs, the people who use them or the people who sell them. That may sound nuts coming from someone who was running the "Saturday Night Specials," one of the new street gangs enjoying a rebirth in the major cities today. But it's true. And anyone who hangs in with me had better have no use I ever hear about.

But the main reason for leaning on MGB was pure selfishness.

The drug thing and toad pushers like MGB was beginning to bring city and state narcotics men (uniformed and undercover, both) into the River District. The Specials did not need police of any kind in River. Because one thing was obvious: When the police finished busting up MGB and the other toads in the drug trade, they would inevitably turn to the Saturday Night Specials as their next targets. When they did, goodbye burglary, numbers and the other profitable minor crime monopolies we were just beginning to enjoy.

So. We decided: the drug trade had to go from the River District.

Now, this was a big order. There were probably 300 or so known junkies there. They represented a lot of housecleaning.

But there were only six major suppliers. MGB being the main man.

The strategy, then, was get rid of the six and the 300 would then get rid of themselves. They would have to find their supplies somewhere else

After we rolled his car onto his leg, MGB never sold an aspirin in Indianapolis.

Only one other lesson was necessary. We removed the heads of the two nasty Doberman attack dogs owned by the number two

man and set them beside his head on his pillow while he slept one night. There was a joint in the mouth of each dog.

The remaining four got the message.

The police did not exactly mind our vigilante methods. We had done the job for them. They really did not care whether we and the junkies killed each other or not. The important thing was, we had performed an important service at an important time.

Namely

The Memorial Day Indianapolis 500 auto race was coming up in a few weeks. What with the fuel shortages shaping up that spring and drivers and spectators getting killed everywhere and giving auto racing a bad-ass name, Indianapolis and the Indy 500 image did not need the bad public relations a big drug problem would bring.

And in a sense the city did show its gratitude. For a while they quit papering us with traffic violations on our cars and motorcycles. The pressure on us as a gang was off . . . so long as we did not leave our River District and dirty up the rest of town.

It was my own brother who undid all of this dubious good will and turned the city against us in one night Talk about needless, callous foolishness

That same May, 1973, my little brother Clyde Webber and a couple of other old boys from the Specials drank a lot of Gluck's Stite. Now, Stite is only supposed to be beer.

When he's drunk, Clyde's meaner than a stockyard cat. On this night Clyde and Mott and Vinyl hauled a man and his girl friend naked from their car in the woods where they were screwing up a storm.

At first Clyde only had notions of taking their clothes so they'd have to drive home naked and explain *that* to other people. But then little brother Clyde decided he wanted some of the woman himself. So, while Vinyl and Mott sat on this man, Clyde dropped his pants and pushed the woman onto the hood of the boy friend's car with his elbow squashing her throat. Now, this just about drove the man nuts. When you're nuts that way, you suddenly take on the strength of ten, as the Bible says. (This is true. Once in Vietnam when my patrol was bushwhacked by Cong throwing grenades all over us, I picked up a 120-lb. Browning aircooled .50 from the mount on the weapons carrier and went into the woods after the bastards. I remember handling the thing as though it were a water pistol.)

This man kneed Mott in the crotch and punched Vinyl 20 feet into the lake. He landed on Clyde's back and carried Clyde, the woman and himself clean across the hood. It took the three of them (Clyde, Mott and Vinyl, soaking wet) to secure him again.

In Clyde's warped view at that time Where the hell did that naked son of a bitch get the balls to think he had the right to lift his hand against three men who were raping his girl?

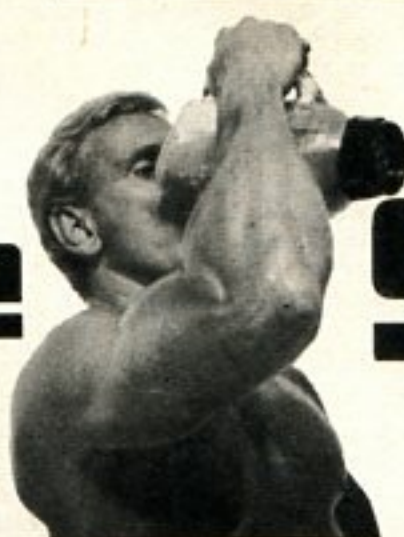
So, Clyde pounded him with a rock then lifted him like he was a log and ran him head first into a tree.

All the while the woman was making sounds like a factory whistle.

(Continued on page 74)

A NEW JOE WEIDER SCIENTIFIC WEIGHT-GAINING BREAKTHROUGH

The end of the



SKINNY BODY!

He's "Drinking-On" A-POUND-A-DAY Our New Delicious Fun-Way!

Thousands are doing it—Monthly... WHY NOT YOU? Here's a totally new breed of nutritional "wildcat" that's guaranteed to put an end to your muscle-starved, hungry-looking skinny body—through a new, scientifically blended, delicious milkshake-flavored drink. It fills out your body and face—for a fresher, more exciting, fun-going you!

From near death by tuberculosis, emphysema, chronic bronchial asthma, collapsed lungs, alcoholism and drug addiction, this sickly 5'10" skinny 110-lb. weakling gained 65 pounds of solid muscle—added 12 inches of boulder-sized bulges to his chest, 9½ inches to each arm, 8 inches to each leg, and reduced his waist to 28 inches—to become a body building champion... all through the use of Joe Weider's Trainer of the Champions CRASH-WEIGHT GAIN FORMULA #7 Plan!—That's the true story of Charlie Kemp!

A Long History of Physical Weakness Problems

Charlie's trouble started early. All his life he had been frail and sick—by the time he was 10 he had developed asthma, and at 16 his left lung had collapsed. Yet these were only hints of problems that would follow, for during the next three years his left lung collapsed five more times and his right lung collapsed twice—he had cystic emphysema complicated by tuberculosis. This, combined with his sickly appearance, was too much for Charlie's battered ego, and by the time he was 25 he was a bona-fide alcoholic with severe cirrhosis of the liver.

Just when things looked darkest, they got darker. His dismal health brought on narcolepsy, and in order to combat this disease he had to take powerful doses of amphetamines—pep pills. They, in turn, brought on more pernicious complications—loss of appetite and, ironically, insomnia, which required drug depressants. The combination of alcohol and drugs destroyed not only Charlie's physical health but also his mental health, and before long he entered the Seton Psychiatric Institute.

For a full year, psychiatrists bolstered Charlie's psyche, but when he was released, emphysema hit again and his right lung collapsed once more. Was his life really doomed?

Into the hospital again. Surgery curtailed the collapsing of his lungs and removed the diseased portions, and when he was released he found new determination to rebuild his body. But that meant gaining weight—and Charlie, who had to continue taking amphetamines which killed his appetite, began to rely almost entirely on food supplements.

Weider Formula/Method Creates a New Life!

Charlie devoured Joe Weider's CRASH-WEIGHT GAIN FORMULA #7 by the case, altered his eating habits as prescribed for him by Joe Weider, and followed a few simple daily exercises, which helped to turn the weight gains he made into a firmer, more muscular and handsomer body.

His progress was astounding—you see here the gains he made—absolutely phenomenal, especially for a man entering his 40's and a truly great testimonial for the Weider System and Crash Weight Gain Formula #7.

His life changed with him—from a pathetic, undesired, unloved loser whose only companions were dogs—to a prize-winning "Mr. America Physical Achievement Award" body surrounded by the world's most beautiful girls.—This is the miracle of courageous Charlie Kemp!

© COPYRIGHT JOE WEIDER, 1973



110 lbs. Tuberculosis, emphysema, chronic bronchial asthma, collapsed lungs, two lung operations, cirrhosis of the liver, narcolepsy, alcoholic, drug addict, a life in and out of the hospital, psychiatric patient, three packs of cigarettes a day, no SEX desire, unloved—only dogs as companions.



175 lbs. PHOTOS UNRETOUCHED After years of struggling to stay alive he decided to follow Joe Weider's miraculous Weight-Gaining Plan. The result today is a muscular man of vitality—athletic, handsome, earning \$40,000 a year, cured of the sicknesses that used to plague him, and now—surrounded by beautiful girls!

THE DO-IT-YOURSELF GAIN-A-POUND-A-DAY-KIT

It's a one-day supply of CRASH-WEIGHT, chock full of weight-gaining nutrients that can smash the weight-gaining barrier! You want to gain a pound a day? Half a pound a day? Maybe you just want to add a few pounds here and there. You want it easily—enjoyably—without stuffing yourself with heavy-as-lead foods? Now you can do it! It's as simple as drinking a delicious milkshake.



FREE:

"Valuable Weight-Gaining and Muscle-Building Course." This Illustrated Guide sent FREE with each CRASH-WEIGHT FORMULA #7 Kit. Crammed with step-by-step instructions in muscle-building and weight-gaining basics. Filled with all the latest ideas and how to adapt them for your own personal, fun-going weight gains!



You Can "Build-Up" Too!

Now, that miracle can be yours. If Charlie Kemp, who was a hopelessly sick underweight weakling struggling daily to live, could achieve so much, just think what you—underweight but medically fit—can accomplish by using the same milkshake flavored drink plan that Charlie used.

Start today to put an end to your skinny body by following the exact same successful weight-gaining formula that Charlie Kemp and thousands of others are using—Monthly! Just drink 4 zesty glasses of delicious CRASH-WEIGHT GAIN FORMULA #7 daily. It's full of calories, vitamins, minerals, carbohydrates and tastes delicious with your regular meals. It's safe and healthy, made from all-natural nutrients—NO DRUGS—and does all its work in a relaxed manner, piling on pound after pound of lean, some weight to flesh out your bones. Combine CRASH-WEIGHT GAIN FORMULA #7 with five simple daily exercises, and watch how you fill out your narrow chest, your skinny arms and spindly legs. Put an end to your skinny body once, for all—in JUST 14 TO 30 DAYS! And, oh yes—it also fills out your face for a healthier, more exciting, fun-loving you, and that's a lot!

BEFORE AND AFTER MEASUREMENTS			
	BEFORE	AFTER	GAINS
Weight	110	175	65 lbs.
Chest	33	45	12 in.
Arms	7½	17	3½ in.
Thighs	16	24	8 in.
Calves	10	16	6 in.
Waist	29	28	Lost 1 in.

PUT AN END TO YOUR SKINNY BODY!

JOE WEIDER DEPT. AB/T, TRAINER OF CHAMPIONS SINCE 1936 21100 ERWIN STREET WOODLAND HILLS, CALIF. 91364

Dear Joe: I want to put an end to my skinny body and have everyone compliment me on my athletic appearance and muscular gains. Rush me the "Pound-A-Day" CRASH-WEIGHT FORMULA #7 package I have checked below.

Check Plan & Flavor Desired:

- ☐ 7-Day Supply \$ 8.00) ☐ Chocolate
☐ 14-Day Supply \$14.95) ☐ Vanilla
☐ 21-Day Supply \$20.00) ☐ Strawberry
☐ 30-Day Supply \$25.00) ☐ Butterscotch

Pick any group of flavors desired with 2, 3 or 4-week order. California residents add 5% sales tax. We pay postage.

Name _____ Age _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____
 (please print clearly)

In Canada: CRASH-WEIGHT, 2875 Bates Rd., Montreal, Quebec

TRIM - LINE!

- LYCRA SPANDEX
- MAGIC GRIP PANELS
- POWER KNIT

Unconditional
10 day money
back guarantee.



#976 LONG LINE #977 SHORT LINE

#976 Twin cinch-panels trim inches off your waist and flattens your abdomen. Lycra power knit stretches and breathes with you to give you the sleekest physique ever. Built in masculine support for superb comfort. Sizes Small (28-32), Med (33-36), Lg (37-40), XL (41-44). **\$6.99**

#977 Short Line Version **\$6.99**

REGENCY SQUARE Dept. X-9457,
6311 Yucca, Hollywood, Ca 90028

Waist size #976 #977
Add 50c postage and handling. For C.O.D. enclose
\$2.00 deposit. Calif. residents add 5% tax.

Enjoy An Exciting, Romantic IMPRESSIVE LOOK ANYTIME!

QUICK-CHANGE to suit your mood time:
ALL THREE \$6.
MODOCRYLIC



Send for your Mustache, Sideburns and Van Dyke at once! Simply check the color you want or send a sample of your hair and leave the matching to our expert. MAIL COUPON NOW!

Adheres securely . . . off and on in seconds . . . can be worn as is or trimmed to just the style you want

To Order give hair color ☐ Blonde; ☐ Black; ☐ Light Brown; ☐ Medium Brown; ☐ Dark Brown; ☐ Grey; ☐ Silver; ☐ Auburn or send hair sample; ☐ Mustache \$2; ☐ Deluxe Mustache \$5; ☐ Sideburns \$3; ☐ Deluxe Sideburns \$5; ☐ Van Dyke \$3; ☐ Deluxe Van Dyke \$5; ☐ All Three \$6; ☐ All Three Deluxe \$12 (I save \$3!)

Masculiner Co., Dept. A-144,

160 Amherst St., East Orange, N.J. 07019

SOLD ON MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

EXTRA INCOME! MAKE \$1 PER SALE

SELL ENGRAVED METAL
SOCIAL SECURITY PLATES

Millions of new prospects added every year! No investment needed.

SEND FOR FREE SALES KIT.

ENGRAVING PLATES, BOX 10460-99,
JACKSONVILLE, FLA. 32207

TREASURE

Find buried gold, silver, jewelry, and coins with revolutionary patented analytical metal detector. Will differentiate tin cans, pop top lids, nails, bottle caps, gum wrappers from treasure. Saves unnecessary digging. Also has push button and automatic tuning, negligible ground pickup, greatest detection range, etc. Free catalog.

GARDINER ELECTRONICS

Dept. 18, 4729 No. 7th Avenue
Phoenix, Arizona 85013

(Continued from page 72)

So Clyde shot her twice in the belly with the .25 Berretta he carried in his boot top holster; Clyde never could stand screaming women. Mott knew things had gone too far. He stopped Clyde with a swift fist behind his right ear. Mott and Vinyl dragged Clyde by the ankles to their own car and got out of there.

The woman was Marajune Lampley. The man was Pete Jacks. Both lived. And both remembered enough to state that one attacker was called Clyde and that all three wore field jackets bearing the smoking revolver emblem of the Saturday Night Specials on their backs.

Clyde and Mott and Vinyl had their morning coffee in the Indianapolis jailhouse.

Up to this point we had not really made a difference as a gang in Indianapolis, one way or another. Sure, the authorities knew we were organized and that most of us were high school dropout type veterans who were still angry about the futility of the whole Vietnam thing. Sure, the social services sent field workers among the Specials and other new gangs, "to keep their fingers on the pulse." sure, the newspapers had noted editorially that street gangs were reappearing in major cities after a ten-year layoff and had wondered what the resurgence was all about. And sure, the authorities knew we were into highjacking small loads and other crime. But as long as we weren't too rough, everyone was content to keep us under surveillance but leave us in peace.

But then mad little brother Clyde bashed the man's head and dulled forever a fine engineering mind and shot the woman so badly she will never have babies.

Tolerance? Forget it. We were no longer just a minor nuisance in large city life. We were Adolph Hitler and the bubonic plague come to destroy the town.

Newspapers and television called us "animals" and "perverts". The rabbis and clergymen prayed for deliverance from Godless SNS bums. The American Legion, the Chamber of Commerce, other outfits with considerable civic clout, all cried out for our hides.

They wanted our blood.

"The Treatment" seemed the first and best immediate way to reverse all that. I telephoned Marajune Lampley's hospital room that afternoon. It did not seem likely that she herself would answer; a family member or a nurse, sure. But she did, in a weak voice.

"How would you like someone to stick that gun right into your crotch next time

and pull the trigger?" I asked.

There was a long pause, then a whisper, "God, who is this?"

I didn't respond. I said only, "Tell them that on second thought you're not sure any more that those three did it."

Then I hung up.

Peter Jacks' mother got a similar telephone call from Maggie, one of our women known for her soft baby voice. She also responded nicely to The Treatment. She went into nervous collapse.

We kept up the treatment two more days, working in relay shifts. Lampley and Jacks (or their families) received a call every hour, 24 hours a day, citing bad things which would happen if they did not do the right thing and realize they had been mistaken in their identification of the Saturday Night Specials.

These unpleasantnesses might not happen right away. Perhaps not for a month, six months, a year. But they would happen. How would they like living with that threat over their heads?

The Treatment succeeded.

Our three won release on lack of evidence and positive identification.

There was only to celebrate the victory.

We rode out to Crescent Lake that night to honor the release of the River District Three; a convoy of cars bearing about 40 of us and a pillar of six-packs.

There was new meat with us that night, a pair of blonde twin sisters up from Springfield, Missouri, in their daddy's camper for the race. They had this thing about going down on men, both of them. Oh, they liked the old in-and-out all right, but for some reason they were just plain nuts about licking men off, especially both together, so they could race and watch each other's expressions.

So, we had them going most of the night in their Winnebago camper truck. I held Lois' bare buns on my lap, impaling her. She was leaning away from me, embracing some guy about the thighs and looking like she was trying to swallow everything up to his belt buckle. Louise sat on the other bunk, making it the same way with Claw-Claw in back and getting her teeth around some other old boy.

Only 17 years old and they knew so much.

The twins said they'd like to stay with us for a while after the race. They'd heard about us, Clyde in particular. And that was their fascination. They just loved to be around trouble.

Street gangs everywhere attract nuts like that.

Indianapolis was not going to let Clyde and Vinyl and Mott get away with that kind of outrage and near murder, of course.

The police started in on us the day after the victory celebration at the lake. There were police all over the district, not locking us up, but harrasing us. They ticketed our cars and cycles if they were one inch inside the fire hydrant limit. They jailed us as public nuisances for having improper motorcycle mufflers. They closed down a storefront vegetable and grocery commune we were trying to operate for blacks and migrant farm workers in one of the ghetto blocks. They stopped us on the street and shook us down for drugs they knew we did not hold.

Claw-Claw had the misfortune to be truly the innocent party in a vehicle accident. The car driven by some 80-year-old man rammed him broadside at an intersection. The old man admitted he did not see the red light. Claw-Claw's Harley was badly bent. But . . . Instead of arresting the old-timer, they arrested Claw-Claw. Claw-Claw protested being shoved into the cage

(Continued on page 76)



"I'm sick of my job... I wish there was a better and more exciting way to earn a living."

♂ A man has a right to grow sick of his job for a lot of different reasons. Like not enough take-home pay. Not enough job security. Or just not enough opportunity to achieve the kind of success you've always wanted.

And if you're married, you have an additional problem. Because sometimes it's hard for a woman to understand that knowing you have to work for a living the rest of your life is one thing—but sticking to a job you hate just to bring in a weekly paycheck may be asking too much.

The question is, what can you do about it? How can you continue bringing home the money you now make on your present job—and, at the same time, start preparing for a new and more rewarding profession?

Chances are you've already thought of going back to school. But the thought of sitting in a classroom and listening to a teacher after a hard day's work is enough to turn most men off. So you've probably rejected that idea.

But what if we told you there was a much more convenient way to prepare for the ca-



reer you've always wanted. A way which lets you pick up the new job skills you need, at your own pace—right in your own home—during your spare time.

That's the practical ICS way of doing things. And we invite you to find out more about it, by mailing the postpaid coupon below for a free Career Guidance Booklet in the profession of your choice.

This free booklet will describe the opportunities for higher income and greater job

security you might look forward to in your newly chosen field. It will also explain why ICS can prepare you for this field during your spare time, regardless of your education or past experience.

In addition, we will include a free "Demonstration Lesson" that lets you see for yourself why preparing for your new career—the ICS way, may be easier than you think.

There's no obligation. So just fill in the postpaid coupon and mail it today.

© 1973 ICS

CUT POSTPAID COUPON ALONG DOTTED LINE, FOLD — SEAL AND MAIL TODAY. NO STAMP NEEDED.

ICS International Correspondence Schools
Scranton, Pennsylvania 18515

XA760W

Please send me a free Career Guidance Booklet, and a free "Demonstration Lesson" for the field I have checked. I understand I am under no obligation.

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accounting | <input type="checkbox"/> TV/Hi-Fi Specialist | <input type="checkbox"/> Motel/Hotel Management |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Air Conditioning/Refrigeration & Heating | <input type="checkbox"/> Computer Servicing | <input type="checkbox"/> Production Management |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Airline/Travel | <input type="checkbox"/> Drafting | <input type="checkbox"/> Restaurant/Club Management |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Automotive Mechanics | <input type="checkbox"/> Electrician | <input type="checkbox"/> TV Repair and Servicing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Electronics Technician | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Data Processing Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> High School |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Color TV Specialist | <input type="checkbox"/> FCC Licensing | <input type="checkbox"/> ICS H.S. Diploma Program |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Check here for special information if age 16, or under. | <input type="checkbox"/> Income Tax Specialist | <input type="checkbox"/> H.S. Equivalency Program |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Interior Decorating and Design | |

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____ Apt. no. _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

First Class
Permit
No. 1000
Scranton, Pa.

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

No Postage Stamp Necessary If Mailed In The United States

Postage will be paid by—

ICS

International Correspondence Schools
Scranton, Pennsylvania 18515

Fold Here—Seal and Mail—No Stamp Needed

Low monthly payments include standard text books and instruction. Credit for subjects already completed. Progress as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. DIPLOMA AWARDED

SEND FOR BROCHURE—TELLS YOU HOW

Our 77th Year

AMERICAN SCHOOL

Dept. HC29,
Drexel at 58th St.
Chicago, Ill. 60637

name _____ age _____

address _____

city _____ state _____ zip _____

Approved for Veteran Training
Accredited Member NATIONAL HOME STUDY COUNCIL

BURIED TREASURE

Locate from a LONG DISTANCE!
with Ultra-Sensitive DIRECTIONAL Locator
SEND FOR FREE INFORMATIVE BROCHURE

CARL ANDERSON
Box 13441-BK TAMPA, FLORIDA 33611

For ad rates write Classified, 100 E. Ohio, Chicago

★ **PIANO TUNING LEARNED** Quickly at Home! Tremendous field! Musical knowledge unnecessary. GI approved. Information free. Empire School, Box 450327, Miami 33145.

I MADE \$40,000.00 YEAR by Mailorder! Helped others make money! Start with \$15.00—Free Proof. Torrey, Box 318-MT, Ypsilanti, Mich. 48197.

★ **HOME IMPORT MAIL ORDER BUSINESS.** No Capital required. Free details. Pinebrook House, Box 82H, Scarsdale, N.Y. 10583.

★ **HOW TO MAKE MONEY ADDRESSING.** Mailing Envelopes. Offer Details 10c. Lindbloom Brothers, 3636 Peterson, Chicago 60659.

EARN BIG COMMISSIONS soliciting delinquent accounts. No collecting or investment. Metropolitan Finance, 1129 West 41st, Kansas City, Missouri.

★ **BORED??** Overseas Action Advertisers. Dangerous Jobs. Join: Soldiers of Fortune, P.O.B. 151, Sylva, OH 43560.

VACUUM IMPROVES measurements immediately. Illustrated. \$1.00 (refundable). Aspira, 210 Fifth, NYC 10010.

★ **DRIVING ON YOUR VACATION?** Unique pocket size gas calculator tells number of gallons needed. Simple and fast. Money back guarantee. Send \$2.98, LorAI Co., 7432 N. Harlem, Chicago, Ill. 60648.

BASEBALL CARDS WANTED—Dollar each for old cards. Hobbyist, Box 3731M, Detroit 48215.

LEARN POWERFUL KARATE TECHNIQUES by film. Home study course. Bushido, Box 5052, Fullerton, CA 92633.

SUPER-8 SOUND MOVIES. Free List. Northwest Custom Movies, Dept.-CT, 4600 Union Bay, Seattle, Wash. 98105.

★ **GAS GUARD!** prevents siphoning. Makes lock and key cap obsolete! Simple installation. Fits all cars. Guaranteed! \$3.95. Link Industries, 9 Strabane Ct., Baltimore, Md. 21234.

NICK THE GREEK. easy-to-learn system shows you how to win at craps and roulette. Free details, stamped addressed envelope to: Studio-A, Box 1041, Studio City, CA 91604.

★ **FREE CATALOG!** Gasoline-Saving Automotive Accessories. Pioneer, Box 1531-M, Vernon, Texas 76384.

DETECTIVE COURSE. Free Information. Universal Detectives, Box 8180-C, Universal City, Calif.

★ **TRAMPOLINE KIT (PIT TYPE)** 6' x 12' commercial duty \$165.00 prepaid. "Teco," Box 706, Matthews, North Carolina 28105.

★ **RECORDINGS. PUBLISHING CONTRACT.** Songs, Poems, Talent Searchers, Suite B, 6311 Yucca, Hollywood, CA 90028.

SLEEP-LEARNING—HYPNOTISM! Strange catalog free! Autosuggestion, Box 24-MX, Olympia, Washington.

HYPNOTISM REVEALED! Free Illustrated Details: Powers, 12015 Sherman Road, North Hollywood, CA 91605.

★ **"SECRETS OF SUCCESSFUL CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING"** tells short-cuts to bigger mail response and profits. Includes copy-hints plus where to place your ads and why—and much more. \$2.00 postpaid. Refundable. Free Details about millions-of-prospects for your "offer." Write S. Omessi, Dept. 80-M6, Classified, Inc., 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

(Continued from page 74)

in the radio car. They broke out his front teeth, using handcuffs as brass knuckles, then took him downtown and booked him for resisting arrest.

All of this police action overkill said something: the city was now afraid of us.

Now, as prime minister and one of the founders of the SNS, it was my job to watch over The Family, to guide it and protect it, even from itself. And in my view, it was time to lower the profile and give the city a chance to cool off and forget us again.

The first matter of business was to get Clyde out of town and out of the focus of public attention.

I told little brother Clyde he was leaving Indianapolis for a while.

He said the hell he was.

The hell he wasn't, I answered, and hit him so hard in the face that the jolt up my arm gave me a headache.

Surprise. Clyde never left.

The Specials held a war council. For the first time during my prime ministry they reversed one of my decisions. Clyde was to stay. We would not be a family any longer if we exiled brothers and sisters simply because they caused embarrassment.

That was not all.

They would not lower the profile as common sense dictated. No. Instead they would escalate the war and really give the city something to fear.

This impetuous, dumb reaction should have been no surprise to me. The Specials always did possess the kind of pighead mentality that sent the Light Brigade charging up Balaklava Heights.

I had only two choices: Go along. Or step down.

I went along, even though I smelled disaster coming. I had founded the Specials in fall 1972 on return home from the army. They were my people. And now they needed me more than ever. Right or wrong, they were all I cared a flying damn about in this world. I wasn't going to let them go to hell without a fight.

Ironically, it was a cop who gave us our name, Saturday Night Specials, back in 1972. It happened this way:

When we were just forming up, some unwashed homosexual toads were calling the River District their own. We were rival street gangs in the classic sense. We, the newcomers, could get out, the old-timers said. Or we could fight and get out. Either way, we were going to get out.

About 20 of us met maybe 30 of them on a freight pier. The pre-battle understanding was, no weapons, only fists and feet. They cheated. The toads brought knives and razors.

They never did much with their blades.

We had brought lengths of chain.

We literally pushed about 20 of them into the river and sent them swimming away downstream. The district was ours.

This happened on a Saturday night. A police sergeant who got his own courageous head opened trying to stop the rumble by himself later told the newspapers: "Those guys just blew up in my face like one of those goddamned Saturday night special cheapie pistols."

Saturday Night Specials. Hot as pistols. That was us.

And afterwards, we never called ourselves anything else.

Now, we were not a motorcycle gang, like the Hell's Angels. Nor were we a conglomerate of teenagers constantly at war with each other as were the old street gangs of the 50s and 60s.

No. We were a classic segment of the street gang renaissance in the country today. This renaissance began in the South

Bronx in New York City, from what I gather, and is spreading from there.

Most of the Specials were veterans. Most were in their early 20s. We came together because basically each of us was otherwise apart from the mainstream. We were all looking for a family. And we became fierce as dogs in our loyalty to each other because if we ever broke up for any reason, we would all have to go back to being loners again.

These were the ways in which we escalated our war . . .

On June 7, we put on war surplus flak vests and wrapped our legs in sheet metal and rode our cycles right through the plate glass doors of a supermarket near Fort Wayne. We skidded down the aisles on waxed floors, exploding pyramids of Wheaties boxes, dumping fat housewives on their fannies. The manager and his clerks counterattacked, grabbing first at one of us, then another, and catching only each other. A butcher mounted his block to whack us with his cleaver as we blitzed the meat department. Five minutes later we were gone. It was only then that the supermarket people realized that the attack was more than just a hooligan prank. We left with more than \$3,500 of the day's gross.

On June 20, Pig and the black girl I live with, Barbara, returned from California with the following items in their van: (1) Three U.S. Army Colt M-16 .25 automatic rifles. (2) A Thompson submachine gun. (3) Approximately 5,000 rounds for the above. (4) A crate of fragmentation grenades, fresh and unopened. (5) Seventeen tear gas grenades.

I was pleased. And I was not.

A Colt can squirt out something like 700 rounds per minute. Just one of these weapons gave us more firepower than a riot truck full of police. I prayed we would not massacre someone.

On June 22, about ten miles north of the city, 20 of us, again on bikes and in cars, forced the Chicago Trailways Bus into a meadow of deep grass. With bandanas hiding our faces, we hearded the 40-some-odd passengers out. We told them to lean against the bus, palms up. We robbed everyone of money and jewelry.

The whole thing was more game than actual robbery. We were Jesse and Frank James, Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid. But in the gaming, Kellogg (who always tended to be a little unstable and goofy) was carried away. He let out a rebel yell of exultation. Then he loosed a full magazine of .25s into the side of the bus just above people's heads.

There was a moment when everyone was going to run all over everyone else in panic. It passed.

I told Kellogg quietly that that had been fine shooting, almost but not quite taking off everyone's heads that way. Kellogg smiled. Then I cracked and blooded his nose with the butt of his weapon. I told him that if he ever so much as shot a pebble in a sling without me telling him to do so first, I was going to stick the Colt muzzle in his ear and pull the trigger.

People such as Kellogg were beginning to worry me. We had had everything our way for too long. It seemed as though everyone in the SNS was turning into a short-fuse nut like my brother Clyde.

On July 4, to celebrate Independence Day, we did something pretty sick. We probably would not have done it at all but for the fact that the day began badly. We had all been stopped and ticketed on various flimsy moving violation charges and had been shaken down and searched for weapons and drugs. The Highway Patrol

(Continued on page 78)

THREE HEADS OF HAIR... where little or none grew before!



This man had been virtually bald for over 20 years. But look at the difference!



New hope for baldness? This man will emphatically say Yes! You can see why.



These photographs show hair roots were revived in bald and thinning areas.



THANKS TO THE BRANDENFELS HOME SYSTEM!

Here are three of the thousands of men, women and children who have told Carl Brandenfels of the benefits obtained through home use of his formulas and massage system. In all, the certified reports total more than 25,000 (CPA-audited) and tell of one or more of these results:

- ✓ Renewed Hair Growth
- ✓ Less Excessive Hair Fall
- ✓ Relief from Dandruff Scale
- ✓ Improved Scalp Conditions

If you are losing your hair, or are bald, you can take hope from the heartwarming experience of these three men. Their results

show again that even where there is no hair on the scalp, the roots (or follicles) may be still alive—in many cases lacking only the proper stimulation to bring them back into production.

While results may vary with individuals because of systemic differences, general health and localized scalp conditions, The Brandenfels Home Plan does offer real and tangible prospects of success in a substantial proportion of cases. Photographs on this page show exact conditions of hair growth when the pictures were taken. They are not retouched.

USE AT HOME

The Brandenfels System is used in the pri-

vacy of your own home without expensive office calls. The formulas and massage are pleasant and easy to use, and your scalp always feels so-o-o good afterwards.

If you, or anyone in your family, have already become bald, or are losing hair, you owe it to yourself and your friends to send today for a five-week supply of Brandenfels Applications with complete easy-to-follow directions for use and for the special massage.

Order from Carl Brandenfels, Scappoose, Oregon (formerly of St. Helens, Oregon). Enclose \$18 (includes postage and mailing). for U.S. air or FPO or APO air shipments add \$2 (total \$20).

Send the coupon right now before you misplace this important message.

DRAWINGS EXPLAIN MIRACLE OF HAIR REGROWTH



1. These drawings show what happens when hair successfully regrows while using Brandenfels Applications. This is an unproductive hair follicle, or root. It is plugged and the opening plugged with a sebaceous gland and scaly skin, the doctors diagnosed.



2. During use of the Brandenfels Applications and Massage, an improved condition of the follicle was noticed. The follicle is less distorted, the scaly hair layer is disappearing and there is actually regrowth of a tiny hair in the follicle.



3. Now the follicle is producing hair. These sketches were made from actual biopsies on a test group of people who volunteered to participate in this, the world's first subdermal research project, conducted by medical doctors and technicians.

HAVE CONFIDENCE IN WHAT WE SAY

All letters and testimonials quoted here are bona fide. All scalp pictures are just as photographed—never retouched.

Against a common disbelief in hair regrowth Carl Brandenfels relies on the expert opinion of competent medical doctors and clinicians who conducted tests and made observations that showed hair regrowth in many cases with the use of Brandenfels Home System.

In addition, more than 25,000 certified letters and reports telling of hair regrowth, relief from

dandruff scale, less excessive hair fall and improved scalp conditions have been audited and attested to by outside, impartial, licensed CPA's.

There are Brandenfels users in every state and also in more than 80 foreign countries in the free world.

Testimonials may be seen at Scappoose, Oregon, when permission has been given.



Copyright Carl Brandenfels

CARL BRANDENFELS, Scappoose, Oregon 97056

CMG-84

Please send me—in plain wrapper—a 5 weeks' supply of Brandenfels Scalp and Hair Applications with directions for use, with your special Massage, in my own home.

- ☐ I enclose \$18 (includes postage and mailing charges). Ship prepaid.
- ☐ I enclose \$20 for RUSH Air shipment (APO, FPO, or U.S.A.).
- ☐ I enclose \$1 for which send C.O.D. I agree to pay the postman the balance of \$17, plus postal charges.

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____ State _____ Zip _____

Cash orders, pharmaceutically compounded, are shipped immediately, postage prepaid. C.O.D. orders, pharmaceutically compounded, are filled after prepaid orders are filled.

No C.O.D. orders to APO or FPO addresses (postal regulations).

BORROW by MAIL up to \$1500.00



CONVENIENT TERMS... take up to 36 months to repay. Pay only for actual time you use money!

AIRMAIL SERVICE... no delay! You hear from us immediately by airmail... in plain envelope!

EASY TO GET LOAN... no time off from work, no interviews, no office visits. Everything handled by mail!

PRIVATE... your relatives or friends are not contacted. Your privacy is protected!

Only \$58 a Month Repays \$1521.06

Borrow \$100—\$300—\$500—or as much as \$1500 on your own signature! No witnesses or cosigners. Relatives and others you know will NOT be contacted. Your privacy is guarded and respected.

PAY ALL YOUR BILLS AT ONCE! With only one small payment to make and only one place to pay—**BY MAIL**—you'll be able to s-t-r-e-t-c-h your paycheck farther than you dreamed possible. Borrow from Postal by mail with complete confidence. We are licensed under the Loan Law for our State, your assurance of fair rates and Supervised Reliability.

GET MONEY QUICKLY! We have the cash you want waiting for you. **ACT NOW!** Fill out and mail coupon today. As soon as we receive your request we will rush by airmail immediately, in a plain envelope, everything you need to get the money you need!

Select Your Loan Here (Amount Financed)

Amount Financed	36 Monthly Payments	Total of Payments	Annual Percentage Rate
\$117.78	\$ 5.00	\$ 180.	30.00
\$330.22	\$14.00	\$ 504.	30.00
\$528.76	\$22.00	\$ 792.	28.50
\$846.55	\$34.00	\$1224.	25.75
\$1064.42	\$42.00	\$1512.	24.50
\$1521.06	\$58.00	\$2088.	22.00



YOU Control The Cost

Pay only for actual time you use the money—not one day longer. This way you set the cost of your loan. You can repay anytime you wish. Fast Airmail service. Try us!

POSTAL FINANCE COMPANY Dept. 35-08, 6018 Military Ave., Omaha, Nebraska 68104

TELL US HOW MUCH YOU NEED

POSTAL FINANCE COMPANY

Dept. 35-08,
6018 Military Ave.
Omaha, Nebraska 68104

Rush FREE complete Loan Papers.

AMOUNT NEEDED

\$

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____



DETECTIVE PROFESSION

We have 30,000 satisfied students and graduates, men and women, world-wide. Private, police and military. G.I. BILL approved. Send NOW for FREE sample lesson & full information on easy home study plan, lapel pin, certificate and your future. No salesman will call. Write TODAY **PROFESSIONAL INVESTIGATORS, Dept. H, Box 41345, Los Angeles, Calif. 90041**

POEMS WANTED FOR SONGS & RECORDS

There may be **OPPORTUNITY** in booming music business. **AMERICA'S LARGEST STUDIO** wants to see your material. No special training needed. Write words as you feel them. We'll tell you if they qualify. All types: Ballad, R&B, country & western, folk, sacred, gospel, R&B, soul. Examination and advice **FREE**. Send poems to: **Five Star Music Masters, 101 Tremont, Dept. 14, Boston, Mass. 02108.**

EARN MORE MONEY

We live in a nation on the move. You can become a part of this industry by learning to drive tractor-trailer rigs. It's profitable and exciting. Work as husband-wife team or as an independent driver. Study at home followed by hands-on-training at our modern school in Miami, Florida. Placement assistance.



APPROVED FOR VETERANS AND INSERVICE PERSONNEL

Accredited Member NHSC

Phone: (305) 642-0800
UNIVERSAL TRUCK DRIVER SCHOOLS, Dept. CM
1971 N.W. 7 Street, Miami, Florida 33125

Please Print Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Phone _____ Zip _____

(Continued from page 76)

held us two hours sitting by the side of the road with our hands clamped on our heads. They let us go in the end only because the women began howling that they would wet their pants if the police did not let them go to the toilet somewhere.

After that we opened the wine. By nightfall we were a drunk, angry bunch careening about the meadows and highways outside the city, a bomb looking for some place to go off.

We were passing a cemetery.

It does not matter who had the idea.

We all seemed to understand at the same time.

We wheeled in one mass flanking turn and rode like Cossacks among the tombstones.

We dug into a couple of the graves with shovels from a tool shed. We broke the doors off mausoleums. The skeletons and bodies inside were nothing new to the men among us; we had seen them before in The Nam.

We robbed them, grabbing rings and watches with one hand, clamping our noses shut with thumbs and forefingers of the other hand. The musty decay smell is always bad.

And those twins Lois and Louise would do anything you told them to do when they were drunk.

When the state police came and sent us flying, we had the twins sitting on a tombstone, their bellbottoms down around their ankles, getting themselves off for everyone to watch.

So it went through 1973 and into 1974.

But it could not go on forever.

If you must pick one date on which the Saturday Night Specials went out of business, pick April 1, 1974.

It happened, in fact, while the editorial people of STAG were in Indianapolis gathering material about the re-emergence of street gangs such as ours.

It is fitting that the date is also April Fool's Day. For in our growing cockiness we forgot the one commandment all people outside the law should follow: Never kill a cop.

When you kill a cop, they hunt you without mercy.

About a dozen Veterans of Foreign Wars bowling league types came to Juicy's Bar on Water Street that night. There was no mistaking what they wanted when they came in and began spreading themselves out on both sides. It was a commando raid by aroused local citizenry. The objective: Bash some Saturday Night Special heads. Juicy's was the right place to find us; it was one of our hangouts.

The VFW types were rough boys. They did not talk. They just began. They broke one of our people's shoulders with a pool cue. Things grew only worse from there.

But even though we were only seven SNS to their 12, we were meaner by nature. That made up the difference in numbers. We carried the fight into the street, a mass of bodies, clean through the curtains and glass of Juicy's plate windows (the fourth time in a year).

We were hitting the remaining five still up when the police motorcycle cavalry appeared around the corner at each end of the block. They had us all, attackers and ourselves alike, boxed. The police infantry appeared coming over the back fences.

The attackers, I knew, would somehow be filtered through the police line and vanish. We, the victims, would get our heads mashed. We would be jailed.

I yelled to the others. Split. Make the best escape they could for themselves. For once there was no sense in hanging together. In doing so we would only hang together.



What if I'm laid off?
Will automation take my job?
Am I too old to change jobs?
Can I learn a new skill?
Will my job ever pay more?

BE A SKILLED LOCKSMITH!

... and Solve ALL Your "FUTURE" Problems

No question about it... with Locksmithing skill YOU'LL HAVE IT MADE! You'll do light, clean, always-fascinating work in this fascinating security profession that urgently needs YOU — where your choice of steady, high-pay job opportunities, or a big-profit spare-time or full-time business of your own is virtually unlimited. As a Locksmith you have your own "built in" pension plan. You go on enjoying the work as long as you like, knowing that layoffs, automation, slack times, minor disabilities, forced retirement can't affect your ability to EARN MORE and LIVE BETTER in good times and bad.

Locksmithing is SO EASY TO LEARN — Enables You to EARN Extra Money RIGHT FROM THE START! The better, more secure future you want can be yours FAST as a Locksmith, regardless of age, education, previous experience, minor physical handicaps. Fun and earnings begin AT ONCE as you learn quickly, easily to CASH IN on all kinds of locksmithing jobs. As little as one hour a week at home working on all kinds of lock and key problems under the guidance of experts brings quick mastery—a quick lifetime solution to ALL your "future"

YOU LEARN ALL ABOUT

- KEY MAKING
- MASTER KEY SYSTEMS
- LOCK REPAIR
- PICKING LOCKS
- TUMBLER CHANGE
- COMBINATIONS
- CAR LOCKS
- SAFES
- VAULTS
- SECURITY SYSTEMS



Everything necessary: KEY MACHINE, locks, picks, tools—supplied with course. State Approved Diploma



"The Locksmithing Institute is the 'one of a kind' organization. Instructors are just great. Earned \$250 while training."
William H. Montgomery
Los Angeles, Calif.

"Enjoyed my Locksmithing Course. Took it spare time and evenings. Immediately after graduation, I applied for a job and was hired. The shop has four Master Locksmiths."
Joseph M. Sturm
Fort Smith, Ark.

LOCKSMITHING INSTITUTE

Division of Technical Home Study Schools
Little Falls, N. J. 07424

Licensed by N.J. State Dept. of Education; Accredited Member, National Home Study Council, State Approved Diploma, Approved for Veterans.

LOCKSMITHING INSTITUTE, Dept. 1121-084,
Little Falls, New Jersey 07424

Please send FREE Illustrated Book — "Your Big Opportunity in Locksmithing," complete Equipment folder and sample lesson pages, FREE of all obligation, (no salesman will call).

Name _____ (Please Print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Check here if eligible for veteran benefits

I vaulted onto an awning shading a store From there, up the fire escape to the roof Down the drain pipe in the rear, dropping like a stone into the yard Over a fence Under and around cars in a lot Out onto a brightly lit street, brushing myself off and picking cinders and splinters from beneath my skin.

I was scared. But safe. I had made it.

Like hell.

The two officers had evidently seen me go up and over.

They came skidding around the corner on their big blue Electra-Glide Harleys, antannae whipping air, to intercept me.

The lead man was a sergeant, helmeted and goggled. An enormous man. Only a Harley was bike big enough.

He knew his business, too. He came leaning from his saddle, swinging his club low like a cavalryman attacking with a saber. He missed only because I dropped to the pavement beneath his swing, losing some more skin as I rolled away.

By the time I was up and running there was no place to run.

The sergeant was coming again on my right. His backup man was just sitting there, engine idling now, squeezing me on the left.

There seemed no way out of this but one. Unorthodox. And, by them, unexpected.

I had seen South Vietnamese students do it in Saigon demonstrating against police there in street riots.

Instead of fleeing, I charged the sergeant on his bike instead. Head on. A man is not supposed to charge attacking motorcycles. He is supposed to run from them and in turn be run down.

The sergeant wavered. He tried to swerve and avoid the collision.

Our combined approach speeds were about 30-35 mph when I leaped, sailed across his handlebars into his chest and car-

ried us both off the back of his cycle.

For the Vietnamese kids, this worked as a getaway two times in three.

It did not work for me.

I broke my leg in the crashdown. The jagged bone spike came out through the calf. There was a lot of arterial blood spurting from the exit wound.

It hurt only for a second. The shock of a wound like that can bring on almost instant unconsciousness. As things quieted, as people ringed us, I heard the other policeman saying that the hippie son of a bitch was dead.

Just as well he believed that.

Had he thought I was still alive, he probably would have emptied his .38 into my head.

I had hit the sergeant too hard going over the handlebars.

I had broken his neck.

The sergeant was really dead.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Gene Webber is currently jailed on various felony charges including homicide. With Webber lost to them, the Saturday Night Specials are without central leadership. The organization is fragmenting and will probably disband. Webber will serve 10 to 15 years for involuntary manslaughter of a police officer when the trial is done. This is the best he can expect. Webber is not surprised at this. He himself said it earlier; when you kill a cop they never let you go.

Ten to 15 years. Whether you judge Gene Webber as good or bad, the irony of this sentence is nonetheless enormous, bitter and inescapable. Webber stayed with his gang, "his people," only to serve as their peacemaker. Yet, Gene Webber is now the only SNS serving any time in any jail anywhere.)

VIB-A-WAY TUMMY TONER!



=36 Nothing to inflate! No buckles! No fuss! Just slip it on and WOW! Your midsection gets treated to mini-waves of vibrating-massage and toning. No strenuous exercises! No dangerous drugs! No harsh diets! Wear it around the house or office — anywhere, anytime. And watch for the results! Apron back adjusts to any waist size. \$8.99 ea.

Add 50¢ postage & handling. Cal. residents add 5% sales tax. For C.O.D. Enclose \$3.00 deposit & pay postman bal. on delivery. FREE! Coupons to use just like money PLUS year's subscription to fabulous style catalogue of unusual, hard to get items! Or send 25¢ for single issue.

R. S. SALES, SUITE V-9457,
6311 Yucca, Hollywood, Cal. 90028

PRINT NAME & ADDRESS CLEARLY ON ORDER

BE A DRAFTSMAN!

**Learn at home
in spare time with no
previous experience**



U.S. LABOR DEPT. REPORTS: "42% more draftsmen needed in next ten years—not enough applicants to fill ten jobs available now!" This serious shortage of qualified applicants has resulted in more and more calls for trainees. Some students report good earnings part-time while learning.



3 You also get T-square, triangles, pencils, French curve, more than a dozen professional working accessories, plus the finger-tip control tilted drafting table — all the tools you need to learn and to use throughout your career.

GREATEST STEP HE EVER TOOK "Taking this course was one of the greatest steps I ever took. Six months after taking this course I was employed as a full time draftsman of the largest construction company on the island. One year later I began to take in my own jobs designing homes estimated cost ranging from \$25,000 to \$85,000" ... D.C. **Peters, Virgin Islands**

MAKES EXTRA MONEY BEFORE GRADUATION "I can't thank or praise North American School Drafting enough for opening new doors for me, which never would have been opened had I not taken your great course. Imagine, I haven't even received my Diploma yet, and I am already making extra money using what I have learned!"

... R.C. Nolan, Stratford, Conn.

**SEND FOR APTITUDE
TEST AND CAREER
KIT . . . ALL 4 FREE!**

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____



To get a true picture of the danger, imagine for a moment the Black September Organization—that band of Arab terrorists that shot up the Summer Olympics in Munich. Now put an A-Bomb in their arsenal and a chip on their shoulder about U.S. po-



The Great A-Bomb Scare

Among the debris that rained from the sky that day were four Hydrogen Bombs, packing the combined whallop of 100 million tons of TNT. Two of the bombs cracked open on impact, spewing radioactivity over a quarter mile area. A third was found, still

intact.

And the fourth? It was gone: Vanished without a trace!

For eighty days, the world held its breath. Had the 20 megaton bomb fallen into the hands of terrorists? Was the government going to be ransomed for its return?

Nearly three months after the crash, the bomb was finally located nearly five miles out in the Mediterranean. This story had a happy ending. But what about next time? Will the lost weapon mushroom into the world's consciousness from an alley in Washington, D.C.?

These kinds of imaginings are scary enough, but they pale in comparison to the kind of scenarios made possible by the private nuclear industry in the U.S. Reasonable efforts (but, are "reasonable" precautions really enough) are being made to guard nuclear weapons in the field, but the same is not true of dangerous nuclear materials that form part of the fuel cycle of atomic power plants all over the country. While debate has raged about the safety of these plants and the danger they may pose to the environment, almost no one has pointed out that some of the stuff these plants burn and produce—like Plutonium 239 and Uranium 238—is nuclear gunpowder waiting for the torch.

Dangerous? Only 132 pounds of U238 destroyed Hiroshima, and a wad of P239 the size of a baseball leveled Nagasaki.

"Mankind had never handled as dangerous a commodity as Plutonium," a former Atomic Energy Commission official said recently. "If the Black September Organization had 100 grams of this stuff they could wreak havoc."

You mean they could make a bomb out of it themselves?

Exactly!

The outlaw who gets his hands on weapons grade material like P239 or U238 is three fourths of the way to making a bomb already. For years, the difficulty in obtaining this kind of material has been about the only thing keeping the bomb from spreading all over the world—and into the underworld.

Look at it this way: An Atomic bomb is nothing more than a chain reaction, which occurs by itself when enough high grade (that's the crucial thing) nuclear material is slammed together.

The bomb that destroyed Hiroshima, for instance, was just a huge gun barrel, closed at both ends. On one end was a mass of bomb stuff. On the other end was a bullet of sorts, which was also composed of bomb stuff. To set off this shot heard around the world, the scientists had only to fire that bullet down the barrel into the mass of bomb stuff at the other end. The result: An explosion equivalent to 14,000 tons of TNT.

Much of the secrecy that once surrounded the manufacture of atomic bombs had to do with the amount of material (called "critical mass") needed to start a chain reaction. This bit of information is absolutely necessary if an A-Bomb builder is going to be certain not to blow himself up, or produce a bomb that won't go off.

All of this information is readily available now in a booklet entitled, "The Los Alamos Primer." The government will sell it to anyone—no questions asked—for only \$2.60.

If the would-be atomic terrorist has any trouble, he can also buy the "Manhattan District History, Project Y, The Los Alamos Project". The document, costing a mere \$4.00, contains a technical description of all the problems that came up during the construction of the world's first atomic bomb. Once classified super secret, it's a kind of recipe book for anyone with the right material to cook up nuclear trouble.

The information in it, even now, is so explosive that a disclaimer inside the front cover absolves the U.S. Government and the

IT'S NEW! IT'S FREE!



**MAIL
TODAY**
**SEND 25¢ FOR
POSTAGE AND
HANDLING**

NO OTHER CATALOG LIKE IT-ANYWHERE!

Our catalog includes courses in Kung-Fu, Karate, and other Self-Defense Forms, as well as Bodybuilding Programs, Weight-Loss Plans, and all kinds of equipment and accessories useful in Bodybuilding and Self-Defense! Simply send us your name and address and we'll send you our newest, most Spectacular Catalog. This Catalog is a MUST for the MODERN Bodybuilder and Self-Defense enthusiast!

• UNUSUAL ITEMS •

UNIVERSAL, INC.

Department F
Box 6694
Detroit, Michigan 48240

Dear UNIVERSAL,
Please RUSH me that Fabulous Catalog!

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

My main interest is ☐ Bodybuilding ☐ Self-Defense

- KUNG-FU
- KARATE
- BODY-BUILDING
- COURSES
- EQUIPMENT



EXTRA \$ MONEY

SOCIAL SECURITY PLATES
in 85 DIFFERENT STYLES

FREE SAMPLES AND
SALES KIT!

SYSTEMS Dept. J-87,
Box 341, Northfield, Ill. 60093



CONDOMS BY MAIL!

**Sample
Pack,
Only
\$3.**

Your choice of the best men's contraceptives — the reliable Trojan, exciting new JADE and many others. Plain, attractive package assures privacy. Service is fast and guaranteed. Sample pack of 12 assorted condoms: \$3. Catalogue alone: 25¢. Over 50,000 satisfied customers.

Write today: POPLAN, Dept. CM-16
105 N. Columbia, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514

PLAN FOR YOUR FUTURE NOW!

This Specialized Program not only covers construction equipment and repair, but presents employment opportunities in all phases of industry using Diesel Power: ships, locomotives, trucks, generators, irrigation pumps and many others. A career with a future, job security and livable wages. Study at home followed by practical training at our facilities in Miami, Florida. Placement Assistance. Accredited Member NHSC.



**Write or Phone
Today
(305) 642-0800**

Universal Diesel & Construction Mechanic Schools, Dept. CM
1971 N.W. 7 Street, Miami, Florida 33125

Please Print
Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Phone _____ Zip _____

Atomic Energy Commission from any "liabilities . . . for damages resulting from the use of information . . . in the report." Why it was declassified at all is anyone's guess.

At any rate, the technical data needed to make a bomb is readily available. What about equipment then . . .

According to the Dr. Taylor who helped build almost all of America's atomic bombs, the complexity of the entire bomb-making operation (if the starting point were weapons grade material) would be no greater than that involved in converting the opium base to heroin. The underworld, of course, has been making heroin for years.

(Food for thought: A raid on one of these heroin factories a few years ago turned up some equipment that had been stolen from a nuclear fuel processing plant.)

Obviously, then, the missing link that has kept the bomb from spreading all over the place is the unavailability of weapons grade nuclear materials. In that sense, they are the most crucial substances in recent history. Guarding them is—literally—a matter of life and death.

And yet it's these materials that the private nuclear industry and the Atomic Energy Commission are playing footsy with all over the country.

Here's the idea of the incredible sloppiness involved in the handling of this material: The Atomic Energy Commission misplaced over 200 pounds of high grade Uranium in the mid 60's! It simply disappeared from a nuclear fuel processing plant in Pennsylvania, and never turned up again. That's 10 million bucks worth of potent Uranium—enough to make a bomb twice the size of the one that destroyed Hiroshima!

And the private nuclear industry is no better. Every step of the nuclear fuel processing cycle is shot through the loopholes and gaps which dangerous quantities of weapons grade material can trickle through into the wrong hands. The fuel plants themselves operate on the principal that a certain amount of MUF (Material Unaccounted For) is inevitable. In other words, the plants are operated like a cement factory, say, where the management expects a cer-

tain amount to fly out the window in the form of dust.

The Atomic Energy Commission (which is supposed to be looking after your safety in nuclear matters), argues vehemently that the present MUF standards pose no threat. But listen to this from a man who says he was fired for speaking his mind as director of Nuclear Materials Safeguards at the AEC:

"The aggregate MUF from fuel plants is expressible in tons," Charles Thorton told New Yorker Magazine recently. "You could divert nuclear materials from any plant, in substantial quantities, and never be detected."

Russell Winchow, president of Nuclear Auditing and Testing Company had this to say about the industry's ability to keep up with these materials:

"If any segment of the industry wanted to divert it, it could . . . gram quantities . . . kilogram quantities . . . When you found out, it would be too late."

It would be too late because the MUF safeguard system at these plants is oriented toward detecting loss that has already occurred rather than preventing it in the first place. With this in mind, imagine an ordinary-looking technician at one of these installations where P239 is being salvaged from spent reactor fuel.

Since private nuclear industry requires virtually no security clearances, our imaginary technician could be almost anyone, even a member of the ruthless Symbionese Army that has reportedly been assassinating people on the street in California. By manipulating a few pipes, let's say, he manages a way to divert Plutonium. If he wanted to keep his cover for a while, he'd divert only small quantities at a given time so the plant would not exceed its MUF allotment. If he were in a hurry, he'd simply disappear with an enormous quantity. Either way, by the time a red light finally flashed on a computer, our technician could be in a basement somewhere cooking up a nuclear surprise for San Francisco or New Orleans.

As serious as the MUF loopholes are, even more serious gaps in security open once private nuclear industry begins shipping things around. Experts agree, for example, that the legal narcotics industry is far more careful

with opium shipments than the nuclear industry is with Plutonium shipments.

Sure, opium is dangerous stuff. It's the raw material for heroin, which creates addicts, who terrorize city people. But Plutonium, my friend, is the raw material for bombs . . . Atomic Bombs!

Think for a minute how easy it would have been to hijack an unguarded truck that lugged over 2 Kilograms of P239 last year all the way from Washington State to Oklahoma. Ask any crosscountry trucker, he'll tell you there's a lot of lonely road in that part of the U.S. One punk with a shotgun and a boulder could have pulled a heist the whole world worried about.

In a recent study of the trucking industry, a panel of experts in Michigan determined that nearly \$1 billion worth of goods are lost or stolen every year from trucks. Unquestionably, some of those goods go to mobsters, heavily involved in trucking all over the country. Most, though, was simply pilfered from the back of open flat-bed trucks. Obviously, that Washington-Oklahoma Plutonium shipment was an invitation to disaster, tied as it was to the back of a flat-bed truck with a calling card on the back reading, "DANGER PLUTONIUM".

Commercial airline shipments are just as bad. In 1973, according to a prestigious Washington, D.C. publication, a shipment of nuclear material sufficient to make a bomb was aboard an airliner hijacked to Cuba. Fortunately, neither Cuban officials nor the hijacker knew what kind of cargo was aboard. And that's just one example among many.

The scary thing about this kind of carelessness is how little weapons grade material is needed to make a bomb. The "trigger quantity" for Plutonium is a mere 2 Kilograms; for Uranium it's only 5 Kilograms.

No one knows precisely how much of this material is floating carelessly around the country, but it has been estimated that private American companies will soon own more Plutonium 239 than exists in all the NATO bombs. One poorly guarded storage facility alone, in West Valley, New York, has a capacity of 2,000 Kilograms of Plutonium . . . enough to make a thousand bombs.

These numbers are growing, too, by leaps and bounds. At the end of 1973, there were 42 nuclear power plants churning out Plutonium as a by-product. Fifty-six more plants are being built, and 14 additional ones are on the drawing board.

It is estimated that these new plants, and others yet to be built, will almost triple by 1976 the amount of Plutonium produced in 1974. By the year 2,000, according to AEC forecasts, the 1974 amount will have sextupled.

"The whole situation is frightening," according to W. A. Higginbotham of Brookhaven Laboratory. "Time is running out."

Actually, it's been running out since 1954 when the government ushered in its celebrated "Atoms For Peace Program". At that time, many of the restrictions on nuclear materials were lifted or loosened so private industry could begin harnessing the atom for peaceful purposes like the generation of electric power.

And for a while, at least, the AEC did keep its grip on potentially dangerous nuclear materials. As recently as 1970, in fact, the AEC was still buying and storing all the Plutonium produced by private industry.

Theoretically, the commission still controls these materials by acting as the industry's watchdog. How well the set up has worked should be obvious by the number of holes that have opened up in the safeguard system.

The chances of these holes being plugged in the immediate future are not very good

STAG INTERNATIONAL



COMING SOON:

The Fantastic New Magazine For Men that brings you the world of eroticism and adventure. . . In page after page of full brilliant color.

. . . The most seductive and beautiful girls on earth discovered and photographed by our crack team of lensmen.

. . . The boldest and most exciting stories and articles on sex and action that zero in on today's world of lightning changes in life-styles and adventure.

The best value of any men's magazine you'll ever buy. . . A super-colossal package that will grab you from cover to cover.

On Sale July 25.

either. For one thing, private industry isn't anxious to do any more than it has to because of the expense involved. Unlike the government, whose prime concern in the handling of nuclear materials was maintaining national security, private industry wants to make a buck on its investment.

Just how much this make-a-buck attitude has blinded industry to the danger is revealed in a recent survey of industry leaders. Almost unanimously, they reported that their prime concern with safeguards was that they "interfered with their right to run a business."

Dr. David Brady, who reported the survey results at a recent Kansas State University symposium on nuclear safeguards, noted somewhat wryly that, "the public would be better served if industry could focus more on the gravity of the problem than on running a business."

It won't, though, unless the Atomic Energy Commission makes it. And, unfortunately, the AEC, by popular reputation, is not one of the government's more aggressive watchdogs.

As one official put it, "The AEC is a public relations firm. It's more concerned with promoting atomic energy than anything else."

There are indications, however, that pressure is building in other quarters for corrective action. Whether it turns out to be too little too late remains to be seen.

Under fire from congressional committees and outspoken critics like Dr. Taylor, the AEC is beefing up its materials safeguards section. The budget for safeguards this year is a hefty \$4.3 million, which includes funds for a special laboratory to analyze materials and plug loopholes.

Long range plants are at least being talked about now, especially in the wake of a highly critical General Accounting Office report in December, 1973. One of the suggestions being bandied around is closing up the nuclear fuel cycle by consolidating all the facilities needed to produce new fuel and reprocess old fuel. Such a move would effectively eliminate the security weaknesses which appear once these materials are put on the road.

Other suggestions include hiring more security guards, training truck drivers and installing constant monitoring devices on all shipments and stocks of weapons grade material. One of the major plans is to revamp the safeguard system so it will stress prevention rather than detection. As more than one critic has pointed out, knowing that a material like Plutonium has been stolen is useless information, because by then it is probably too late to stop someone from making a bomb.

The debate on these and other issues is likely to continue for years. In the meantime, though, a lot of nuclear gunpowder is out there on the road and lying in poorly guarded warehouses.

If developments unfold as expected, in the mid 1980's a 'new generation' of atomic power plants will be fired up. Called "breeder reactors", they will actually produce more Plutonium than they consume, adding significantly to the already frightening stockpile of bomb stuff in the world.

In February 1974, Energy Chief William Simon outlined plans for a mass-produced "floating atomic power station" that could be towed like a barge and sold anywhere in the world.

What next?

"A nuclear explosion that kills a lot of people," according to Dr. Taylor.

"It's going to happen," is the way one official put it. "Somebody's going to make a bomb. And just talking about the dangers, instead of doing something is like fiddling while Rome burns."

He may be right . . .

IT'S FOR REAL

That's what our graduates say about a heavy equipment job. And we can train you at the best proving grounds in America so you can qualify for that real job. And money? Ask any graduate, he'll fill you in! Study at home, followed by hands-on training at our site in Miami, Florida. Check us out. Placement assistance.



**APPROVED FOR
VETERANS AND
INSERVICE
PERSONNEL**

Accredited Member NHSC

Phone: (305) 642-0800

UNIVERSAL HEAVY CONSTRUCTION SCHOOLS, Dept. CM
1971 N.W. 7 Street, Miami, Florida 33125

Please Print

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Phone _____ Zip _____

FIND BURIED TREASURE

Powerful electronic detector finds buried gold, silver coins, etc. Write or call for free catalog. Dealer inquiries invited.

Financing Available 19.95
Phone day - night (713) 682-2728 to
RELCO, Dept. D-142 198.50
BOX 10839, HOUSTON, TEX. 77018

Learn ACCOUNTING at home

100% high pay "Big Income" jobs open to men, women in Accounting, Bookkeeping, Tax Return. Send for FREE "ACCOUNTING" CAREER KIT - Approved for Veterans.



NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
FREE BOOK NORTH AMERICAN SCHOOL OF ACCOUNTING, Dept. LC064,
Accredited Member National Home Study Council • 4500 Campus Dr., Newport Beach, CA 92663

★ **BAD CREDIT NO
PROBLEM**

BILLS PRESSING?
"WE CAN HELP YOU NOW!"

Write Nearest
Office for
FREE
Application

★ **NOT A LOAN COMPANY**

★ **APPLICATIONS ACCEPTED UP TO \$10,000**

dept. M-13,

INTERNATIONAL ACCEPTANCE

3003 N. Central Ave., Phoenix, Ariz. 85012
1550 Post Road, Warwick, R.I. 02888
325 2nd Ave. N., Great Falls, Mont. 59403
423 Carondelet St., New Orleans, La. 70130

International Acceptance M-13,

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

TODAY'S MAN

#49 MAN ABOUT
TOWN

The coolest brief yet. Super-styled with built-in support for masculine taste in light - almost invisible next-to-nothing Nylon tricot. Definitely for the continental man. Black, White, Helio, Mar Green, Nude. Sizes S-M-L.

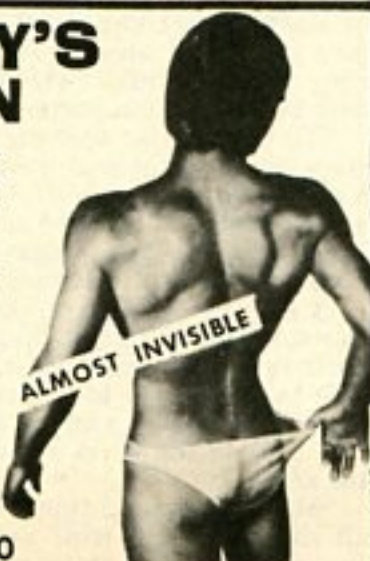
\$1.95

Three pair ONLY \$5.50

Add 50c for mailing. Enclosed is \$_____

REGENCY SQUARE Suite N-9457,

6311 Yucca St., Hollywood, Calif. 90028



DO YOU HATE THE
THOUGHT OF GOING

BALD?

For a lifetime of healthy HAIR GROWTH read my booklet, "HAIR CARE" ... only 25¢. Thinning hair, itchy scalp, dandruff are no mystery to me. Early attention to excessive falling hair and local scalp problems are serious warning signs that may lead to worsening baldness. Prompt treatment may save you embarrassing tragedy of GOING BALD. Male pattern baldness (hereditary) a major cause of hair loss is untreatable. H.L. Braun's "HAIR CARE" booklet will guide you in what you should know and do to clean, condition and protect your scalp and hair. This booklet is a professional presentation filled with successful experiences of H.L. Braun, Trichologist. Send for booklet today. You'll be glad you did.

H.L. BRAUN, LICENSED TRICHOLOGIST
DEPT. MA, 200 E. LEXINGTON ST., BALTO., MD 21202

"YOU ARE UNDER ARREST!"



There's a thrill
in bringing a crook to
justice through Scientific
CRIME DETECTION

"APPROVED FOR VETERANS UNDER G.I. BILL"

WE have taught thousands this exciting, profitable, pleasant profession. We can teach YOU, too... in your spare time, through inexpensive, step-by-step home study lessons! Start NOW preparing for a responsible, steady, well-paid position in scientific crime detection or investigation.

OVER
800
AMERICAN
BUREAUS
OF
IDENTIFICATION

BE A
**FINGERPRINT
EXPERT**

employ I. A. S. students or graduates, each of whom learned FINGERPRINT IDENTIFICATION, FIREARMS IDENTIFICATION, POLICE PHOTOGRAPHY, and CRIMINAL INVESTIGATION and the economical I. A. S. home-study way!

The same opportunity is open to you. Just give us a chance—we'll train you for a good job in this fascinating work. It's neither expensive nor difficult to learn. Don't delay! Cash in on the constant need for fingerprint technicians and criminal investigators.

FREE! "BLUE BOOK OF CRIME"

Packed with thrills! Reveals exciting, "behind the scenes" facts of actual criminal cases. Tells how scientific investigators solved them through the same methods you learn at I. A. S. Explains, too, how YOU can get started in this thrilling work at low cost! Don't wait—get your coupon in the mail NOW!

INSTITUTE OF APPLIED SCIENCE
(A Correspondence School Since 1916)
Dept. 3706, 1920 Sunnyside Ave., Chi Ill. 60640

CLIP AND MAIL COUPON NOW

INSTITUTE OF APPLIED SCIENCE
1920 Sunnyside Ave., Dept. 3706,
Chicago, Illinois 60640

Gentlemen: Without obligation, send me the "Blue Book of Crime," and list of Identification Bureau employing your students or graduates, together with your low prices and Easy Terms Offer. No salesman will call.

Name.....
Address..... Age.....
City..... State..... Zip.....



to their wives and girl friends. After all, good sex involves skill as well as passion. The more a man or woman knows about sex, the more they'll get out of it.

"Then, I get other guys who want me and another girl to demonstrate the fine points of *cunnilingus*. Frankly, I get a kick out of playing professor. Like when I'll pause in the middle of it and point out exactly where my partner's clitoris is and how it can be manipulated both manually and orally and I demonstrate both methods. Of course, if he wants to join us, he's welcome. Some guys do and others come only to watch."

The "tuition fees" are generally \$30 for a half-hour, \$50 for the full sixty-minute courses. Per-girl. Fees are split down the middle with whoever is running the place.

In this case "whoever runs the place" is a 34-year-old veteran of many changes in the sex business. Still an attractive and sensuous woman, Miss D., as she wished to be called, started out in the business in Chicago when she was seventeen.

"I've worked in classy establishments and in dumps," she told this reporter. "I've walked streets that were infested with vice-squad guys and thumpers (ie: a john who, once he gets a girl alone will beat her up, often steal her money). I was even a high-class girl in Washington D.C. and honey, I can tell you more about some of our nation's leaders than any student of history will ever know. But this new scholastic bit tops them all—at least as far as I'm concerned."

"These 'sex academies' are probably the most open approach to sex-for-sale since the good old days when red light districts were semi-legal in many of the larger cities. At least two or three days a week—depending on how busy we are—I send a couple of the girls to pass out leaflets advertising our place. They hand them to likely men in the streets and drop them in cars stopped for a red light if there's a man driving. I get a lot of business through these leaflets and that doesn't even include our advertisements in swingers magazines and underground newspapers."

Did she herself teach any of the classes?

"Oh, I'll take on a student now and then," she replied. "When I'm in the mood. What I do take care of myself is our film course. Usually, I'll give it for groups of six or more men. I have access to some of the best porn films around. Right now I'm running 'Deep Throat' which is a dynamite flick for instruction purposes." She laughed.

"To turn a film showing into a 'course' I stop the projector at a point that illustrates a particular sex technique or act and I'll say a few words to the class about other variations, and the advantages or any possible problems with performance."

"I get not only guys alone for this film course, but some men bring their wives or girlfriends. It's easier for a man to tell his wife he'll take her to a special showing of a porno film than to a whore house."

Do any of the wives or girlfriends get into the action?

"More than you'd think," she said. "With all this liberation stuff around these days, the women like to think they're as free sexually as men are and a lot of them will join a group scene after the film is over. Others will make only a threesome with one of my girls and the lover or husband. More and

Academy Of Sex

Continued from page 28

more straight women are discovering that once they build up the nerve to try it, they enjoy sex with another woman—not in the sense of replacing sex with a man... just adding to it, so to speak. One of the things we point out to men to make them better lovers is that women have always known how to go down on another woman better than a man can. But we're showing the men the secrets only the women knew before. So, without getting too high and mighty, I hope, we are doing some good too."

Not all academies are like Miss D.'s, however. There's a wide variety both in type and quality.

There are shacks scattered obscurely around the city that look like leftovers of a demolition job. There is a five room beach house just north of Malibu, owned by a former screen star, who rents his house to a well-known and reliable madam for the "kick" of it. Some are located in store fronts whose windows have been blacked out or contact-papered over. Inside one gets the sleazy and immediate impression that the operator of the establishment expects to be raided any minute and be forced to move on. Motels have become popular rentals for these schools. Three or four separate rooms can be had for nominal rents and the advantage here is that these relatively elegant academies can be billed as "schools for swingers", as one madam told this reporter.

The girls who "teach" or work in these academies range from Mexican wetbacks smuggled into the country from border bordello-towns like Tijuana or Juarez, to young beauties on their way up the ladder to porn-flick stardom.

One such young woman, 19-year-old Gilda, is the Professor of Anal Control in one of the more elegant motel academies. With all the qualifications to become another darling of the Porno-Jet-Sets in either Hollywood or New York, she's a tall, long-legged blonde with green eyes and breasts so firm one could believe they had never been touched by the hand of man.

Gilda explained her specialty: "All of us will do whatever a customer wants once we're alone with him, of course," she said. "But we have our specialties that give that college-education atmosphere to the place."

"I myself teach men how to hold back their orgasms by constricting their anal muscles. I demonstrate this technique by letting them place a finger upon or inside my anus so they can feel my anal muscles constricting. Then, as they're having intercourse with me, I manually aid them in performing the same muscular action."

"I'll tell you one thing—there are a lot of wives and girl friends who have me to thank for the new 'staying powers' of their men."

"I've found that we get men who ordinarily would never think of visiting a whore house. If one of them, for example, would tell a buddy he had gotten laid in a house, the buddy would probably ask him why he couldn't find any free stuff for himself."

"But to attend an academy of sexual learning—well, that's different! That's a completely different kind of adventure for a guy, something he can both enjoy and talk about with ease. After all, he's into the latest sex kick. That makes him even more of a swinger than ever."

MAKE EXTRA \$\$\$ EVERY DAY!
Get into the big, year-round
EXTRA MONEY BUSINESS
that's EASY to learn—EASY to do—
and EASY ON YOU!

Be a LOCKSMITH!

You Can Make Up to \$10 an Hour
—even while learning! Train FAST at Home!

Never before have money-making opportunities been so great for qualified Locksmiths. Now lucrative regular lock and key business has multiplied a thousandfold as millions seek more protection against zooming crime. Yet there's only one Locksmith for every 17,000 people!

Start Collecting CASH PROFITS Right Away

You're "in business" ready to earn \$5 to \$10 an hour a few days after you begin Belsaw's shortcut training. Take advantage of today's unprecedented opportunities in Locksmithing for year-round EXTRA INCOME in sparetime—or fulltime in a high-profit business of your own. Hundreds we've trained have done it. So can YOU! All tools plus professional Key

THIS PRO KEY MACHINE YOURS TO KEEP

can add \$25 to
\$40 a week to your
income...and it
won't cost you a cent
with your training!

**ALL TOOLS, MATERIALS AND PRACTICE
EQUIPMENT COME TO YOU WITH YOUR COURSE.**



Tells how
to make
money in
Locksmith-
ing almost
from the
start!

"War injuries left me badly
handicapped, but now I'm a fi-
nancial success as a Locksmith,
thanks to your training. Besides,
the work is fascinating. If I can
do it, anybody can."
—Glen Johnson, Larned, Kan.



Machine given you with course. These plus practice material and equipment, plus simple, illustrated lessons, plus expert supervision, plus business-building guidance will enable you to KEEP THE MONEY COMING IN! Ideal for retirement—good jobs, too.

SEND FOR EXCITING FACTS—No Obligation

Discover what's in Locksmithing for you—how Belsaw's master-locksmith-approved training can give you the skill you can depend on to EARN MORE—ENJOY LIFE MORE. Just fill in and mail the coupon below to receive full information by return mail. Do it TODAY!

BELSAW INSTITUTE, 235P Field Bldg., Kansas City, Mo. 64111

Accredited Member National Home Study Council
Approved for all Veteran Training

MAIL THIS COUPON—NO SALESMAN WILL CALL

BELSAW INSTITUTE, 235P Field Bldg.
Kansas City, Missouri 64111

Please send me free of cost or obligation your publication
"Keys to Your Future" on how Belsaw can quickly train me
to make money in Locksmithing and how all tools and Key
Machine are given me to keep.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Check here if eligible Veteran.

One of the newer, more expensive academies is located on Western Avenue, north of Sunset Boulevard. It is housed in a white stucco motel, using five of the motel's ten rooms. The rooms are built around a small swimming pool that, at night, is lit from under the water with blue lights.

A feature of this academy is its athletic program.

In addition to various sex courses given in the rooms of the motel, there is a midnight swimming course, during which two or three nude swimming instructors demonstrate not only the butterfly and side strokes of swimming to develop the necessary muscles, but ways of making love under water.

"You'd be surprised," one girl at this academy told this reporter, "how many guys who are already terrific lovers come to us, and to other places like ours, to learn as much as they can about making love. They have a good time, sure. But they appreciate the value to them of picking up any new tips that will make them even better lovers than they already are."

I asked this girl how far-out they will go in terms of demonstrating or indulging in various sex acts.

"We go practically the whole distance," she told me. "Today, for example, both men and women are lots freer sexually than they were even ten years ago. They're not ashamed to ask each other to perform acts they'd be scared or ashamed of not too long ago. Anything that's fun and doesn't tear your head off is O.K. But we have limits. Like we don't cater to any man who comes in and asks to whip to be whipped or anything like that. There's a dump out in Burbank that specializes in all the S & M stuff a guy would need to be the Marquis de Sade himself. If that's a guy's bag, it's O.K. with me. But I don't play that way."

There are other "specialty" academies

such as "The Institute of Oral Sex" located on Santa Monica Boulevard.

Here a man can observe or take part in every variety of oral sex.

There are small demonstration classes consisting of from five to a dozen men, each paying \$25 for a thirty minute session.

Two girls and one man combine their skills to demonstrate different kinds and positions for *fellatio* and *cunnilingus*. The two girls work together, then with the male instructor. And in addition to these "classroom sessions", a man can receive personal instruction from one or more girls in the privacy of a small bedroom that is conveniently equipped with a mirrored ceiling so a "student" can observe his own progress.

Back in the class, a man has the choice of watching the two girls perform cunnilingus on each other and then fellatio with the aid of a dildo that is remarkably life-like, or joining the girls as they instruct and perform at the same time.

In keeping with the Institute's policy of specializing only in oral sex, a man has to "pay under the table" to have intercourse with one or more of his instructors.

A 25-year-old bachelor who works at an aircraft manufacturing plant just outside of Los Angeles, was present at the demonstration session this reporter witnessed at The Institute of Oral Sex.

I later asked him if he frequented these academies mainly to have a girl or for the various forms of sexual instruction they offer.

"Like any guy my age these days," he told this reporter, "I can get pretty much all I want in the way of fine and free stuff."

"I don't know about the other guys we saw, but I get a kick out of a girl showing me something new. Just listening to her talk

the whole thing out is a kick. No chick, no matter how wild she is with you, is going to give you a talk-trip like you get in these places. I don't mean I like this better than just having a nice woman. It's something else, something different. I go to one of these places maybe once a month, or less."

Had he ever brought a girl friend to one of these academies?

"One sweet lady—she was married—asked me to take her. She had heard about them and was ashamed to ask her husband to take her, just like she's ashamed to ask her husband to let her do a lot of wild things she does with me."

"It was a hell of a night. We were in a little motel room watching two girls demonstrating different ways to go down and before I knew it, my sweet lady is right in there with them. It was the wildest sex show I've ever seen. I'll tell you that much. And both she and I learned a few new tricks that night too. So we *did* get an education!"

A new variation on these academies is a place located on Hollywood Boulevard.

In a three-story frame house dating back to the fabulous "anything goes" Twenties era there is a set-up that calls itself The School of Erotic Photography. Here, as the ads put it, "The men take notes with cameras."

Yet it was not just another of the nude photo studios that are found today in every big city. Here "students" are lectured, by a scantily clad girl, on the ways to light and photograph subjects in action—sexual action, that is.

The models may be two or three naked girls performing various sex acts, or a combination of men and women going through a long, tangled routine that students can photograph from any angle and from as close as they wish.

One feature of these sessions that is

10 CIGARS FREE!

SPECIAL LIMITED OFFER

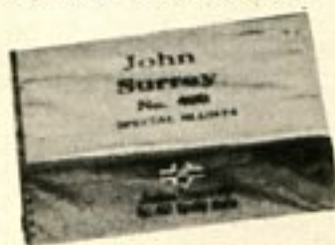
3 Months Trial Subscription to the John Surrey Cigar Club with this Special Bonus Offer.

**A Blend of Fine
Quality leaf —
Factory Fresh — Mild —
Mellow — Smooth Smoking
6 Inch Cigars**

We want you to become acquainted with all the benefits of becoming a member of the John Surrey Cigar Club, so we make this Special Offer of a Free Box of 10 fine cigars, our largest seller, which are tax paid to sell for up to 20¢ each, all 10. As a trial member of our club you have all the privileges of regular members:

- 1 Pay no money for regular shipments until after you get your cigars.
- 2 Choice of up to 50 different shapes and styles.
- 3 Change your brand at any time you like.
- 4 Return any cigars that don't please you.
- 5 Get shipments any week of the month you specify.
- 6 Receive bonus cigars FREE every three months. EVEN FOR LIFE.
- 7 Cancel your subscription any time you like after 3 months.

Join with thousands of Doctors, Lawyers, Executives, Sportsmen and other cigar smokers who are members of the famous John Surrey Cigar Club, and enjoy its benefits AT NO EXTRA COST.



6" long

MAIL APPLICATION TODAY

John Surrey Cigar Club, Dept. RS-793,
227 East 45th Street, New York, N.Y. 10017

Please rush my FREE box of 10 Cigars. I agree to take as little as ONE BOX of cigars each month for 3 months from the Club Catalog — if I am accepted as a trial member. As a member in good standing I can keep receiving FREE Cigars every 3 months. I enclose 50¢ to cover postage and handling charges for my get acquainted offer.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Area Code & Home Phone _____

Signature _____

always appreciated by the students is when a female member of the class announces she's sick of *taking* pictures—she wants to strip and get *into* the pictures. This is a successful variation of those strippers in the old days of real burlesque who would come up from the audience fully-clothed, and strip not out of a spangled and specially designed costume, but out of ordinary street clothes—a gimmick that always proved to be more exciting than the regular stripper acts.

The school, naturally, rents cameras to students and will develop and return their film—for a sizable fee, since no legitimate photo-processing service would develop the kinds of pictures that are taken at these sessions.

If, after the general class session, a man wishes to have a private session with one or more of the girls, he can do so for an additional fee of \$30-per-girl for a half-hour. The girls will pose for any kind of pictures he may want to take. And for another fee, will perform either fellatio or intercourse with him. And a surprising number of the men who make a point of either bringing their own or renting a Polaroid camera want to have photographs taken of themselves with the girl or girls.

An establishment called The Nude Game Room located on Hill Street in downtown Los Angeles has a different gimmick.

Less elegant than the motel sex academies clustered mostly in Hollywood, The Nude Game Room takes up most of the second floor in a small office building.

In three rooms, instruction is given by nude teachers in what are referred to as "sexual games". In the "horse race game", for example, two girls on separate beds serve as "mounts" for their male "jockeys". The object of the game is for the two men to ride their mounts for as long as possible in order to reach the finish line.

The girls, during the race, cry or moan or speak encouragement to their jockeys as each tries to continue having intercourse for as long as possible. Sometimes bets are made between friends or between men who met for the first time at the establishment, though gambling is not necessary.

A group game where men can also place

their bets is one in which two or three girls perform cunnilingus on two or three of the other girls. The winner in this game is the girl who can bring her partner to "orgasm" first.

Though these "orgasms" are always simulated, the girls put on a good show and the muted cheering from bystanders gives one the feeling he is at some bizarre kind of erotic race track.

Following any of the game sessions, turned-on spectators are invited to join any one or more of the girls in a private room. Fees for the additional curriculum are from \$25 for a half-hour to \$40 for a full hour.

What brought about these new academies of sexual learning?

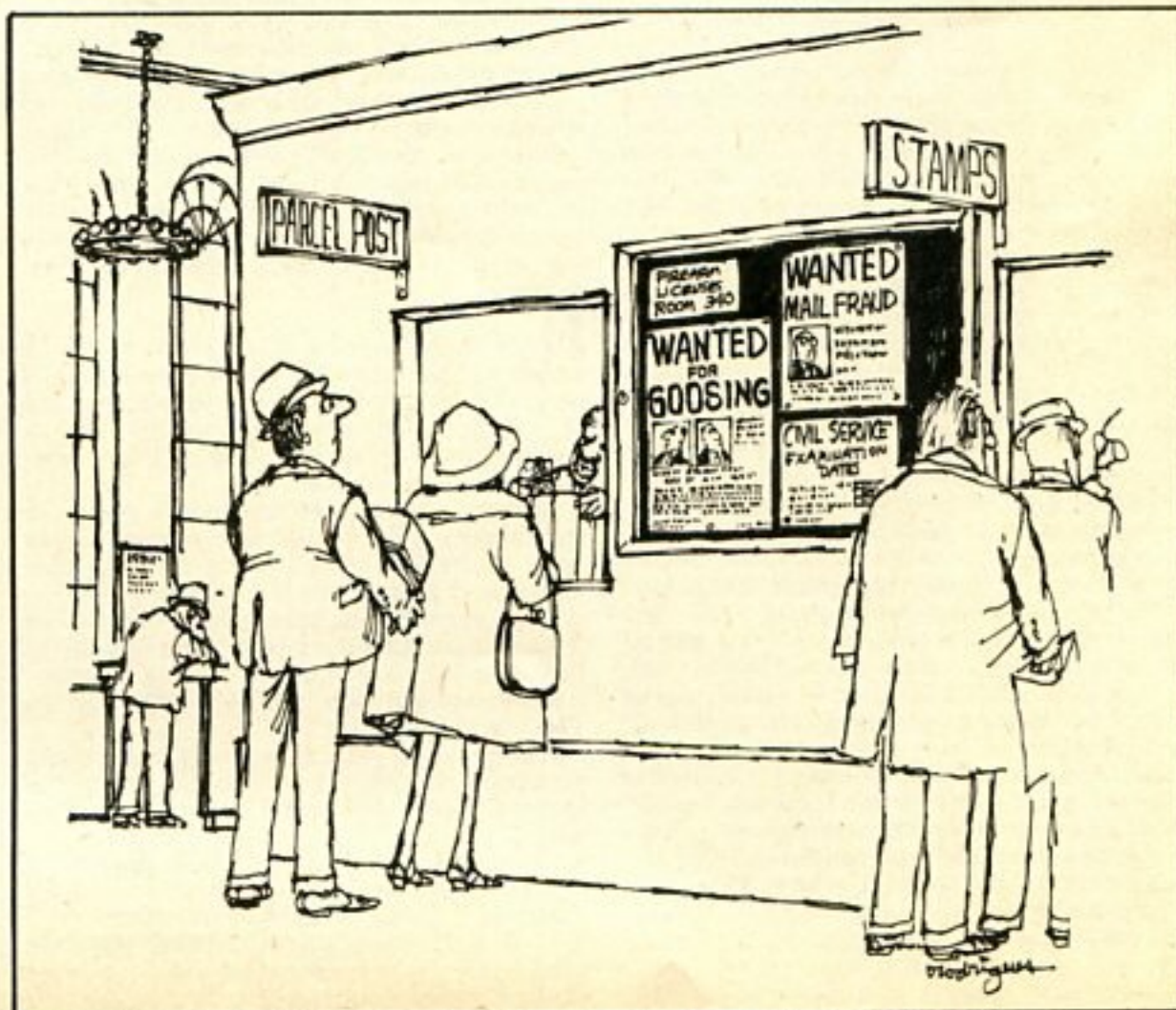
Kelley G., 27-year-old "dean" of The Hollywood Sex College, on Wilshire Boulevard, told this reporter: "Out here, there's so much free and beautiful stuff available for the men, us pros have got to keep on our toes to think up something new to attract even the jaded Hollywood male."

"Girls who were hustling at clubs the last few years were starving to death. At some of the old reliable pick-up clubs for call-girls, a man has to push his way through a crowd of young single swingers who are as anxious to get laid that night as he is."

"I know from friends that it's getting to be the same in other cities too. Here, in Hollywood, there has always been too much amateur free stuff for call-girls to feel comfortable."

"These sex academies, so far, have been doing a land-office business. We do, after all, offer more than even the best amateur can give a man. Here he gets laid and a sexual education and/or show combined. What man wouldn't enjoy being handed a degree that certified he was a 'Master of Sexual Arts'?"

And at "The Hollywood Sex College" a man, when he has completed his night's studies and is on his way out, is handed just such a degree—which he may either toss away or hang, framed, over his bed, so the next girl who climbs into it will know immediately the kind of sexual scholar who is about to make love to her. ♦♦♦



How your Horoscope can bring you wealth, love, success and happiness.

by Norman P. Kennedy

Did you know your horoscope could mean the difference between happiness or sorrow; between success or failure?

Picture a long room with doors at each end. In this room there is money, attractive persons of the opposite sex, books that tell you the secret of happiness and many other valuable articles. But, also in this room are bottomless pits, traps, hostile persons and dangerous beasts chained in various places around the room. You must walk through this room, but you may take out of it anything you can.

Now if you had a choice, would you choose to 1) go through the room blindfolded or 2) go through the room with your eyes open and with written instructions on which places and people to visit or avoid.

Of course, all of us would pick the second choice in a case such as this. Isn't it ridiculous, then, that we would choose to go through life in the same situation, blindfolded! Even when there is a means to go through life with a map and our eyes wide open! The means provided is Astrology. The map is our astrological horoscope.

How does it work? Nature's cosmos imprints each of us at the time of birth—when the umbilical cord is cut. We then become ourselves. Until the cord is cut, we are part of our mother. Why or how we presently do not know. The movement of the large solar bodies then times potentials for events in our lives. Astrology does not cause events but it is timing of events. But, it's not fortune telling. It's a prediction of potentials which free will can override.

What does a natal horoscope analysis by a qualified astrologer contain? A natal horoscope analysis contains the best psychological analysis of yourself that you can get today. Because, in a controlled experiment in 1960, astrologers beat psychologists in predicting case histories.

In addition, a natal horoscope analysis includes discussions on the following: financial outlook; taxes and inheritances; early home

environment; relationships with family, relatives and parents; love and marriage; children; career and occupation; hopes; wishes and goals; and subconscious attitudes. In a major analysis, a one year forecast is also included.

Many people think that astrology only appeals to "way out" unscientific people. Nothing could be farther from the truth. In fact, studies show that astrology appeals most to intelligent and logical people. Famous scientists Galileo, Carl Jung, Johannes Kepler, Roger Bacon, Tycho Bache and Albert Einstein all believed in astrology.

Your horoscope can help you be in the right place at the right time.

Your horoscope can help you avoid disasters while guiding you to your beneficial opportunities.

Did you know that astrology helped the allies win World War II? The allies employed astrologers. The axis powers started out employing astrologers. But, this was ceased early when the famous astrologer, Karl Ernst Krafft, predicted the exact time and place of an attempt on Hitler's life in 1939. Hitler thought the astrologers were conspiring against him, so they were imprisoned.

Hitler turned back to astrology—too late. He read his horoscope in the last moments of the war as Berlin burned around him.

More on avoiding disaster, came these stories from a recent article in the Miami Herald newspaper. The article tells the story of Mary Kelly, a Miami computer programmer, who heeded the advice of her horoscope which warned her of a wrong medical diagnosis. She avoided an unnecessary operation that would have left her a cripple.

The Miami Herald also tells the story of astrologer Clifford McMullen, who is George McGovern's personal astrologer. He warned McGovern that if he ran for president, that he would win the democratic nomination, but he



Astrology Today

PRESENTED BY THE
INTERNATIONAL ASTROLOGICAL ASSOCIATION
"The World's Largest Astrological Association"

would lose badly to President Nixon in the November election.

Your horoscope can bring you wealth. Famous business tycoon, J.P. Morgan, used astrology to acquire his fortune. Morgan did not make a financial move without checking his natal horoscope forecast.

From an article in the Miami Herald came this story:

"Stockbrokers on Wall Street are as likely to call an astrologer in this decade as Hollywood film stars would call a psychiatrist in the last. David Williams, a 75 year old retired financial expert who lives in Clearwater, has made \$150,000 from the stock market in 13 years by using astrology as an investment guide."

Your horoscope can show you the way to success and happiness in love and marriage. Horoscopes of Grace Kelly and Jackie Kennedy predicted their current successful marriages. Grace Kelly to Prince Rainier and Jackie Kennedy to Aristotle Onassis.

Princess Grace and Prince Rainier have recently had their horoscopes done together by American astrologer, Keith Clayton. As with these famous people, your horoscope can help you find and keep a lasting and meaningful love relationship.

Now and through the ages a good natal horoscope analysis has meant success for many people. In other cases many men have missed their opportunity; some with tragic consequences, such as Adolf Hitler.

Will you miss your success opportunities? Will you stumble into pitfalls you could have avoided?

Today, right this moment, you can have your natal horoscope cast and analyzed. You can get it for only the cost to make your duplicate copy. You get the expensive casting and analyzing process—FREE. The article below will tell you how. The means are available, but the choice is yours.

Copyright © 1973

HOW TO GET YOUR NATAL HOROSCOPE FOR ONLY THE COST OF MAKING COPIES.

Send me your exact time and place of birth. I'll cast and analyze your natal horoscope for research purposes. You may have duplicate copies of your horoscope for only \$3.00—the cost to make your copies plus postage and handling costs. You get the expensive casting and analyzing process—FREE, because of the fact that we must produce your horoscope for research anyhow.

Your natal horoscope will consist of nine pages and over 3,000 words. Your natal horoscope will contain your psychological analysis plus a discussion of the following: your love life; financial outlook; marriage, family and children relationships; career and occupations; hopes, wishes and goals; and subconscious attitudes. A horoscope of this type would cost up to \$300 if done by an astrologer.

I will cast your horoscope with the help of our 360 - 65 I.B.M. computer, which contains over 24 million bits of information. Your horoscope will not be the worthless type found in daily newspapers. Your natal horoscope will be cast from your exact time and place of birth for you and you alone.

THERE'S ABSOLUTELY NO CATCH. I need this information for my astrological research. I am looking for certain planet configurations. If you are chosen as a research subject, I will mail to you a research questionnaire. If you fill out and return this questionnaire, you will be entitled to extra bonuses.

There is no need to worry about finding out about an unavoidable coming disaster thru your chart. As mentioned, astrology deals in potentials. Your free will can override potentials if you know about them. In any case, the policy

of qualified astrologers is positive astrology. If there is something negative in your chart, you are told what you can do to make it positive.

To get your horoscope thru this special opportunity, simply fill out the research computer form to the right and mail to the address given on the form. Include the \$3.00 copy cost

for each horoscope or charge your credit card. There is a limit of two per family. If you don't know your exact time of birth, fill in 12:00 PM. If you have any questions, call me, John F. Ford, president, The International Astrological Association, at (216) 494-4282. Thank you!

by John F. Ford.

COMPUTER DATA ENTRY FORM - PLEASE PRINT			
I submit my birth data for research. I am now eligible to promptly receive my 3,000 word natal horoscope for only a \$3.00 cost to make my duplicate copy. One or two names from my household may be submitted. (Limit of 2 - no exceptions)			
NAME 1		NAME 2	
<input type="checkbox"/> Mr.		<input type="checkbox"/> Mr.	
<input type="checkbox"/> Ms.		<input type="checkbox"/> Ms.	
DATE OF BIRTH	TIME OF BIRTH *	DATE OF BIRTH	TIME OF BIRTH *
/ /	<input type="checkbox"/> AM <input type="checkbox"/> PM	/ /	<input type="checkbox"/> AM <input type="checkbox"/> PM
City of your birth		City of your birth	
State and Country of your birth		State and Country of your birth	
*IF YOU DON'T KNOW EXACT TIME OF BIRTH, WRITE IN 12 P.M.			
CHECK ONE:			
<input type="checkbox"/> Cash, check or money order enclosed. (\$3 if one ordered, \$6 if two ordered)			
Charge it to my: <input type="checkbox"/> American Express			
<input type="checkbox"/> Master Charge <input type="checkbox"/> Bank Americard			
Acct. No. _____			
Expiration date _____			
Signature _____			
Clip and mail this form to:			
The International Astrological Assoc.			
Research Div., Dept. B-157,			
6233 Whipple Ave. N.W.			
Canton, Ohio 44720			
IMPORTANT: THIS OFFER CARRIES A FULL MONEY BACK GUARANTEE			



TRUE BOOK BONUS

MY LIFE WITH THE HEADHUNTERS

(Continued from page 20)

Panggul's huge eyes filled with the tears that come from a stinging, personal hurt. "No danger," he said. "Dyak only honor dead in first ceremony. They happy you here. Very special honor for Dyak."

We left our jewelry on the boat. It was possible that rings, identification bracelets, wrist watches would confuse a primitive people.

Outside it was dark. The warm green smell of the jungle assaulted our nostrils with its heaviness as we stepped barefoot off the boat.

There was no one in sight.

Mosquitoes roared by, their songs much louder than usual, and other night insects bumped into us with their soft bodies. The moon unveiled itself from a cloud and threw a dusky glow upon the ground, and crawling weeds were everywhere. Abdul turned off his flashlight and the sound from the switch was deafening.

Suddenly, there was a rustling in the trees behind me, and a tiny brown face began to percolate itself through the darkness; it withdrew and was swallowed up in the night before it could really be seen.

There was a skittering movement on the right, and again we had a fleeting glimpse of a blurred and indefinite face.

We hovered together in a bunch, but Panggul stood with his back toward us, a few feet away, and was peering into the jungle growth. I turned to look at Panggul and saw behind him, above his shoulder, a pair of frightened black eyes piercing their way through the dark, quite near and very still. Something glinted brightly above his left shoulder, metal, a blade of some kind, perhaps a spear.

Beside it, another face filtered through the darkness, and another and still another until we were surrounded by twenty-five or thirty tiny brown-skinned men. All of them were cut from the same piece of brown human fabric with the same four-, four-and-a-half-foot height, and their eyes glittered with fear, and sometimes the whites showed around the dark pits. Their bodies were remarkably smooth and their faces hairless except for a few men with straggly, untrimmed chin whiskers. They looked as though they had stopped breathing. Their bodies were tied up with stiffness and rigidity. Some of them had dropped open their mouths. The young boys were naked, but the men had tied short sarongs around their waists and those men held spears and blowguns at their sides, the metal tips pointing

skyward.

They had shown themselves. But they were unmoving and silent and awestruck.

One of the older men looked a little nervous with his blowgun, and Panggul said something softly in Dyak that jerked all of them to turn their eyes upon him. But their eyes traveled back again to study the six-foot white colossus that stood in their pathway.

In a sudden burst of courage one little fellow began to creep secretly toward me. His feet moved over the ground without sound of any kind, his eyes raised, fear-filled, toward my eyes and mouth. When he was within ten feet, he stopped, spread his legs and placed his hands on his hips. His chest rose as he filled his lungs with a deep, sighing breath, and then he looked back at his friends and grinned a little in triumph.

The Dyaks blinked in amazement at the heroic attack he was making.

Encouraged that no disaster had befallen him, he threw back his tiny shoulders and with gusty boldness advanced another step, and then under until he was standing in front of me. He dropped his head far back to look at my face, and I bent my head forward a little to see his. We stared, uneasily, at each other for a long time, and neither of us moved.

Slowly his head turned sidewise, and he lowered his eyes to study my arms. Without a warning of any kind, his right hand jerked out and he pinched the hair on my forearm, and pulled as hard as he could. I was uncomfortably reminded of the proclivity of these headhunters to collect human hair.

He was openly puzzled. He turned to look at his friends again, batting his eyes in astonishment. He shook his head from side to side and then turned around to face me. He seemed satisfied now that the hair on my arm would not turn loose, but he gave it a second pull anyway. He stooped a little to inspect my hand and blew a tremendous blast of air on my fingers. I could not suppress a chuckle. The noise of it sent the Dyak scampering back into the circle of men yelling, "Sang Hyang Ikui Bui" as he ran. (Great White Fish God.)

We had met the headhunters of Borneo.

Summer, 1968. We were on the island of Borneo, ten miles west of the capital of Bandjarmasin, when the entire headhunting business began, but none of us knew it was beginning at the time.

Jmy, my 12-year-old son, and I were in Indonesia—a corner of the world sprinkled

with over three thousand islands linking the South Pacific and Indian Oceans. They were beautiful islands. Some were splashed with emerald jungles, many were spiked with soaring volcanoes and a few of them were mere dots above the foam.

The country was just too big, too scattered and too hot to make journalism and photography fast, easy work.

The necessity of using an interpreter slowed down the works too—though Sjam-suarni Sjam was one of the best in the business.

Before her tenth birthday she could chew tobacco, drink hard liquor and still do the work of ten men without grumbling. By the time she graduated from the University of Djakarta, she was ready for travel.

When I met Sjam, she was thirty-five, knew the numbers of her country and could keep a fair score. I liked her immediately.

It was Abdul who started the events which followed though.

"Selamat malam," he said the first time we met him, whipping his hat against his leg. He crossed and sat down next to Sjam, holding his hat with his hands between his knees.

Sjam began the volley of Indonesian between them.

At one time she shook her head from side to side as though to clear her mind and then leaned forward to understand better. The boy's eyes (he looked to be 19 or 20) flitted over the room, alive with the excitement of whatever he was feeling. His voice rose to a feverish pitch, and then Sjam choked. She coughed to clear her throat and rubbed the corners of her mouth in concentration. Her fingers were still on her mouth when she muttered something to the boy, listened to his response, then laughter overcame her.

"Well," she said, "you'll never guess!"

She pulled at the lobe of her ear, trying to get a starting point, and then said, "Well, his name is Abdul Manif Chairul and he's a journalist from the *Riak Press* here in Bandjarmasin. He wants you to head an expedition to explore the Central Borneo jungles and hunt for a lost band of natives that are supposed to be living there!"

"Why me?" I asked.

"Well," said Sjam, "publicity, I think. You know, a woman with a small child, Americans, good photographic and recording equipment and all that. But wait until I tell you! That's *unexplored* territory he's talking about and those 'lost natives' are *headhunters*!"

"Headhunters!"

"Yeah!" Sjam laughed and rolled her eyes up again. "He thinks that if you can go in there and keep your head then maybe others will follow!"

The proposition was preposterous, but I supposed it was flattering in a way.

"Tell him no, but thanks, anyway."

I should have known better then. Later there was a news broadcast, some official documents and telegram that read:

"... telegram: 'Nopol 471/VIII/rdg/perwk/... Police Number 471 to the Governor of Central Kalimantan and Regent of Sampit... to announce to you that a photo-journalist from the United States of America, Wyn Sargent, and her son, Jmy, together with interpreter, Sjam-suarni Sjam from Nitour, Inc., and one journalist, Abdul Manif Chairul, from South Kalimantan, have been granted priority to visit Central Kalimantan to research the culture, arts and traditions of the native people of Central Kalimantan...'"

That I was going was apparently a forgone conclusion. I was being drafted and I knew it, and although I was shocked, I was also intrigued.

I knew I would go.

On July 4th, Wyn Sargent, Jmy, Sjam and an "official" escort from the police and army embarked on a journey which would eventually take them up the Mentaja River into virtually unexplored territory—with no compass and only an incomplete and rudimentary map to guide them. At their first stop, the frontier town of Sampit, they met with the head of the district, acquired more men for their escort and met Panggul.

He was almost five feet tall. Barefoot. He stood with his legs well spread and his head held very high. His hair was black and curly, cut short, and looked like little coils of wire spinning around a face as black as coffee.

He was wearing new "white man's" clothes with threads hanging from the trousers. He seemed quite uncomfortable in them because they didn't fit well.

When he finally spoke, the words were soft and cautious and his coffee cheeks deepened a little in color.

"I am Panggul. I come take Miss Sargent to my people in jungle. I take her. I bring her back!" His words were spoken in the Indonesian language, broken but understandable.

The regent leaned on his elbow on the arm of his chair and bent his head. "This man is a Dyak from one of the tribes in the interior. He could be a good guide for you and certainly he knows the Dyak dialects."

"What does 'Dyak' mean?"

Panggul understood the question. "Dyak," he said, "mean my people in jungle. Many tribes, many clans, but all people called Dyak. I am Iban clan from Dyak Iban tribe and also belong to another tribe, Katingan clan from Dyak Ngadju tribe."

"We think he has been here for about a year," said the regent. "The man sleeps in a canoe at night and roams the streets in the day."

"Why?"

Panggul lowered his head and closed his eyes and sighed deeply. A tiredness had suddenly left his shoulders sagging slightly. When he opened his eyes, there was a deep, habituated sadness there that I had not seen before and the sadness was exaggerated now because the man was weeping.

"I come here get help for my people. My people now crumble to dust in jungle. Way of living for Dyak destroyed, nothing left. Many have no clothes. Many have no homes. My people Great People. Today, they no remember their greatness. People have no food, no medicine, no hope. People

need help to live, now."

Whatever the reasons for the present conditions of his people, Panggul was quarreling with history and its subsequent course of events. It was confusing to look upon his face. He appeared to be a strangely strong man and one who handled himself with an inner superior force, but it was a force what might prove deadening and probably it was one without pity. But he also looked like the kind of a man who could think about spring in the dead of winter.

Panggul was put on record as the official 'Dyak guide-interpreter' for the expedition.

That night I dreamt that I rode through the headhunters' jungle on the shoulders of a little giant.

So, the Dyak natives of Sapiri were responsible for bestowing upon me the reputation of the Great White Fish—a reputation that I was to enjoy for some years to come.

They had seen me rise from the river, and it made excellent sense to them to use me to substantiate the stories of their ancestors about the great white fish that had once inhabited the seas of their birthland.

The little committee of Dyaks began to relax. And so did we. With uncurled curiosity the natives edge in closer and closer to investigate our group. Panggul had stirred too. He was pulling a dark Dyak toward us. Abruptly the man liberated himself from Panggul's grasp and began to come forward under his own power. As he came, he sniffed at the air.

"This, Chief Niga," said Panggul.

He was a very dark-skinned man with a great duster of black hair on his head, most of it standing straight up. His shoulders were sloping and from them hung thick, muscular arms that were heavy and strong from a work that required lifting or pushing. His full lips, badly punished by the tropical sun, were chapped and peeling. There were large holes in his earlobes where earrings had one been inserted, and little flaps of skin hung from his ears like slender loops of spaghetti. His eyes were filled with the reserve and dignity respectful to his position. A mandau (knife) with human hair in its handle hung at his waist, and beneath it a short sarong had been tied.

With the help of two interpreters, Chief Niga and I exchanged what we believed were the appropriate politenesses and courtesies for such an occasion. The chief leaned forward and I spoke to intercept the words because he felt he should understand them. The natives watched my mouth and when the words came, they giggled and squealed with laughter at the funny English sounds.

After the exchange was over, Chief Niga invited us into the shack where the funeral was to be held and sent all of us stumbling down a path to the village.

The path began at the river's edge, continued for a hundred yards, and disappeared into the jungle growth. The Dyaks had built their houses of poles and thatch on either side of the path. There were only five straggling huts in the village and all of them wobbled about high on the ends of their eight-foot stilts. I learned that the shacks had been built over the body of a man buried beneath one of the main poles.

The funeral parlor turned out to be the last house on the right of the path because it was in the best shape. A single log, slot-cut rose eight feet straight up and I was boosted through the front door.

The frame of the house was made of bamboo, and bark skin had been tied to it with lengths of rattan to make up the walls. The grass ceiling pitched ten feet above the eight-by-twelve floor in the middle of the room and rested at a five-foot level on the bark walls.

There was no furniture in the room.

Something that looked like a scarecrow rose in a spectacular arrangement in the center of the shack. It was made from dried branches and leaves and then dressed up with seeds, roots, shells, and other odd articles. It was there to keep the evil spirits away.

Behind the scarecrow the dead man lay in a coffin shaped like a canoe because the Dyaks believe he can sail his way into heaven. An ill-fitted lid had been cemented with natural asphalt onto the sides of the canoe. It was a bum job. The room was filled with the sweet, mousy smell of decomposed flesh, and the stench left one heady and sick with nausea.

The little shack swayed from side to side on its shaky stilts in violent protest to the onslaught of Dyaks that paraded through the door. Some of the men brought torches with them and stuck them upright into the bamboo floor. Behind the men came the women and children.

The light fell on the people and danced over their faces and eyes with yellow flickers. There were many old, old women, too many to count. They wore sarongs that had long ago rotted and were now falling to pieces.

There were babies, too many to count. Babies that were gaunt. Tired little babies with hunger written in their eyes and on their stomachs. Some of them whimpered, afraid of the noise around them, and they were drawn to the chests of the old women who held them. Only a pitiful handful of women looked young enough to be mothers and, like their babies, they were gaunt-looking too, and hungry.

The middle generation was missing. It was as though they had not been invited at all.

Niga offered me a clay bowl with everything that it contained, not just part of it. It was my introduction to Dyak food and it hit me hard. A post-mortem of the bowl's contents proved it to be a pig's stomach boiled in coconut oil. Every Dyak meal henceforth became a torment for me and every subsequent hiccup a reminder of an ordeal recently finished or of one that was yet to come.

The chief moved over and squatted beside Panggul and began to explain the routine of the funeral ceremony, and while he talked, a black ant crawled over his bare foot and up onto his toes. Niga reached down and crushed the ant between his forefinger and thumb and then punched the ant into his mouth.

Panggul turned to translate the procedure in his broken Indonesian to Sjam. I was thinking about the black ant when Sjam delivered her translation to me.

I understood that we were to see the first part of a funeral ceremony, a blood sacrificing ritual based on the Kaharinjang religion of the Dyak people. The high priest was delegated to run the show, and he was called the *belian*.

The people were quiet now and listening and waiting. The *belian* raised a crooked index finger, and it brought six grass-covered Dyak men into the room, wobbling under the weight of the enormous masks that covered their faces.

A lecherous old Dyak with a mischievous face sprang up and hit a circular brass gong that hung from the ceiling by a strong rattan rope, and it put the dancers in motion. The dance stopped when the performer believed he had projected his point and the Dyaks looked at each other and nodded and smiled.

A boom on the gong heralded the arrival of a second batch of dancers, and four half-naked men shuffled uneasily toward the center of the room. To conceal their identity, the men wore masks that had been cut from gourds and decorated with charcoal

and chalk strips. They were understandably nervous. The dance they were to perform was meant to portray the spirit of the dead man, and if they missed a step in the routine and were recognized by the gods, they believed they would die too.

The dance lasted only a few minutes, and there was nothing wild or uninhibited about it. The men moved with practiced and sedately intricate steps and they seemed tremendously relieved when it was over.

The belian coughed loudly to clear his throat and then spat on the side of the coffin. The action turned every eye in the room toward him. With this attention, he began to chant an invitation to the gods to attend the funeral and to bring with them a good will for the people or, at least, a neutrality. The chant was not clearly spoken. There were tones that rose and swelled, and when the belian ran out of breath there were little pauses. At one time his voice cracked and broke and it drew a giggle from some of the children.

It finally ended on a medium pitch, and its ending shot two breathless Dyak men through the front door. They were covered with blood.

They stumbled through the crowd of people toward the coffin, breathing heavily from the overload of the parts of a dead wild pig in their arms. I supposed the animal had been the owner of the stomach I had eaten. One of the men held the pig's head in his right hand, and he hung it on the scarecrow as he passed by. The long ribbons of flesh cut from behind the ears hung nearly to the floor, and little dribbles of blood splattered softly from the ends. The brain had been jerked out of the head and, along with the other bloody parts, it was heaped high on the coffin. The belian moved not even the slightest as the entrails were draped across his legs. He sat in a pool of rising blood.

The Dyaks were fired by the sight of the blood and their eyes glittered brightly, almost hungrily. Several of the older men jumped to their feet and raced each other to the coffin and thrust their hands and arms up to the elbows into the bright red gore. They drilled their fingers into the bowels and then, with breathless enthusiasm, smeared blood over the faces and bodies of everyone in the room. Not even the tiny babies escaped the adventure.

For a Westerner, a blood sacrificing can be a terrifying experience and one that could nearly cause him to expire on the spot. But blood to the Dyak represents a way of satisfying like nothing else. It creates all kinds of magical unions between the known and the unknown, and it explains everything that the Dyak does not fully understand. The blood itself is loaded with magic and its powers are unlimited. At this funeral it was used as an appeasement to blood-thirsty gods that were roaming about the place and as a general cleansing agent for the souls of the living Dyaks. (My soul was politely overlooked on this occasion.)

Suddenly the whole shack was on fire. The flames scrambled up the bark walls and licked at the grass roof, roaring as it went. The fire sighed deeply over the room and its hot breath singed and burned everything, including the people. The Dyaks screamed and hollered and yelled and cheered and laughed and loved every minute of it. They leaped high into the air to avoid being seriously burned by the falling sparks. When they had had enough, they began to clap their hands and bodies over the blaze and spit at the flames to extinguish them before we were all burned up.

The Dyaks not only played with blood, they played with fire as well, and as a finale to the funeral, the fire would light the dead man's path to heaven, and if a few careless Dyaks were burned on the foot, well, that

would amuse the grieving family.

Before we left Sapiri, Chief Niga explained that the deceased would be buried in his coffin tomorrow morning and someday there would be a "second ceremony" to raise his soul to the seventh heaven, a location rather ill-defined as "over there." This wonderful resurrection would be accomplished by offering many heads to the major god of their religion, Sang Hyang.

"Human heads?" I whispered to Sjam.

To drink unboiled river water is the short cut to serious trouble. One of our policemen was sick as a result of having done it. "He will return with the boat, tomorrow," Sjam said. "Panggul says we must travel by canoe now."

We were sorry to see the old boat go. Dilapidated as it was, the clanging Diesel engine had stuttered out a warm touch of "civilization," and its departure would take with it our final communication with that world.

The captain agreed to meet us in Juala Kuajan in four or five weeks, and meanwhile we would follow the Mentaja River as far north as possible to explore whatever villages were on its banks.

We packed our foodstuffs into two small dugouts, bade farewell to the captain, and in the early morning hours headed upstream for a village Panggul called Bawan.

It's not much fun to travel in a canoe on a jungle river. The dark trees on the riverbanks overhang the river and throw down shadows that are unfriendly. Sometimes a limb is seen, worn smooth in the middle where headhunters have sat on it, waiting for an animal or the enemy to pass by. This makes the air gloomy and threatening.

The river itself is not without its own dangers. It gargles up a chilling chorus of its own from the noise of snakes. There are so many snakes that the water is always dimpled somewhere with the passing of them. Most of them are poisonous and therefore inedible. They navigate through the warm waters like little submarines, with only their heads stick up, twisting and turning around like tiny periscopes. It is difficult to believe that one becomes bored with their presence, but it happens.

When we arrived in Bawan, we discovered that the Dyaks could not be regarded as architects or carpenters. Their huts slumped at strange angles, and some of them looked as though they had been pushed off their stilt by a giant hand. If a tree fell on a house and mashed out the corner, then that corner was mashed forever. Nothing is ever repaired in a Dyak village.

Some of the Dyaks in Bawan had tried their hand at farming but without success in raising a crop of any kind. Therefore, Bawan was starving.

Ingan was chief of the village. When he saw Panggul he saluted him by touching his forehead to the ground. "Talking drums tell me you come," he said. "Please come to my house."

We crowded into the little shack that Ingan called his home, and before we could sit down there was a sudden splintering and shredding of bamboo and one of the policemen disappeared through the floor.

Ingan laughed. "We need new floor, anyhow. Now I make! This make time satisfactory. If no thing happen, if no joy or tragedy, then time is nothing. I have hole in floor. I make new floor. Two doings for time! Nothing to nothing make no time at all!"

It was our first touch with Dyak philosophy, a philosophy that unfailingly embraced the sunny side of every dark cloud. The dark shack was lit up with the lightning Ingan lived within, and all of us felt the excitement in the air when he invited us to his son's wedding. "We met bride's price. We very lucky. Brides not cheap! Now we have

good old-fashioned Dyak wedding in Badjane. My son already prove he brave man for girl. He do Dyak war dance, and we paint charcoal tattoos on calves on his legs. In old days, must get human head to prove brave and then put tattoos on legs."

"How did Ingan get his tattoos?" I whispered to Sjam.

When Sjam asked the question, Panggul bristled and his eyes slitted darkly. His reaction startled me.

"Oh," laughed Ingan. "Get tattoos many ways. Yes, many ways! Ingan have tattoos because he very brave. Yes, very brave man!"

There was no more explanation than that, and one look at Panggul's face was a good indication not to pursue it.

Tomorrow we would go to Badjane.

A word here about the holes in the bamboo floors of the Dyaks' shacks. They are filled with holes because the Dyaks love to chew betel nuts. The betel nut is a narcotic, as well as the *sirih* leaf it is wrapped in, and together they create an astonishing amount of red juice in the mouth. When it becomes more than the Dyak can handle, he spits the juice through the holes in the floor. If a hole isn't handy, he simply cuts another within his range. In no time at all a floor can resemble a sieve.

It was my first night to be spent sleeping inside a Dyak shack, and I found that it was no fun to sleep on top of a spittle hole. The hole weakens the floor and there is the danger of falling through to the ground, seven feet below.

The visitor learns, after one night, to survey the floor of his host's house during the daylight hours and selects a good spot to do his sleeping.

We arrived in Badjane in time for the sunset. "We have wedding today to scrape the stars!" Ingan yelled.

In the morning, the whole village was noisy with the excitement of the marriage event.

At the south end of the village Ukung, the bridegroom, was making a "Key of Life," and he had put his heart into his work. The Key was molded from clay mixed with a little pinch of gold dust, and it looked like a big question mark when it was finished. Ukung would carry the four-foot Key on his back to his bride's front door, and the Key would officially "open" the wedding ceremony.

Napiah, Ukung's bride, stood in the doorway of her father's shack and waited for all this to happen. She was very young, perhaps thirteen and she was beautiful.

The chief appeared in the doorway of his shack and nodded at the little committee in the center path, a signal that put the group in motion.

Timah, Ukung's best man and bodyguard, helped Ukung mount the heavy Key on his back, and together they started off toward Napiah's house, leading the little procession of Dyaks behind them.

Ingan, his dark face flushed with excitement, rushed up and said, "This ceremony called Balian. When we reach bamboo gate, Ukung must cut bamboo with mandau, and if not cut open in one stroke, then wedding off."

Napiah saw Ukung lower the Key in front of the gate and she disappeared inside, shutting the grass door behind her. One Dyak stood in front of the door, his arms folded over his chest, to play out his role as Napiah's bodyguard.

Ukung unsheathed his mandau and stepped up to the gate. Without hesitation of any kind, he raised his knife and brought the blade crashing downwards so that the bamboo fell into two pieces at his feet.

"He's won! He can get married now!" said Jmy.

"No, not yet!" Ingan said. "Bodyguards must fight. And if Timah not win, then wedding off!"

Ukung nodded to Timah and slapped him on the back for good luck.

Timah bolted toward the shack to battle with Jumbli. He climbed the little ladder well enough, but when he reached the top, his foot abruptly slipped out from under him and he skidded across the little porch and collided into the waiting Jumbli. The impact plummeted the two boys from the porch and they fell to the ground in a tangle of arms and legs. The fall knocked the breath from both of them and they rolled about on the ground, their arms clasped around their middles, painfully struggling to breathe again. Timah regained his breath first and staggered to a standing position. It was an effort that crowned him as victor.

"Now, is that all? Can they get married now?" asked Jmy.

"No, not yet!" said Ingan. "Ukung must throw spear through house to kill evil spirits. Then, get married!"

Ukung completed his final test and the pursuit, the gifts, the trek to Badjanei, the trials and tests of the "old-fashioned wedding" were over and finished.

The "marriage ceremony" itself was nothing more than a simple formality. The couple washed one another in pig's blood to cleanse the other of evil spirits and evil thoughts, and then they left the shack to bathe together in the river.

The wedding "feast" was held in the chief's shack, a feast that would last as long as there was food and drink. The Dyaks were experts at building a party from inadequate materials, and the memory of the Dyak food served at these fiestas made me gasp. We would be expected to eat whatever was served if we attended the party? The thought was without relish of any kind.

Panggul had scheduled the village of Tumbang Puan as our next destination, and it was excuse enough for us to depart. No one missed us very much. The Dyaks were too busy eating and drinking and talking and even Ingan's mouth was so full of food that he could only sputter and nod his head in good-by.

It was a chocolate flood. The Mentaja River had rain-swollen itself to the point of foolishness. It had boiled into an unbelievable rage and that rage churned out multitudes of frothy cascades. The echo of that angry churning could be heard ten miles away.

The river tore at its own edges and topped its banks and then it roared into the villages themselves and the thundering, menacing waters burst open and knocked down whatever they touched.

When the water finally subsided and the river had sulked back into its escarpment, there was not a Dyak in Tumbang Puan who did not believe that I had staged the drama personally.

The Tumbang Dyaks were not a high-strung people. Usually they took life pretty much as it came. But rain, flood, and destruction boxed up in a single packet had tuned some of them too high, and they snapped like cut violin strings.

One of them was named Grani. Grani was an old, old man. He was one of the few white-haired Dyaks I had ever seen, and his head was covered with a great snowy duster of it. His body was badly bent, warped up, and misshapen with swollen and deformed joints. His ungraceful figure radiated a discontentment with himself and with others, too.

Grani could never get used to the idea that he had not been chosen to be the chief of Tumbang Puan.

"That old Grani," said Panggul. "He plenty crazy man!"

Grani bracketed us with his eyes but never looked directly upon any of us. He seemed to be groping among the bits and pieces of his mind to identify or justify our presence in the village.

In front of Grani, lying on the ground, was a short stick. He leaned forward abruptly, picked up the stick, and then banged it on the ground. Then he boosted himself into a half-standing position, turned on his heel, and wobbled off into the undergrowth of the jungle.

We could hear him screaming maledictions at whatever evil spirits he thought were hiding there. The vines shook violently under the lashings he gave them with his stick.

When he had cut down as many devils as he could, he hobbled out, the stick under the pit of his arm, a look of triumphant transport on his face.

Panggul whispered to Grani and sent him limping down the center path, where he disappeared into one of the shacks. Before he left, he had narrowed his eyes at me with a chilling look.

There was a sudden shrieking of an outraged chicken close by. It seemed a pity that the wild jungle "poultry" so hastily went to the block for whatever occasion was on hand, whether it was happy, mournful, or apologetic. The chickens undoubtedly took a very dim view of the Dyaks and their blood-demanding gods. This sacrifice was meant for Kambe Hai, the devil-god of the Mentaja River. It was urgent if the river was to behave again.

The Dyaks had more gods, spirits, and ghosts than anything else, and all of them were alive. Nothing ever died in Borneo. It was a very crowded place.

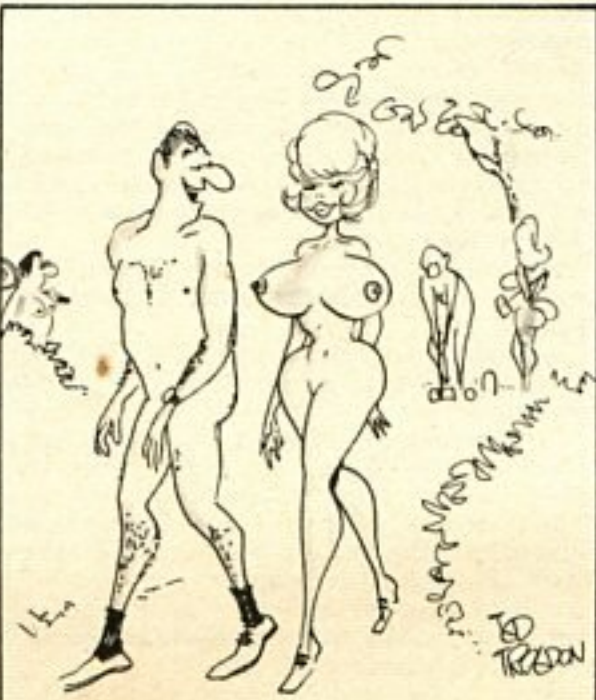
"Is called *kajau*!" Panggul said. "Hunt for heads!"

We were sitting in one of the few houses left standing in the village. Panggul had finally agreed to tell me why the Dyaks hunted heads and how they did it. He had used the Indonesian word for "headhunting" and his voice had suddenly gone rusty, almost as though from lack of use. His eyes were dulled as though he wasn't seeing with them anymore.

He next statement shocked me.

"When they outlaw headhunting, they take heroism from Dyak! They take purpose for life!"

He paused, wiped his eyes with the back of his hand, and sighed deeply. "All over, now," he said, and bitterness crept over his face.



"I'll bet you'd be hell in a black negligee."

I suspected that Panggul had hunted a few heads in his lifetime, and this linked him directly to the headhunters themselves. He and a few others were the remnants of all that immeasurable greatness that stemmed from headhunting in Borneo. His face reflected a weeping love for those years, now regretfully gone by.

There has never been a systematic accounting of any event in Borneo, but Panggul knew the history of headhunting through his own personal experience and through his relationship to the tribes living in the Mentaja area. Half a century ago, headhunting was regulated by tribunal law, and those laws legalized each tribe's headhunting requirements. According to the tribes' needs, the laws were established and upheld in the village of Rian Sembali, where the undisputed champion of all headhunters, Rambang Sawit, lived and ruled in 1890.

Sawit was credited with over one thousand heads, which earned him the unmatched title of *tamanggung*, king. He excelled in other skills, too, for his house boasted forty wives and several hundred children.

In the headhunting days when Borneo meant all of the island and the Malayan-Indonesian boundaries had not yet been drawn, many of the Dyak tribes shared each other's laws. Panggul (Tribe Iban) and Ingan (Tribe Ngadju) observed the same headhunting rules for marriage and manhood. If a man wanted to gain his majority or get married, he had to bring home a head. The head, aptly named the Trophy of Victory, was to be lopped off in a single blow. Any human being was fair play and the bravest Dyak took the head of his next door neighbor! The decapitated body stayed where it was felled, food for the vultures, and the head was brought into the victor's village, where it was displayed by the Ibans but buried by the Ngadjus.

The most demanding headhunting requirement came from those laws that were rooted in the Dyaks' Kaharinjang religion.

A promise made to a dying parent, for example, to provide him with a manservant in heaven was believed to be fulfilled by burying an enemy's head near the body when he died. The number of servants sent with the deceased depended entirely upon how many were promised to the parent prior to his death. Sometimes the heads numbered in the hundreds.

The nastiest of these Kaharinjang religious demands involved the catching of a man, skewering him alive on the end of a twenty-foot pole, and then burying him in the ground, head down, feet skyward. This effort was meant to give power to the Bird of Paradise perched on the far end of the pole—to fly the celebrated deceased's soul into the seventh heaven.

The sects in the Tumbang Puan area, hunted heads as a demonstration of absolute bravery and then drank tuak from the human skulls they had freshly decapitated. It was the epitome of their intrepidity.

The headhunting of the Katingan and Kahajan sects was motivated by revenge. Both sects forever felt injured by the other, and that injury gave rise to a nonstop retaliation between the two.

Some tribes buried their heads and other tribes displayed them. The Ibans, a northern tribe, believed the skulls brought strength and prosperity to the house, and they lined their shelves with as many brain pans as possible. They fed the spirits that dwelled within the heads by stuffing bits of food through the nose, eyes, and mouth.

Headhunting gave to all tribes strength and heroism, and to many young boys it gave manhood and marriage, sometimes at the fragile age of ten years.

At the end of the headhunter's trail were the rewarding tattoos, proof of successful

headhunting. The radens boasted, in addition to blackened calves, a dragon-lizard design on their thighs. Their daughters' wrists and legs were tattooed with stars and stripes to elevate their status to royalty.

One day, in the early 1900's, the King of Riam Sembali counted his empire's inhabitants and found that the collecting of heads had become dangerous to the survival of the Mentaja tribes. Rambang Sawit, a wise old man, called for a summit meeting with all the tribal chiefs in Central Borneo, where he meant to lay down the ground rules for their souvenir-taking future.

The tribes deliberated for several months, with minimum incidences, and finally drew up a treaty among themselves and signed it in blood. It was agreed that the tribes would no longer war upon each other and that they would not avenge, nor collect heads for reasons of bravery or manhood. Only the stringent Kaharinjang headhunting demands were left untouched.

By reducing their own headhunting requirements to a minimum, the tribes had dealt themselves out as being simple savages. It spoke rather well for these Wild Men of Borneo to have suddenly become a people aware, a people able to integrate a new view of life with certain forms of social organization and progress.

But many Dyaks, upon receiving the news, found it difficult to become law-abiding citizens overnight. They were products of their traditions and their ancestral roots ran deep and sometimes bloody. These Dyaks found it impossible to behave themselves and then, in a moment of embarrassment, attempt to say "excuse me" when it was too late.

During the Indonesian Revolution in 1945 the Dyaks had a field day for four continuous years. Many a dead person was sent his long-promised manservant and a few thousand souls were flown nonstop to paradise and all at the expense of the Dutch.

Years later, in 1959, the new Indonesian capital, Djakarta, caught wind of the pagan practice and outlawed headhunting through an official act of Parliament. The black words punched on the parchment called headhunting clearly "murder."

But Djakarta was miles away and the Dyak was safe in his jungle. It did not surprise this writer to learn that religious headhunting persisted in the villages of Telangkah, Ajau, and Rantau Pulut on the Serujan River in 1969. In 1970 two of my next door neighbors were missing from the village of Lubuk Kawan because Sungai Hanja, a village one day north by canoe, was celebrating a funeral at the time!

Cutting off a man's head was done with the mandau and, as the decrowning instrument, it was a good choice. The Dyaks also have eight-foot blowguns that are capable of shooting deadly poisonous arrows with great accuracy. But the tiny headhunter stands four and a half feet tall at best, and he found that the sumptan was rather unhandy and cumbersome while running through a tangled dense jungle. To poison a man prior to taking his head was in bad taste, anyway.

When the mandau emerged as the decapitating weapon, it became sacred. The headhunter believes that a magic power lives within the knife itself, and since he believes himself to be his own magician he can conjure up additional magic for his mandau whenever he feels it is necessary. Animals are sacrificed, the blood collected and the knives are worshiped in rituals that offer both rice and blood to the mandau spirits.

In the village of Tumbang Puan the mandaus have the short red hair from the armpits of orangutans worked into the snub-nosed handles. Some are covered with sheaths upon which circular imprints of

Dutch coins reflect the number of heads the knife has to its credit, rather like the notches cut on guns during the Wild West days in the United States.

I saw a few mandaus in Central Borneo that had been made from Japanese bayonets, the Rising Sun sharply stamped near their handles. Although the Japanese did not invade Tumbang Puan during their occupation in World War II, it is a fair conjecture that the Dyaks of Tumbang Puan invaded the Japanese on the shorelines.

"We go to house of Unda," Panggul said. "He still have house and he wait for you. He show you all Dyak weapons."

We walked through the mud toward the grass shack Unda called home. The jungle was rapidly fermenting now and it smelled of rot and decay. The Dyaks were moving the mud away from their houses. The darkness of the mud must have been stifling to the nostrils. Some of the men were bowed by the burden of awful heat and others by the burden of hard labor.

Most of the Dyaks had accepted the flood damage as a demonstrated animosity from their gods, and they were bearing it out with work and silence. But there were a few men who were still jittery about my being in the village.

Unda's shack stood at a slight tilt. The flood waters had unstuck two walls and carried them off somewhere, but the floor had managed to hang onto its poles. There was dried, caked blood on the doorstep from a recent sacrifice.

"Unda like you," whispered Panggul. "He not think you make water come to village."

Unda was a handsome Dyak. He was tiny and thin but his cheeks were fat and round and as bright as apples. He was grinning like a child who trusted everybody when he met us in the doorway and bowed us into his shack.

On the floor were arranged all kinds of weapons that Unda had brought out, not only from his own household but from the households of others. It was the most complete collection I was ever to see in Borneo.

Unda was holding a bamboo spear with a poisoned tip (*salenkap*) in his hand, explaining how they are placed to protect a village, when Jmy touched my elbow. "Mom, there's that man again!"

A great duster of white hair bobbed up and down at the side of the house at floor level. It bobbed in agreement with Grani's limp. At a high spot on the ground, Grani's head moved up and his eyes appeared beneath the white hair and darted into the room like angry sentries. When he saw Unda and the Dyak weapons in front of him, he smacked his forehead with the palm of his hand in disgust.

Grani climbed the ladder, his chest pumping like a bellows, stopped in the doorway to catch his breath, skirted the wall, and sat down next to Unda. He was followed into the room by three gruff and mean-looking Dyak men and a young boy with a badly deformed leg.

"He bring son with him. He crazy too!" Panggul said. "Other men helpers of Grani."

Unda turned to nod at Grani, picked up another knife, and continued his explanations.

"This *dohong* is dagger," he said, "used by belian. Has blade like snake. Cuts on both sides. Can use to kill enemy."

Unda paused a moment and during that pause a snarling noise filled the room. The sound had come from Grani.

Panggul listened and then he turned to Sjam. There was a frown on his face and his eyes had darkened.

"Grani want to know why Unda show Dyak secrets," he said quietly.

Grani raised his hands in the air, made

them into tight fists and growled again, and this time the growl was edged with anger.

A few minutes dripped by and no one spoke.

"Maybe we should leave now," I whispered to Sjam.

Panggul rubbed his eyes with the back of his hand.

"Grani say Unda give you Dyak secrets. He want you give secrets too," he said.

"You don't have to do anything," said Abdul.

Two of the gruff Dyaks moved around and sat on either side of Abdul, and they kept him still and unmoving with intimidating stares.

One of our soldiers was leaning against the doorframe. He pushed himself off the frame, sauntered into the center of the room, and sat down in front of Grani. He looked at Abdul and then he cupped his hand around the butt end of the pistol that was hidden inside of his shirt.

Grani was outraged that anyone would sit in front of him. He let out a thundering howl and then stomped his foot on the bamboo floor. He was still howling as he scooted himself out from behind the soldier and across the floor until he had arrived between Unda and the knives.

The soldier stayed where he was but he watched the old man with intent, unmoving eyes and he seemed to be enjoying what he saw. A queer smile played over his lips as he lifted his shirt and unsnapped the button on the leather holster and withdrew the pistol and laid it across his legs. The Dyaks had never seen a pistol and the gun meant nothing to them, but the sight of it alarmed those of us who knew of its dangers.

None of us, including Panggul, really knew what to do.

Jmy pulled out a crushed pink square of gum from the pocket of his trousers.

"Chew it and make a bubble and give a piece of it to the boy, Grani's son."

When an enormous pink globule billowed forth from Jmy's mouth, the Dyaks were bewildered and then flabbergasted. They stared at the bubble with puzzled eyes and leaned forward the better to see. When the bubble burst, the Dyaks laughed, clapped their hands together, and punched one another to be certain that the other had not missed seeing the event.

But Grani was warped up with disappointment. His eyes narrowed to more than half closed and there was a little light of madness glinting in them.

Grani turned and spouted a stream of mumbles at Panggul, who lowered his head and said, "He say this no magic."

"Well, maybe this will help. Tell Grani I'll put his son's face on a piece of paper. Tell him he can carry the paper with him and look at the face whenever he likes. It will be a present."

Grani liked the idea and he nodded in furious agreement. I took the Polaroid camera from its case and shot the picture with the last bit of film that I had.

Grani took the picture in his hands. He held it closely in front of his eyes, squinted, moved the photo away, and then he looked at his son and back to the picture again. When the irrelevancy of the photograph finally related to his son's face, he burst out laughing. It was a shrill cackle filled with insanity.

"Panggul, can we leave now?"

Panggul answered, but no one heard him. Grani was pounding the bamboo floor with his fist, and when he was finished he shook his fist at me and yelled at Panggul at the same time.

"He wants more magic," Panggul said quietly.

It may seem strange to the Westerner that a guest is not allowed to leave the presence

of a Dyak unless he has permission. To get up and simply walk away from these natives would automatically cast all kinds of suspicions upon our group and those suspicions would follow us wherever we went, along with a few Dyaks at our heels, and all of them endeavoring to make those suspicions a reality. Unda had the power to grant our departure, but the man sat dumbly on the floor, trying to understand the sudden turn of events. A blank incomprehension had invaded his face and had left him useless.

There was an exchange of Indonesian, Dyak, and ideas and Sjam said, "Yes, Panggul thinks he can get us gracefully out of here in a few minutes."

Bubble gum had adhered itself to the Polaroid picture and Grani began to pick at the sticky strings. The photo pulled apart. He puckered his brows together and frowned darkly. He looked at the boy and at the picture again and suddenly he threw out his arm and smashed his fist into the child's cheek. The boy screamed and covered his face with his arms before Grani hit him another blow on the head.

And then I did something I was to regret the rest of my life. I switched my tape recorder to "on" position as Grani struck his son again and again. Blows to the head, shoulders, body and smashing strikes to the face and all the time Grani screamed and screeched his disappointments over the torn photograph. He tore at the boy with his fingernails and left bleeding wounds on the child's arms and legs. When the boy tried to escape by crawling across the room, the three gruff Dyaks grabbed the child by his feet and brought him back again.

I rewound the tape and flipped the switch to "play" and Grani's voice transmitted through the speaker.

Grani stopped beating the child and looked up. His eyes spirited irritably across the room, searching for the source of the parroting mimic. Then he saw the little black box.

The man was reduced to madness. His eyes became crazed, the saliva in his mouth thickened, and frothy bubbles began to erupt from the corners. "You take my soul!" he screamed. "You take my spirit away and put in black box!"

Grani was surrounded by Dyak weapons, all of them lined up neatly in front of him. One of the Dyaks pushed a mandau closer to him with his foot, and Grani grasped it in his black hand and raised its blade high above his head. He lowered the knife, banged it on the floor and the sharp cutting edge splintered the bamboo. "This mandau cut many heads!" he bellowed. "This mandau now cut off head of you!"

Grani gulped air as he shuffled himself into a standing position. He lurched forward. The three Dyaks rushed to help him, stood on either side, and held their hands out to keep away anyone who might interfere with Grani.

Grani wound the mandau up in a clockwise motion, sprang forward, and swung the knife at me. The blade passed over my head by mere inches.

Panggul and the two soldiers jumped to their feet at the same time. One of the soldiers stuck his fist into the face of the Dyak nearest him and the blow flattened the man to the floor. The other soldier jabbed the barrel of his pistol into Grani's stomach. The old man screamed out with the pain from it.

The gun fired and the noise of the explosion was deafening. The bullet had narrowly missed Grani's left leg. Panggul jerked himself up, stretched his hand over the soldier's wrist, and clamped down hard. With a flicking motion he bent the soldier's wrist and sent the gun clattering to the floor. He put his bare foot on top of it. The soldier backed off, grimaced, and held his right wrist with

his left hand.

Panggul, one foot on the gun and the other foot holding Grani's shoulders to the floor, waved his hand in a signal for us to leave.

My legs felt stiff and immovable as we climbed down the log ladder onto the muddy ground. A dizziness with edges of pain touched my forehead.

When we reached the riverbank we heard footsteps behind us and we turned to see Panggul standing there panting from exhaustion.

"We must leave Tumbang Puan," he gasped. "I sorry."

Panggul said something to Sjam and then ran toward Chief Tusi's shack.

"Let's go," Sjam said. "Panggul said that two of our soldiers borrowed a canoe and went back down the river. They've got malaria."

We crept out into the river's muddy water and got into the canoe. Seconds later, Panggul came flying down the riverbank and we slid off into the current, heading downstream.

Grani and a committee of Dyaks stood on the riverbank, staring after us.

And then they plunged into the jungle in pursuit. All of them had mandaus in their hands. . . .

Panggul had set our new course to Tumbang Ramei, a village on the Kalang River. He thought we could reach it within two days, but the great flood waters of the previous week had already flushed themselves away and the river was left shallow, rocky, and tough to travel.

It was our third day out, we had not eaten for the last twenty-four hours, and the grinding jungle living was beginning to show its effects on all of us. At each turn of the paddle the bones stuck out from the backs of the men, bones that had been padded with firm flesh a month ago. Abdul's plump cheeks had become sunken, shallow cups beneath his eyes, and the soldier seated next to him looked out through eyes that glittered with fever.

All of us were suffering horribly from weather-punished skin, skin that burned and peeled and burned again before it could heal. Our gums bled, hair fell out, and we were covered with the ugly, weeping staph lesions that come from malnutrition and plagued our bodies with promised threats of infection. Jungle rot moved in under our armpits, and jungle fungus grew beneath our toenails and left them soft and yellow, like butter, and sometimes bleeding. From time to time a man would search his neighbor's

face to reassure himself that he was better off than the other. It was pitiful and it was defeating.

In the late afternoon we rounded a bend in the river and, imperceptibly, Tumbang Ramei stretched out in front of us. The joy we felt was instantly replaced with fear. There was a blank, white emptiness about the village and the air was freighted with silence.

Panggul stood up in the canoe and thrust his head far forward. He cocked his head to one side to hear better and then frowned deeply. A strange look moved into Panggul's eyes. "Not good, here," he whispered, more to himself than to anybody else. Then the ghastly, grueling smell of death lowered itself over all of us and even the grasses bent beneath it.

"My God!" gasped Sjam.

There were two dead children lying on the riverbank at the entrance of the village. Their faces were black. The sun had twisted and warped their naked bodies and left the skin shriveled up like dead leaves stretched tight and shiny over sharply pointed bones. Their eyeballs were gone, eaten out by some monstrous thing, and in their place were two staring black wells of horror. Both of the faces grinned through withered lips at an agony they had experienced while living. Their hair had been hacked off and some of their fingernails were missing. They were Duhoi Dyaks, from a tribe that would make a funeral from the hair and nail clippings someday.

Panggul licked his lips to draw saliva into his mouth and said, "Wait in boat." He pinched his lips together in a tight line against the pain of the odor, and disappeared into the village.

In the distance there was a faint scraping sound. A dark, ill-defined figure appeared and walked to a small mound of piled earth and squatted there for a moment and then jumped off into a nearby ditch. The scraping noises began again and with each scrape a little spurt of dirt flew up into the air. Grave digging. One more grave was being dug next to the fifteen tiny barrows already lined up, side by side.

Panggul reappeared wavering slightly, his eyes as dim as though they were seeing nothing, lost and far away.

"Many die," he said softly with tears in his eyes. "Sixteen now dead. Maybe cholera."

We moved out into the center of the river and looked back at the poor, sad-eyed village and sorrow settled into our hearts. But the saddest heart of all lay in Panggul's breast.

The soldier had lost his mind. At some time during the night the raging fever that lived within his brain had transformed the man from sane to mad.

He was a living man but there was no resemblance of it. When he talked, it was in whispers and you could hardly make out what he was saying. Once he said, "I'm hot! No, I'm cold!" as though these two opposites might balance themselves and make things right again, and then his body shook and trembled and he made pathetic little appealing gestures with his hands like some despairing, helpless creature. And then he didn't whisper or move anymore.

There were parching fevers written on the red, splotchy faces of the two policemen, and their eyes were glassy under it. And when the morning's great white sun began to burn like a hot ulcer in the sky, the two men fell away under the heat, like wilted flies. The trip was over for them too.

We were stunned by the sickness and disease that were so rapidly felling the members of the expedition, and we were scared too. The sick men were the forerunners of a promised calamity for those of us



who continued, and we felt the limits of defeat.

Panggul assured us we would find a village soon and so we continued northward. But it was a restless day, one that blackened and disheartened us.

After seven days of river travel we reached Tumbang Hedjan, and our hearts gushed with joy at the sight of the village.

We had arrived in time for a celebration, and the afternoon rushed on with festivities. The natives were preparing for "Thanksgiving" because some of their dreams had finally come true and every shanty bubbled with the excitement of it. The news of the celebration arrived on the lips of a little child.

His name was Embang. He was the most beloved of all youngsters in Tumbang Hedjan, and the other children followed him about all day, hoping to reflect a little of the glow of his spirit. When Embang spoke, his voice was low and musical, and when he laughed, he sent out long ribbons of laughter that colored the air and overcame everyone nearby with giggles. Embang was without shyness of any kind as he sat down and gently pushed his hand into mine. When I felt his thin, bony fingers, it stirred my heart. Looking down at his hand, I was shocked to see that my own hand was beginning to resemble his.

In the afternoon I taught Embang a little nursery song about a cockatoo that had lost its teeth. He echoed the melody with no effort and then memorized the lyrics, although he could not understand the Indonesian words.

Embang watched with intent, interested eyes as I wrote the day's happenings in my journal. He asked to feel the paper and see the little marks on it and then he begged to "write" too.

He had never seen a ball-point pen. He held it in his hands and turned it over and over, rubbing the sides with his fingers and clicking the point in and out, all the time laughing and giggling. After a few tries he copied the printed letters that spelled his name and then he looked up with wide eyes.

"Is my name, ya? Embang! Embang! Embang!"

The sweet, dark music of his voice burst over the room, and then he flew through the doorway of the shack and into the village to show everyone that his name was *written* on paper! He was beside himself with happiness.

We lost one of our policemen the morning following the celebration. Cholera. He was delirious with fever as the witch doctor lifted him into the canoe and set off for Tumbang Ramei.

The expedition that began with fifteen people had dwindled to seven hungry and scared individuals who had found themselves living like the Dyak headhunters with no food, no medicine, and no hope.

There is nothing in the world like a mighty jungle to display one's insignificance. We were whipped and we knew it.

Panggul had never given up, but when he saw the sick policeman off, he knew that if we wanted to live it meant returning to civilization. "Civilization" was a seven-day journey down the river to the village of Kuala Kuajan.

The day yawned wide open and the sun spread its hot shine on the earth as our Dyak friends lined the riverbank to see us off.

When our canoe slipped into the frothy, seething world of white rapids, above the roar a tiny voice was heard singing a nursery song about a cockatoo that had lost its teeth. We looked back at the village. On the mudbank, below the shaggy vines, were written the giant letters that spelled EMBANG. And above the letters, a little

child was waving. . . .

Yesterday and all the other yesterdays had been churned up and ground away, and what had happened was so vague and distant that no one could remember it.

We had passed the village of Tumbang Ramei four days ago and someone recalled that the two dead children had disappeared from the riverbank. We pressed on to the village of Ngahan, only to find it was one we could not enter. Large palm fronds flanked the entrance painted to depict death masks. They warned the outsider to pass into the village at his own risk. Panggul suggested that cholera had struck this village too, and it was probably true according to the death odor that hung about the place.

Tumbang Anci had been abandoned. The tall *pantars* (tomb monuments) rose skyward through the jungle trees and published the deaths in the village.

As we pressed on, disaster struck our expedition with a dry viciousness. The river was seeded with huge, jagged rocks, crouching like guardians at the entrance of the village. The river abruptly picked up speed and the energy of the current mix-mastered itself against the rocks and tossed and turned our canoe about with abandon.

The helm of the canoe dived into one of the rapids, turned itself around, and then thwacked into a jutting rock on the right embankment. The impact of the blow shifted the weight in the canoe and we were overturned and thrown into the foaming waters. The boat hit five of us broadside and carried us with the surging current. We were plummeted down a ten-foot waterfall into the furiously churning waters below.

Miles downstream we recovered the canoe and found ourselves wet and stone-bruised but without broken bones. An inventory sadly revealed one lost camera, innumerable rolls of exposed film, one of the cooking pots, and both paddles. It was an unspeakable, heartbreaking disappointment.

Panggul said that Kambe Hai, the river devil, had wanted to kill us. I felt that the jungle was trying to kill us too. The trees dropped their limbs over the river, and those limbs scratched and tore at our faces and bodies and left us lacerated and bleeding. Sometimes the trees harbored poisonous vines that buried their sharp thorns in our flesh and festered into half-dollar sized sores blistering into hideous infections.

Our canoe dragged along the dark, winding river looking for its own help. When it snagged itself on a rock, we waited like chips on a flood tide until the canoe was pushed off by the current and then we floated on down the river road again.

Hunger had followed us. The Dyaks in the last village had given us a few tapioca roots to eat, but we had gobbled them up during the first few hours on the river.

One the morning of the second day we passed below some low, overhanging branches and a baby python dropped out of the tree and onto the shoulder of the policeman. The men grabbed the branches of the tree and steadied the canoe while Panggul shinned the trunk to raid the nest. The snakes were wiggling in all directions, and some of them dropped into the river, where we tried to catch them with our hands before they escaped. Panggul smashed the heads of six pythons with his fist and threw them into the canoe. He cut off their heads and pulled the skins off like stockings. Then we boiled them and ate them.

It was hard to believe that it was only yesterday that the men had eaten their belts. Those that had them. The men had lost so much weight that when they removed their belts, their pants slipped down over their hips.

The men had softened the leather in the river, digging into it with their nails to en-

courage the leather to absorb the water and then, when they couldn't wait any longer, they popped the rawhide into their mouths and it was seemingly forever before they swallowed it.

In the evening the men looked over their shoes. They picked at the browned stitches on the soles with their fingernails and when they came loose, they yanked the leather off and soaked it in the water. Jmy and I ate a piece of one of the soles from the soldier's shoe. It had the flavor of old cardboard and was so tough that I couldn't break it down with my teeth. In final desperation, I swallowed the leather whole.

Except for leather belts and shoes we had had nothing to eat for two days. We were passing through an area where the sky was clean of birds, the river so low that no fish could live in it and the jungle so densely tangled that not even a snake could crawl through it.

All of us felt the blackening weakness that comes with hunger. That weakness canceled our judgment and our minds were left crippled with grayness. We had traveled too fast, too early, and, somehow, too late. We were shocked to find ourselves now starving to death.

All the things that made life meaningful had stopped. Ideas, little happenings, feelings, thoughts, remembrances had all stopped. Even the distaste for the ever-present heat and hunger had left us.

Some of the men were thinking of eating each other.

And then, lethargy moved in and none of us had the spirit to go on and no longer the need to go on. We were dragged onward only by the knowledge that the canoe was moving beneath us.

Abdul's nerves had finally let go, and now his hands shook incessantly. He gripped the side of the canoe with his right hand in an effort to control the shaking that had abruptly mantled his body, and the skin over his knuckles burst open and the blood ran thickly off his fingers into the river. He muttered under his breath and raised his hand to his mouth and licked off the blood with his tongue.

The condition of the soldier was mournful. He looked like a broken bundle of sticks, muddy and blood-caked. He clawed continually with his skinny hand at the annoying hurt that lived within the broken bridge of his nose. The skin had been scraped off and the bone could be seen. The swelling from the break had closed his eyes.

Sometimes he fainted off into unconsciousness, and when he did his head would drop back against the policeman sitting behind him. Lately the fainting spells were more frequent and lasted longer.

During one of his unconscious moments, he sucked on his underlip and bit it with his teeth. The lip splintered and blood percolated over his mouth and skipped down his chin in a little red line.

The sores on the policeman's temples had punched themselves out into the shape and color of red-yellow strawberries and looked like festering boils. The great pustules had developed from pellagra, and a few of them were paunched on his eyelids. They made his eyes look bulgy and myopic, and his eyelids, raw and red, could not stretch over them. One of the lumps, in the corner of his left eye, had already broken open and a thin, white butter dripped out and wet his cheeks.

Sjam lived within her own house of silence and looked out from it with grave calmness. She was a woman to whom hardships had proven incentives to fierce determinations. She had an idea that there was no heroism in starving to death, and if she were going to die, she would give it a touch of dignity and without hysterics of any kind.

Her skin was yellowed and shriveled, and she seemed thick in the stomach as though there was a great swelling there, but her shirt fell loosely over the protuberance without showing its shape or size.

Panggul had unwittingly scratched his face with his fingernails and was left bleeding in his own beard. The wound was white and it glistened with pus because it was infected and spreading. The skin under his eyes wizened and left tiny, dull gray pouches hanging like hammocks beneath his lids.

Panggul suffered from a different kind of pain. His chin quivered as he tightened his lips over his mouth to stifle the sob that was trying to escape from his throat. He saw me staring at him and said, "I sorry. I very sorry," and he tried to smile a little.

He felt guilty because he had brought us into the jungle and he was suffering the shame of its effects on us. It had been nearly two years since he had visited this Mentaja area, and the conditions had worsened beyond his imagination.

Jmy was sick. Last night he had said, "I just got a stomach-ache," but the color of his face indicated much more. He had spent the night somewhere between pain and sleep. The aches scampered around in his stomach and through his bones, and in their vicious grip he fought the nausea and fever and chills that accompany influenza.

In the morning his eyes were streaked with the bright yellow arrows of hepatitis.

Jmy lay weakly in my arms and I could feel his body struggling against the pains and all the while he was telling me that he felt just fine. And then he said suddenly, "Gee, Mom! Your eyes are yellow!"

It was likely that I had hepatitis; everyone else in the expedition did. And from the aching bones and nausea that swept through me from time to time, I suspected that I had a touch of influenza, too.

My head began to throb. There were small blinding hammers that staccatoed rhythmically against my temples and behind my eyes. The small hammers gave way to sledge hammers and my head pulsed with pain from the pounding.

The thudding and throbbing aches were sent from my head to nibble at the back of my neck, and there they built themselves into greater pains that traveled on into the shoulders. My muscles were left rigid and tight with torment.

I didn't know what was happening to me, and dread began to gather in the corner of my mind. I tried to put a name to what I was feeling and to call it something that was familiar to me. And then, abruptly, the pain tossed out a cold shiver that left me shaking and trembling and the dread turned to panic. Malaria.

One moment I was freezing with cold and the next burning up with the heat. My heart raced faster and faster with the attack of the fevers. I clenched my teeth together so tightly that they loosened and then blood ran from the gums.

The shaking seizures went on and on and they were still going on when the distorted phantoms born of a raging fever danced before my eyes. And then, death seemed strangely friendly and sleep a welcomed brother.

I fought for the safety of consciousness by clinging to thoughts about Jmy until my eyelids felt heavy, very heavy, and I closed my eyes. And there was nothing. . . .

Panggul squatted on his hams beside me, his dark eyes were brimming with gentle tenderness.

"We in Kuluk Telawang," he whispered. "We come last night. *Dukun* [witch doctor] make well for you, now."

Malaria is a horrendous and debilitating disease. My head still throbbed and the sweat tremors were chasing each other

through my body, but after one look around the shack we were in, my curiosity woke up and took a fresh start. The scene was guaranteed to fire terror into the heart of a sick person and make him well again.

All kinds of junk were scrambled together on the floor and walls and ceiling, and everything was covered with dust and spider webs. There were shells, pods, dried leaves, and roots, and in little baskets there were sticks of some kind standing straight up like soldiers, and in clay pots pigs' ears floated about in black oil. In the four corners of the room were branches and long, gnarled roots and bones. Some of the bones had come from humans, femurs and tibias, and there were a couple of human skulls hanging from the wall by a rattan string that had been punched through a hole in the top of the skull and then looped down and came out of the mouth. There were antlers still embedded in the skulls of deers hanging from the ceiling that must have been centuries old. Other curiosities even Panggul could not identify, but it was certain that they were marked in the mind of the witch doctor.

At the age of over one hundred years, the witch doctor was not a brisk person. He shuffled himself over to where I was lying and he looked like he hurt all over.

He dropped the few inches necessary to



"...I understand she's only seventeen..."

squat beside me, and the squat crowded his stomach up against his chest and his breath pushed out a vile odor. He leaned forward a little, bracketing and enclosing me with his eyes, and began to mumble some kind of chant beneath his breath. A squirt of betel nut juice drooled out of his toothless mouth and hit me on the chest.

Abruptly, unpredictably, the old man hurtled himself across my body and grabbed my waist with his gnarled hands and buried his head in my stomach. The shock that I felt was too deep for utterance.

When he finally straightened himself up, he pushed his forefingers on my eyes and pressed so hard that little specks of white lights danced under the lids.

He slowly rose to his half-standing position and every tendon in his crooked legs creaked at the strain of so much movement. He turned to Panggul and squinted his bird eyes until the upper-lid skin nearly shut them, and solemnly announced that my condition was serious but not grave.

Meanwhile, he mentally drew up a little list of all the things he had to do to produce a cure.

It took him nearly an hour to get things ready. At my feet he put two little wooden men holding raised mandaus. Their duty was to fend off the evil spirits if they

dropped by while the doctor was busy with something else.

A large brass gong was suspended from the ceiling just above my head, and the witch doctor hit it with a stick every time he passed by. Then he parceled out his leaves and roots and bones and seeds into a heap around me and to such a height I couldn't see over the top.

He dropped to the floor, panting and throbbing from the exertion of the assemblage.

It was dusty inside there and difficult to breathe. When I could no longer calm the anxiety I felt for my escape, I peeked over the wall and took a breath of fresh air. The witch doctor was crouched up in the far corner of the room talking to a large mask he held in his hands.

I was worried and afraid but too weak to care. I collapsed into the bottom of the haystack and tried to make myself as small as possible.

Suddenly, there was a rattling noise and a long string of pig bones jumped over the top of the nest and the mask peered over the edge to see if I was still in there.

When it was gone, a drum appeared and the witch doctor squatted behind it. He began to beat out a rhythm meant to inform the gods what he was up to and to solicit their help at the same time.

When his gnarled fingers could take no more beating, the doctor stood and started performing the ritualistic steps that were meant to provoke self-hypnosis.

I sat up. The witch doctor was groveling on the floor, half crawling on all fours, his breath coming hard, and his whole body pulsating with emotion. He stopped, pivoted around on his seat, and then struggled to sit up. As he crossed his bowed legs, a globule of betel nut juice spewed out from under the mask and ran down his chest in a red river. The old man coughed, grasped the white chin of his mask, and raised it just enough to spit and then went back to being mesmerized again.

Abruptly he began scooting himself along on his derriere, pushing with his hands, until he had crossed the entire length of the floor. He lifted his mask again to see where he was, and then he picked up an object about the size of a small coconut. He tucked it beneath his arm, lowered his mask, and when he turned to scoot back, I lay down.

The object suddenly appeared in the air above me. It was the skull of an orangutan. The doctor held it upside down and shook it over my body. The bits of debris that filtered through the eyes and nose of the skull later proved to be crocodile dung.

The doctor slumped forward, unconscious. He collapsed one entire length of the nest when he fell.

It seemed an eternity before the old man came to, and when he did he was mumbling under his breath. Panggul held him as he removed the mask from his face. He gummed his betel nut, smiled a toothless grin at Panggul, and announced that he was ready to deliver the prescription that had been revealed to him during his trancelike state, a prescription guaranteed to cure my "serious condition."

I was digging my way out from under the sticks and bones when the delivery was made. Panggul translated.

"He says to wrap leaf around unborn rat. You swallow whole. Everything O.K.!"

The grass on the riverbank in Kuala Kujan was still glistening with last night's raindrops, but Panggul was sitting on it anyway. There was a struggling expression on his face, as though he was trying to keep some kind of a secret to himself, one that was too slippery to hang onto much longer.

He sucked in his lower lip and opened his mouth to make a beginning, but it was a

false start. He ran dry in the middle of it. He threw up his hands, shook his head from side to side, laughed out loud, and suddenly the message blurted out. "My people are humble people. They not ask much of world. But tonight they ask make you Dyak woman. They want make you and Jmy member of Dyak Iban tribe. Iban belian come. He come with Dyaks from Nagaram. They make ceremony for you."

Panggul stretched his arms across the little patch of grass between us, holding his mandau in his hands. It signified the surrender of his tribe's weapons. "Wear mandau tonight. Now, go away from village. Come when sun behind tallest palm tree."

As it turned out, I became a member of two tribes.

Night fell and the ceremony began. There was a rustling to the right of us and a dark shadow advanced toward us, the belian. He was awesome.

The authority of this man was so great, it was said, that his word was taken on any subject without question.

He walked heavily toward us, shuffling his feet a little to emphasize his step. There was so much gravity in his manner that the crowd hushed itself into a profound quiet.

When the belian arrived within a few feet of us, he dipped his hand into the enormous seashell he was carrying, and began to sprinkle the ground with blood. As he sprinkled, he chanted the *mantera*, a prayer that was supposedly loaded with magic.

He ran out of blood and chant at the same time and stooped to pick up a water buffalo horn that had been propped up against a rock. It was the largest horn I'd ever seen, perhaps three feet long. It had been elaborately decorated with human hair, thick and heavy, cascading to the tip of the horn and past it.

"It filled with tuak!" said Panggul. "All get drunk! Oh, gods very happy, now!"

It is believed that when tuak is drunk in a horn from an animal thought of as both sacred and grave, the drinkers, too, are thus symbolized.

The belian pushed the horn into action by drinking from it himself and sending the horn on its rounds. The natives lipped the rim with deep swallows, one after the other, not troubling themselves to wipe the vessel's rim between gulps. It was filled and refilled and when the horn had finally circulated around to me, the hair was quite wet and drippy and a thin film of spittle around on top.

"Mom," whispered Jmy, "are you going to drink it?"

I shut my eyes and lifted the horn to my lips. After the first dizzy swallow, I felt quite brave.

Across the center path of the village the Dyaks had pulled a teakwood log and had decorated it with mandaus and haruai feathers. The belian stomped around behind the log and Panggul and the Dyaks went with him. Jmy and I were left standing alone on the opposite side.

The belian announced, "You cut this *pantan* [log] with mandau to the left, that all dangers and bad luck go. You cut this *pantan* to the right and bring peace to tribe. You cut this *pantan* through bottom so that sickness and disaster leave tribe."

It was a big order.

I unsheathed the mandau Panggul had given me, and managed to chop through the teak without damaging myself too much. This effort completed the preliminary Tahu-tan Pantai ceremony.

The belian reached over and took my hand and steered me toward a bird's egg that lay on the ground. He asked me to step on it. This little ritual was supposed to cast off any evil spirits that might be dwelling on my body or clothing. Compared to cutting

through a wood log, breaking the egg was a breeze. I enjoyed the additional prestige of being a good person, having smashed the egg completely.

We paraded down the center path in single file into an assembly shack where everybody sat cross-legged on the dirt floor. No one cared very much where he sat, and many found themselves ensconced in betel nut spittle.

The ceremony began with music. It was music of the thinnest sorts because the Dyaks are sadly lacking in musical instruments. This is primarily due to the scarcity of materials and limited technology. But since they don't know this, the self-taught Dyak "musicians" strummed the *ketijapi* and *rabab*, which were squeaky wooden mandolin-type affairs with one or two strings.

For a finale, I was asked to participate in the *bigal bigal*, a dance of friendship. It was necessary, for one reason or another, to reinforce each step with a substantial sip of tuak. There were many steps, all of them highly complicated, and by the time we finished the dance, we were all great pals.

At this point the belian announced that he would "secure" the village. He turned and marched outside, flailing his arms above his head as he went.

"What's he going to do?" asked Jmy.

"He see if any bad spirits come to village," said Panggul. "Or maybe enemy come. Belian must scare away!"

When the belian returned he was grinning broadly. The grin set free the rumor that all was well. The rumor darted around the room with amazing speed, and in no time the belian felt the flattery of his own importance.

Now the great man stepped up with a large, tuak-filled urn (*balang* or *tadjau*) and stationed it in the center of the dirt arena. (The clay in these urns is mixed with gold dust, and the Dyaks believe that they are made with the help of the Sixth Heaven god. The sculptured dragons that poke through the brown pebbled glaze echo a Chinese influence, but the Dyaks swear that the Chinese imitated them. A native earns his social rank in a village by the number of urns found in his shack. If they are filled with tuak, then he is considered a very rich man.)

"Party goes well," said Panggul, and he flashed his brightest smile. "Many get drunk now!"

Panggul arose suddenly, straightened his shoulders. "Please! You come now," he said.

Jmy and I were marched into the arena's center, where a hassling discussion was going on as to the exact location of the sunrise. When its dubious direction was finally determined, we were seated on brass gongs to face it. The Dyaks believe that Sang Hyang walked on the sun's rays to earth each morning, and they wanted to be sure that the god would notice us on his trip down.

Panggul puckered his brow in deep thinking, rubbed the tips of his fingers together, and wondered what to do next. The belian jerked his head and snapped his fingers. The jerk and snap put Panggul in motion. "Before you Dyak woman, you must agree to laws of Dyaks!"

Panggul droned out his long memorized list of tribal laws that dealt with property, marriage, and inheritance. "One more! If stranger come to village and disturb tribe, stranger get highest punishment. You must kill stranger!"

Somewhere behind me a gong sounded and Panggul wrapped a wild-pig-bone necklace around my neck. It went around three times and it was terribly heavy. One of the bones dropped down and stuck itself inside my shirt collar and Panggul took the

stretching of my neck to dislodge the bone as a nod of approval.

The belian descended upon us now, shuffling as he came because he was armed with amulets and fetishes, heavy as well as plentiful. He stood before us and searched through the pile until he came upon two five-inch wooden gods and he placed them at our feet.

Instantly two Dyak men wheeled up from the crowd and stood before them. They bowed in the direction of the belian and bowed to the gods, and then they pulled out their mandaus and cut their fingers open! They held their bleeding fingers over the gods, soaking their wooden skin with their bright red blood. One of the men had taken a noteworthy slice off the top of his index finger which would probably bring regrets for his enthusiasm later. When the images were blood-covered, the men retired to the side lines where they were commended by their friends for their achievement.

The wooden gods were considered naked until clothed in human blood. The raiment was urgent because these gods were to be used as witnesses to the ritual and to glorify those who performed it.

Suddenly, the amulets and fetishes began to slip out from the belian's arms. They tumbled onto the floor and spread themselves out in all directions. A moment of hysteria resulted which left the bewildered belian momentarily robbed of his self-control. He beat his arms rather helplessly against his hips and rolled his eyes to the heavens. Then he pinched his brows together and with a repaired determination he scraped the magic charms into one heap with his foot.

He looked around as though uncertain as to what to do next. He was plainly out of practice.

He worked his mouth from side to side as he thought, and when an idea finally arrived, he ran to a corner of the room and returned with a small tree, which he shoved into my right hand. A side sprig from the *saba belum* tree had been tied to the tree. I was told to point my index finger skyward, against the trunk but beneath the sprig, because this gesture would beckon the attention of the gods. It was no time at all before my finger felt more painful than had it been amputated.

All kinds of notions began to tunnel into the belian's head now, and he acted as though he knew what he was doing. He went about the business nearly feverishly, placing his fetishes here and his amulets there, half running about the task before he was finished.

He stood back and admired his work. He had built a highly complicated and formal arrangement of Dyak junk over, around, and under his two ornaments of the celebration, Jmy and me.

Our feet straddled a large and sharply jagged "sacred" rock. A heavy fish net that smelled of yesterday's catch was wrapped around our waists, and betel nuts, combined with the burning of a strong-smelling wood thought to be incense, burned beneath our noses. On top of all this were the amulets and fetishes.

The room was quiet now. The newcomers were sitting cross-legged on the floor with their hands folded in their laps, and the Dyaks sat with their legs drawn up against their chests. Most of the Dyaks had stretched their arms out to hang over their knees so that their hands dangled loosely and were ready for action. Shining eyes stared at the belian, eyes afraid of missing a movement, gesture, or expression.

The belian looked fearsome. His eyes shot out their own little yellow splinters of fire, and a clever smile was playing upon his lips. There was nothing reassuring about that

smile.

The tree proved to be very little protection against the belian's glare. Jmy and I hovered beneath the now quaking leaves and smiled weakly at one another to keep up the other's courage.

The belian gave us a final stare, leaped to the side, and trotted around the room in a circle. He repeated the circle, and then, midway, he turned, accelerated his speed, and arrived directly in front of us at nearly a dead run. His breath came heavily and he spat to clear his throat and then he threw back his head and howled. "God of Rice! Bring life to inner soul of woman and child!"

The air vibrated. I could hear the belian's breath whistling in his nostrils. He was directly above me but I was afraid to look at him.

And then, without warning, he lunged in through the tree and nearly knocked it over. I felt his hands touch my head and shoulders and throat, and all the time he was muttering little magic spells and humming to himself. His fingers were rough and violent as he rubbed a reddish-brown mud of some kind on my neck and chin. The wet, runny stuff seeped down through my shirt and then ran over my shoulders and arms. Even today I do not like to think about the odor of that "mud."

The belian separated the branches of the tree and stooped in to inspect his work, belched out a few more little magics, and then stood up and splashed tuak over my head and body without restraint of any kind. He repeated the mud and tuak routines, and when he was finished I noted that he had elaborated on both of the procedures.

The belian pitched his voice to a new, high sweetness, allowed an impressive rigidity to sweep over his posture, and then dripped a black oil called *undus* on my head. This oil is not unlike petroleum and serves as a repellent to evil spirits, so it was said. I felt the dark, oily slime travel over my scalp and onto my body, plugging up my ears as it went. The belian rolled his eyes up and chanted as he dribbled the oil on Jmy. When he was through, it was a certainty that no evil spirit would have dared to come near either of us.

A gray-brown haze hung in the room and my vision was becoming unreliable, but I was sure that the pot installed in front of us was filled to the rim with blood. It was black blood, clumped together. The odor that arose from it was sickening and thickly sweet.

The Dyaks stirred a bit and whispered between themselves. Their minds were turning over with curiosity because none of them knew what the belian was up to. Some of the Dyaks sniffed the blood from where they sat, flaring their nostrils at the smell of it.

The belian's eyes had retreated into the red-rimmed hollows of his head. He snatched up a woven palm leaf (*ketupat*) and made a few tentative drills into the lumpy blood. When he was satisfied that enough blood had clung to the leaf he looked up and grinned. He stood up, the blood dripping from the leaf, spat, and started to chant. The chant began as a moan but changed into a scream. In the middle of the second chorus I felt the palm leaf touch my forehead and leave a little clot of blood there. The belian punched the leaf back into the pot, scooped up more globs, and then dribbled blood on my eyes and nose, all the while screaming with energy and color in an effort to bless my life and soul.

He stopped to lick his lips. Then he began his chant again and the blood touched my body here, there, and everywhere, and I thought surely there would be no end to it until I realized that the chant had stopped and the blood bath was over. The red ooze

trickled underneath my shirt and jeans, each trickle making its own little river path. When the clots moved, they tickled and some of the clots moved faster than others and still other clots mashed themselves between my clothes and skin.

One glance from Jmy told me that I looked more baneful and villainous than any headhunter who ever lived.

Now the belian was tying *mali mali* leaves on the feet of an *anggang* with small lengths of rattan. The bird was squawking in violent protest because his fingers were impolite and commanding. When the feet were secured, the belian put the bird on the floor and unsheathed his *mandau*, gently fondling the blade with his fingers. He let his thumb run the full length to test the sharpness of the edge and then laid it on the floor near the bird.

There was a dark secrecy building up in his eyes, a secrecy that leaked through into his voice, then the chant became intimate: "*Mahpasku njiwa, njiwa semanja burung iang dawai, mahpasku ngatau, ngatau hues-nu tuah ukui, mahpasku kalowa, lowa smeni burung iang dawai, mahpasku keata, keata semanja teung beta, supaja hidup majamn djangji iu!*"

"Spirits, spirits who make mountains tremble, spirits who make rivers flood, I wave live blood to the right, I wave live blood to the left, I hold live blood before you, white woman, obligating you to me, forever!"

I was wondering what "obligating you to me, forever," was meant to entail, but before I could give it much attention the belian was off, sputtering another verse. His words came weakly now, falling off at the ends, and soon the chant became nearly beyond hearing. He coughed, attempted a fresh start, but his voice was gone for good.

The leaves on the little tree rustled, and Panggul thrust his face in and said, grinning, "You almost Dyak woman, now!"

The belian picked up his great *mandau*, jerked it skyward, and then let it fall upon the bird, and with one heavy blow the bird's head flew into the air and the *anggang* lay dead.

The belian looked with detachment upon the bright red blood that shot in little spurts from the hole in the neck. He put his *mandau* on the floor and positioned the bird over a coconut shell that had a little rice in the bottom. The belian held the shell as though it was some kind of beautiful jewel. He let the blood run into it until it was nearly half full. Then he stuck his index finger to the bottom of the bowl and stirred the rice and

blood together. When they were well mixed, he formed rice balls on the side of the shell with his fingers.

And then, with red-crusted fingers, the belian shoveled up a bloody clump, aimed with a fine accuracy, and popped the blood ball into my mouth! I swallowed.

It was over. I felt flattered. But tousled and faint. The room began to spin and Jmy became concerned over my fading appearance. He poked me softly with his elbow. "Gee, Mom!" he whispered. "Don't you want to be a headhunter?"

Eventually, it became time to say good-bye. Time to say good-bye to Panggul. We were standing in the river water by his canoe in Sampit, the same canoe we had slept in, lived in, eaten in for the most part of our journey into the Mentaja jungle. These were little half-moon marks on the right side of it where my fingernails had dug into the wood during a malaria seizure, there were Abdul's bloodstains on the inside and bottom, and there were tears and perspiration in the canoe, although they did not show.

Panggul rubbed the side of the canoe with his thumb and then raised his eyes. His face was grave and serious. "I wait," he said, and the words were barely above a whisper. "I wait for you here. You have seen my people. You have seen the cost of their standard of living and you have seen what few have managed to survive."

"I hide nothing from you. You have seen the Dyak man sit on a little piece of land with no food, no medicine, and no hope, a Dyak man with no purpose to fulfill and no reason for life, anymore."

"I show you all this to make friendship with you. Now, I ask you, do you take me to be your friend?"

"If we are friends and if there is truth in God's eyes, then we will meet again."

"So, I wait for you, here. I wait."

He climbed into his canoe, turned it toward the center current, and paddled up the river. Back into the jungle to return to his people. And I was alone. Left with his tears running down my hand. ◆◆◆

Epilogue

At the end of 1968, Wyn Sargent walked out of the jungles of Central Borneo. Her experiences with the Dyaks made headlines in Indonesia and the news followed her to the United States. There, haunted by what she'd seen in the jungle, she began organizing the Sargent-Dyak Fund to bring these little people on the brink of complete extinction the medicines and materials they'd need if they were to even have hope of surviving.

Sjam coordinated efforts on the Indonesian side and by the end of 1969 they had livestock, seeds, advisory personnel and medicines ready for shipment. Then came the letter from Sjam. Panggul would not be waiting to meet her as he'd promised. He had died of malaria shortly after she had left for the U.S. He never saw his efforts come to fruition as the Dyaks, helped by the fund, rebuilt their lives.

In January 1973, Miss Sargent—at the urging of the Indonesian government—hurried to West Irian to see what could be done for the tribes in that region. There she again made headlines when she and Obharok—a Dani chief—were "married" in a symbolic wedding. The ceremony intended to halt hostilities between warring tribes of the region. Inadvertently, it made world news when the Indonesian government, miffed by her harsh accusations of government brutality in the area, "asked" her to leave the country.

At this writing, Wyn Sargent is waiting for the time when she'll be permitted to return.

PHOTO CREDITS

P. 6, Vista, UPI; p. 8, Memory Shop; p. 12, Jerry Yulsman; p. 13, Pictorial Parade, Memory Shop, Keystone, Tom Conroy; p. 16, IMS-Christer Flodquist; p. 18, Author; p. 19, Author, Memory Shop, Keystone; pp. 21-25, Transworld Feature Syndicate; p. 26, UPI; p. 27, Memory Shop, UPI; p. 28, Author; p. 29, Author, Hatton-Galaxy; p. 30, Ewing Galloway, Gates-Frederic Lewis; pp. 31-33, Chester Maydole-Galaxy; pp. 34-35, Memory Shop; p. 35, Tom Conroy, Transworld Feature Syndicate; p. 36, UPI; p. 37, Memory Shop, UPI; p. 41, Memory Shop; p. 42, UPI, Memory Shop; p. 62, Heinrich Bauer Verlag, UPI.

Make Your Hands **TERRIFYING** **SELF-DEFENSE WEAPONS!**

**"PULVERIZE" ATTACKERS TWICE YOUR SIZE
WITH ONE DEADLY BLOW!—**

**—All With My Exclusive
Method That
GUARANTEES Results!**

I don't care how small or big you are; whether you're weak or strong, young or old — my fantastic method turns you into a deadly fighting machine FAST and with no torturous training!

In fact, **THE VERY FIRST HOUR AFTER YOU RECEIVE MY METHOD, YOU'LL BEGIN TO DEVELOP POWERFUL SELF-DEFENSE KNOW-HOW TO USE IN AN INSTANT IN MANY TOUGH SITUATIONS!**

I'll show you how to . . .

- ... Cut any bully down to size with a deadly 5-second trick developed by the "Suicide Squad" of the Orient!
- ... "Wipe-Out" any kill-crazy goon with one jab of your finger in the right place!
- ... Put **POWER** into your fist for "demolishing" a thug's skull and ribs!
- ... Smash down, 2, 3 or more attackers **AT ONCE!**
- ... Disarm gun-toting, knife-wielding creeps and "put them away" quick as a flash!
- ... Use an attacker's own clothing and body to annihilate him in an **INSTANT!**

... Make every part of your body a fearsome, destructive weapon of Self-Defense!

With my **EASY METHOD** you'll never fear any man or back down from a fight ever again — **NO MATTER HOW BIG OR HOW STRONG YOUR OPPONENT IS!**

DEADLIER THAN ANY OTHER SINGLE METHOD!

My amazing System is **MUCH MORE** than Karate, Judo or Ju-Jitsu alone . . . it reveals **EVERY DEVASTATING METHOD OF SELF-DEFENSE KNOWN TO MAN!** You get **TOTAL "Wipe-Out Power"** based on 5000 years of the most Brutal, Shocking, Mind-Boggling Self-Defense tactics of the ancient warriors of Japan, China, India and other Eastern countries — along with the terrifying fighting methods used by Commandos, Jungle Fighters and other combat groups!

EXCITING BOOKLET DESCRIBES MY UNIQUE, GUARANTEED METHOD!

In my fact-packed, picture-crammed book, **"BE A DESTRUCTIVE SELF-DEFENSE FIGHTER IN JUST 12 SHORT LESSONS"** I show you how you master my exclusive System **QUICK** and **EASY!** I give you many Self-Defense techniques you can put into action **AT ONCE** — to defend yourself in dangerous "tight spots"! The book is **YOURS** for just 25¢ — there's nothing more to pay! **DON'T WAIT — SEND FOR YOUR COPY NOW!**



JOE WEIDER

Personal trainer of "Mr. America" "Mr. Universe" "Mr. Canada" perfect men title winners since 1936 — and over 2,000,000 successful pupils the world over!



**SEND JUST 25¢
FOR YOUR
BOOKLET NOW!**

GUARANTEE: You must be fully satisfied with the book in every way — or your 25¢ returned immediately on request!

RIP OUT COUPON & MAIL TODAY!

JOE WEIDER, Dept. 16-84SD16
77 Maple St., Norwood, N. J. 07648

Here's my 25¢ — Rush me your book, **"BE A DESTRUCTIVE SELF-DEFENSE FIGHTER IN JUST 12 SHORT LESSONS"**, describing your famous Terror-Fighting System. I understand if not satisfied, you'll refund my 25¢ immediately on request.

NAME AGE

ADDRESS
(please print carefully)

CITY STATE ZIP

JOE WEIDER, Dept. 16-84SD16, 77 Maple St., Norwood, N.J. 07648

Learn a high-paying skill

NRI can teach you at home in your spare time with professional equipment you build and keep.



1 TV-RADIO SERVICING

There's a big demand for men who can service the new solid state television sets. In NRI's TV-Radio Servicing Course you build, experiment with and enjoy your own solid state radio plus your choice of black and white or the new 25" diagonal solid state Color TV set.

NRI's TV sets are the only ones totally engineered for training from the chassis up so that you can introduce and correct defects to discover the real how and why of circuitry. NRI trains you quickly and expertly, showing you how to get started in servicing soon after you enroll, earning as you learn. The Master Course includes—at no extra charge—a wide-band service type oscilloscope, color cross-hatch generator, and other valuable professional equipment that you use and keep.



2 INDUSTRIAL and COMPUTER ELECTRONICS

With NRI's step-by-step, "discovery" method, you learn quickly the fundamentals of electronics on which you can build a career in one of the many fields available to trained electronics technicians. In the NRI Complete Computer Electronics Course, for instance, you

build and keep a fully-operational, programmable digital computer—using over 50 integrated circuits. You solve typical problems and learn how to locate faults with diagnostic programs... working at home on a real computer, not a logic trainer. You train in basic computer programming, computer applications and analog/hybrid computers. NRI's free Electronic Catalog explains the training programs available for home study.



3 COMMUNICATIONS

NRI training in Complete Communications Electronics can train you for a choice of careers ranging from mobile, marine and aviation radio to TV broadcasting and space communications. One special segment includes CB training in which you receive your

own Johnson® Transceiver and AC Power Supply. You learn how to install, maintain and operate today's remarkable transmitting and receiving equipment by actually doing it. You build and experiment with test equipment like a TVOM you keep. Whichever one of the five intensely practical NRI Communications courses you choose, you prepare for your FCC License exams, and you must pass your FCC exams or NRI refunds your tuition in full.

"Hands-On" Training Pays Off... NRI pioneered custom-designed kits with bite-sized texts to make learning at home fun and profitable. You get professional test instruments to perform experiments and keep for use in servicing. Tens of thousands of NRI graduates are proof it's practical.

Earn \$5 to \$7 an Hour, Starting Soon... Keep your present job while preparing for a top-paying job, or your own business. With NRI's professional equipment (provided at no extra cost) you can make good money doing repairs for friends.

Train with the Leader—NRI... NRI's innovative training lets you proceed at your own pace, assisted by your own NRI home training expert.

RUSH for FREE Catalog →
NO SALESMAN WILL CALL

APPROVED UNDER G.I. BILL
Check G.I. line in coupon



NRI TRAINING

3939 Wisconsin Ave.,
Washington, D.C. 20016

202-084

Please send me your new catalog. I have checked the field of most interest to me. **NO SALESMAN WILL CALL.**

- | | |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> TV-Radio Servicing (with color) | <input type="checkbox"/> Computer Electronics |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Advanced Color TV | <input type="checkbox"/> Electronics Technology |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Complete Communications Electronics | <input type="checkbox"/> Basic Electronics |
| <input type="checkbox"/> FCC License | <input type="checkbox"/> Basic Data Processing and Computer Programming |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Aircraft Electronics | <input type="checkbox"/> Automotive Mechanics |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mobile Communications | <input type="checkbox"/> Appliance Servicing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Marine Electronics | <input type="checkbox"/> Air Conditioning, Refrigeration, & Heating |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Amateur Radio | <input type="checkbox"/> Check here for facts on G.I. Bill |

Name _____ Age _____
(Please Print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Accredited Member National Home Study Council



3 COMPLETE FISHING OUTFITS

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED 1974 MODELS

2 LOADED TACKLE BOXES • 66 DEADLY LURES

411

Pcs.

INCLUDED
2 LEAKPROOF FLOATING
TACKLE BOXES

3 EXPERTLY BALANCED RODS AND REELS

SMOOTH
POWERFUL

ARGOSY DIRECT DRIVE
TROLLING
REEL

6 ft. 2 section
BAMBOO ROD

EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO GO
FISHING AT ONCE

28 pc.
POPPING
LURE SET

POWER ACTION
BLACK MAGIC
FIBRE-GLASS RODS

STRONGER THAN
STEEL
OR BAMBOO

MARK IV
LEVELWIND
CASTING
REEL

SENSATIONAL VALUE !

\$14.95
DELUXE
MODEL

5 pc. DROPLINE
FISHING OUTFIT

FISH KNIFE
with SHEATH

DIP NET

NEW! SUPER "88"
AUTOMATIC
DUAL DRAG
SPINCAST
REEL

PUSH BUTTON
CASTING
ANTI REVERSE
NO BACKLASH

STAR DRAG
Found only
on best reels

EACH ROD
BALANCED TO PERFECTION

4 FAMOUS
TROUT FLIES

NEW

50 NATURAL BAIT LURES
SURE SHOT ACTION WITH SHRIMP,
MINNOWS, GRASSHOPPERS, MAYFLIES,
BUMBLEBEES, CRICKETS, LEECHES

FIELD TESTED LURES
Proven the Deadliest Dozen Yet

CRAFTY LURES
SELECTED FROM
WORLD'S MOST POPULAR
ALL TIME FAVORITES

COMPLETE! NOTHING ELSE TO BUY!

SELECTED FOR YOU BY EXPERTS. This choice fish-getting tackle used by thousands throughout the United States and Canada. Each item carefully chosen—everything you need for all types of fishing. Deadly lures that are all time favorites. A veteran angler or an occasional fisherman can be proud of this precision-built kit. You can go fishing at once. Compare! You may not find a bargain like this anywhere.

LOOK! YOU GET EVERYTHING SHOWN: Super "88" Spincast Reel • Comet X3C Bait Cast Reel • Argosy Direct Drive Trolling Reel • 5 ft. 2 pc. Fiber Glass Spin Cast Rod • 4 ft. Fiber Glass Bait Cast Rod • 3 1/2 ft. Fiber Glass Trolling Rod • 6 ft. 2 section Bamboo Pole and 25 ft. Bank Line • 66 proven Deadly Lures • 5 pc. Furnished Line • 2 Floating Tackle Boxes with removable trays • Fish Knife and Sheath • 28 pc. Popping Lure Kit • Dip Net, Stringer, Split Shot, Clincher Sinkers, Snap Swivels, Assorted Hooks, Snelled Hooks, 3 Plastic Floats, 6—3 way Swivels, 6 Snaps, 12—36" Leader Strands (8# Test), and complete instructions. 411 pieces in all.

NIRESK DISCOUNT SALES, INC. CHICAGO 60606

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

**NIRESK DISCOUNT SALES, Inc. DEPT. F4-69
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60606**

ORDER TODAY! If you're not 100% pleased we'll refund your full purchase price promptly.

YOU KEEP 2 FREE TACKLE BOXES REGARDLESS!

Please rush _____ 411 pcs. 3 Complete Fishing Sets

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

☐ I enclose \$14.95 plus \$1.00 for postage & handling.

☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay C.O.D. charges & postage.

Ill. Residents please add 5% sales tax

To Canada: \$16.95 includes Postage & Duty



Enjoy another classic from the Yootha Archive

Discover more amazing collections in our **eBay shop**

<http://stores.ebay.co.uk/Yootha-Archive-of-Vintage-and-Retro>

or at **www.yootha.com**